

The Waverley Plays



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The Towneley Plays

EARLY ENGLISH TEXT SOCIETY

Extra Series, No. LXXI

1897 (reprinted 1907, 1925, 1952, 1966)

PRICE 45s.

The Towneley Plays.

RE-EDITED FROM THE UNIQUE MS.

BY

GEORGE ENGLAND

WITH SIDE-NOTES AND INTRODUCTION

BY

ALFRED W. POLLARD

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TO
THE MEMORY OF
William Morris,
WHO LOVED THESE PLAYS,
OUR SHARE IN THIS BOOK
A. W. P., F. J. F.

101705

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INTRODUCTION.

THE Towneley Plays were printed for the first time by the Surtees Society in 1836, with an introduction which is variously assigned to the Society's secretary, James Raine, and to J. Hunter. The text of the plays as printed in this Surtees edition is, on the whole, very creditably accurate, and is certainly far more free from serious blunders than that of the so-called 'Coventry' Plays, edited by Halliwell-Phillipps for the Shakespeare Society, or even than that of the Chester Plays, as edited by Thomas Wright. It was not, however, a transcript with which students of the present day could be content in the case of a unique manuscript, the ultimate destination of which is still, unhappily, uncertain. Under Dr. Furnivall's superintendence a new transcript was, therefore, made by Mr. George England, who, by the great kindness and liberality of Mr. Quaritch, the present owner of the manuscript, after the book had been placed at his disposal for some weeks at the British Museum, was allowed the use of it a second time at 15 Piccadilly to correct his proofs by the original.

To the text thus produced Dr. Furnivall himself added notes of the metres, and at his request the present writer supplied the usual sidenotes, an interesting and pleasant task in the case of a work of so great variety and literary value. Dr. Furnivall's further commands for the supply of an Introduction were far less agreeable. The Towneley Plays present many problems, more especially as to their language, which deserve to be dealt with by some learned professor, or at any rate by an editor of really wide reading and experience. The learned professor, however, could not be obtained. The difficulty of procuring an introducer threatened to postpone indefinitely the appearance of the new text (a consideration all the more serious since the Surtees edition has long been difficult to procure); and as texts are far more important than introductions, it seemed better to be content to draw attention to a few points of interest rather than further to delay publication.

Short as is the preface to the Surtees edition, it contains much

that is of real value, as being written by a local antiquary to whom the history and topography of the district to which the plays are assigned were thoroughly familiar. I cannot, therefore, make a better beginning than by quoting the most essential passages of what was written in 1836, since it has not yet been superseded :—

“The Manuscript Volume in which these Mysteries have been preserved formed part of the library at Towneley Hall, in Lancashire, collected by the family of Towneley ; a family which, in the two last centuries, produced several remarkable men, through whom it becomes connected with the arts, with literature, and with science. The library was dispersed in two sales by auction, at Evans’ Rooms, in Pall Mall, the first in 1814, when there were seven days’ sale ; the second in 1815, when the sale lasted ten days.”

“This manuscript, as well as the famous Towneley Homer, was in the first sale. It was bought by John Louis Goldsmid, Esq. From his possession it very soon passed to Mr. North, but before 1822 it had returned to the family in whose library it had for so many years found protection.”

“By what means the Towneley family became possessed of it, or at what period is not known. There is nothing known with certainty respecting any previous ownership. When, however, the catalogue of the Towneley books and manuscripts was prepared for the sale in 1814, Mr. Douce was requested to write a short notice, for insertion in it. In this notice, after assigning the composition of the Mysteries to the reign of Henry VI. or Edward IV.,¹ he says of the volume itself, that it is supposed to have formerly ‘belonged to the Abbey of Widkirk, near Wakefield, in the County of York.’”²

¹ There is a passage in the *Judicium* which may assist in determining the period at which it was written. Tutivillus, in describing a fashionable female, tells his brother demons “she is hornyd like a kowe” (p. 312 [Surtees ; p. 375, l. 267 in present edition]). He appears to allude to the same description of head dress which Stowe thus records : “1388, King Richard (the second) married Anne, daughter of Veselaus, King of Bohem. In her dayes, noble women used high attire on their heads, piked like hornes, with long trained gownes.”—*Surtees Note*.

² After returning into the possession of the Towneley family, as narrated above, the Plays were again sold, with the rest of the Towneley MSS., at Sotheby’s, on June 27, 28, 1883. The description of the lot was as follows :

202. TOWNELEY MYSTERIES. A most valuable collection of early English Mysteries, supposed to have been written at Woodkirk in the Cell there of Augustinian or Black Canons, for the Amusement

“This supposition, however, he appears to have subsequently considered as not worthy of much regard; for when Mr. Peregrine Edward Towneley, in 1822, printed, from this manuscript, the *Judicium*, as his contribution to the Roxburgh Club, an introduction was written by Mr. Douce, in which he says that the volume is ‘supposed to have belonged to the Abbey of Whalley,’ and to have passed at the dissolution into the library of the neighbouring family of Towneley.”

“On what foundation either of these suppositions rests we are not informed. The first, however, is that which has been most generally accepted, and the three principal collections of Mysteries now known have been usually quoted or referred to as those of Chester, Coventry, and Widkirk.”

“In the absence of precise information, we may assume that the supposition of its having formerly belonged to ‘the Abbey of Widkirk’ was the Towneley tradition respecting it; and previously to any investigation it may be assumed, that if we are to trace the possession of such a volume as this in a period before the Reformation, next perhaps to the archives of some guild or other corporation in one of the cities or towns of England, we may expect to find it in the possession of some Conventual society. The question of that early possession is, in fact, the question of the composition of these Mysteries, as to the place and people. We shall now endeavour to determine it.”

“The supposition that this book belonged ‘to the Abbey of Widkirk, near Wakefield,’ has upon it remarkably the characteristics of a genuine tradition. There is no distinct enunciation of the fact which the tradition proposes to exhibit, and yet out of the words of the supposition we may decisively and easily extract what the fact in it originally was. There is no place called Widkirk in the

and Edification of Persons attending these Pageants. *Manuscript on Vellum, written circa 1388, in a bold hand, with initial Letters ornamented with the Pen, having the speeches separated by lines of red Ink, olive morocco extra, gold-tooling, tooled leather joints and gilt edges, by C. Lewis, back broken.* SAEC. XIV.

The lot was knocked down to Mr. Quaritch, in whose possession the manuscript has ever since remained. The date assigned to the plays by the cataloguer is clearly derived from the Surtees foot-note on the woman’s head-gear satirized by Tutivillus; for a discussion of this, see p. xxiv. Whether the date given to the Plays is right or wrong, that assigned to the MS. is certainly three-quarters of a century too early.

neighbourhood of Wakefield, and neither there nor in any part of England was there ever an Abbey of Widkirk. But there is a place called Woodkirk in that neighbourhood, and at Woodkirk there was a cell of Augustinian or Black Canons, a dependence on the great house of St. Oswald, at Nostel. Whatever weight there may be attached to the supposition or tradition respecting the original possession, must, therefore, be given to the claim of this Cell of Canons at Woodkirk."

"Woodkirk is about four miles to the north of Wakefield. A small religious community was established there in the first half century after the Conquest, by the Earls Warren, to whom the great Lordship of Wakefield belonged, and they were placed in subjection to the house of Nostel. King Henry I. granted to the Canons of Nostel, a charter, for two fairs, to be held at Woodkirk, one at the Feast of the Assumption, the other at the Feast of the Nativity of the Blessed Mary. This grant was confirmed by King Stephen. These fairs, in a rural district, continued to attract a concourse of people to the time of the Reformation. In the *Valor* of King Henry VIII. the profit of the tolls and stallage was returned at £13 6s. 8d., which was more than one-fourth of the yearly revenue of the house. The buildings in which the few Canons resided have gradually disappeared. Some portions of the Cloisters were remaining not long ago. The Church still exists, on a retired and elevated site, and remains of large reservoirs for the Canons' fish in the vale below are still very conspicuous. (*Loidis and Elmete*, p. 240.)"

The writer of the Introduction inserts here a few paragraphs of no great value, pointing out resemblances between the language of the plays and the dialect spoken in his own day in the West Riding of Yorkshire. We may take advantage of his pause to note, that Professor Skeat, in a letter to the *Athenæum* of December 2, 1893, proved decisively that the difficulty as to the place called Widkirk, of whose existence the writer of the preface could find no trace, is only an instance of a variation of spelling, Widkirk being merely an older form of Woodkirk, and one which still survives in the mouths of the country people (cp. the parallel forms Wydeville and Woodville, for the name of the Queen of King Edward IV.).

After the philological remarks the Introduction proceeds:—

"Perhaps the supposition in the Towneley family, on whatever it

may have been founded, and the striking resemblance which there is between the language of several of these pieces and the language of the same class of society as it may still be heard on the hills and in the plains of Yorkshire, may be sufficient to render it at least a point of probability that the composition of these Mysteries, and the original possession of this volume, are to be attributed to the Canons of Woodkirk; or that the possession is to be traced to them, and the composition, perhaps, to some one of the Canons in the far larger fraternity at Nostel. But the manuscript itself contains that which connects it with Wakefield; and there are topographical allusions in one of the pieces, the *Secunda Pastorum*, which belong to the country near Wakefield and Woodkirk."

"Thus, at the beginning of the first is written in a large hand 'Wakefelde' and 'Berkers,' the meaning of which seems to be, that on some occasion this Mystery was represented at the town of Wakefield by the company or fellowship of the Barkers or Tanners. To the second is prefixed 'Glover Pag . . . ' without the word Wakefield. The imperfect word is 'Pagina,' which appears to have been used as the Latin term for these kinds of exhibitions or pageants. The meaning appears to be that this was exhibited by the Glovers. At the head of the third, however, we find 'Wakefield' again, without the name of any trade. These are the only notices of the kind, except that at the head of the 'Peregrini,' the words 'Fyssher Pagent' ¹ occur."²

"It is in the *Secunda Pastorum*, which is truly described by Mr. Collier as 'the most singular piece in the whole collection,' that the local allusions occur which tend so strongly to corroborate the claim of Woodkirk and its Canons to the production of these Mysteries. Intended in the first instance for the edification or the amusement of the persons in the immediate vicinity of the places in which these Pageants were to be exhibited, we may expect to find that there will be, when the subject fairly admitted of it, attempts to arrest their attention, and to interest their minds, by such a simple artifice as the introduction of the names of places with which they were familiar. Thus, in the Chester Mysteries, the River Conway is spoken of, and

¹ Mr. England notes that these words are in a later hand.—A. W. P.

² The words Lytster Play occur at the head of the *Pharao*. They were overlooked by the copyist, but the mistake is noticed in the errata.—*Surtees Note*.

Boughton is mentioned, a kind of suburb to Chester. In the *Secunda Pastorum*.

Secundus Pastor. Who shuld do us that skorne? that were a fowlle spott.

Primus Pastor. Some shrewe.
I have soght with my doges
All Horbery shroges
And of XV hoges
Fond I bot oone ewe.

“Horbury is the name of a village about two or three miles southwest from Wakefield. Shroges or Scroggs is a northern term applied to any piece of rough uninclosed ground more or less covered with low brushwood.”

“The other local allusion is less decisive than this. When the two Shepherds appoint to meet, the place which they appoint is ‘the crokyd thorne.’ Now, though it cannot, perhaps, be shown that there was any place or tree then precisely so denominated, yet it can be shown that, at no great distance from Horbury, there was at that time a remarkable thorn tree which was known by the name of the Shepherd’s Thorn. It stood in Mapplewell, near the borders of the two manors of Notton and Darton. A jury in the 20th of Edward IV., on a question between James Strangeways of Harlsey, and the Prior of Bretton, found that the Shepherd’s Thorn ‘was in Darton’; and in the time of Charles I., one John Webster of Kexborough, then aged 77, deposed that the inhabitants of Mapplewell and Darton had been accustomed to turn their sheep on the moor at all times, and that it extended southward to a place called ‘The Shepherd’s Thorn,’ where a thorn tree stood. There must be here more than an accidental coincidence.”

Since the publication of the Surtees Society edition of the Towneley Plays in 1836, all the three other great cycles of English Miracle Plays have been printed, the so-called ‘Coventry’ cycle in 1841, the Chester in 1843, and the York Plays, admirably edited by Miss Toulmin Smith, in 1885. The publication of this last cycle revealed the fact that five of the York Plays were based, in whole or in part, on the same originals as five of the Towneley. The importance of this discovery for the study of Miracle Plays and of the conditions under which they were produced, is hardly to be over-estimated. There is no reason to believe that it is by a mere chance, some peculiarly malicious freak of

the arch-enemy Time, that, as far as I am aware, in no single case are there two early copies extant of any miracle play. Human nature, we may presume, was much the same in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries as in our own, and the ordinary author, when he had written a poem or a chronicle, no doubt did everything in his power to multiply copies of it, since every fresh copy would increase his chance of obtaining the patronage or preferment which constituted the rewards of authorship in those days. But in the case of plays we can easily see that a wholly different motive would come into action. With the highly doubtful exception of the Chester cycle, not a single Miracle Play has the name of any author connected with it. The author's personality is wholly lost in that of the actors and their paymasters; and in the absence of any law of copyright or custom as to 'acting rights,' it was to the interest of these jealously to guard their book of the words, lest the popularity of their entertainment should suffer from unauthorized rivalry. Since many of the players probably could not read, even the multiplication of 'actors' parts' would be very limited, and fresh copies would only be made when the plays underwent revision. The apparent exception to this theory, the five copies extant of the Chester cycle, really only confirm it, for all of these were made between 1590 and 1607, and must owe their existence to the desire of literary antiquaries either simply for their preservation or, more probably, for their revival, at a time when miracle plays were almost gone out of fashion.

For the reason thus hazarded, opportunities for the study of the genesis of any given cycle of plays are extremely small. We know that a fragment of the old poem of the *Harrowing of Hell*, beginning, 'Harde gatys haue I gon,' is found imbedded in the 'Coventry' Play of the Resurrection, and, thanks once more to the industry of Miss Toulmin Smith, in the Brome 'Common-Place Book' we can now study a version of the Sacrifice of Isaac closely similar to that in the Chester cycle. But the relations of the five plays in the York and Towneley cycles are much more interesting and important than these, and it will be worth while to examine them with some minuteness.

The first of these five plays is that called by Miss Smith, 'the Departure of the Israelites from Egypt,' No. xi. in the York Cycle,¹ acted by the 'Hoseers,' No. viii. in the Towneley Cycle, where it is

¹ Printed, with the generous addition of the Towneley text at the foot of the page, on pp. 68—92 of Miss Smith's edition (*York Plays*. Edited by Lucy Toulmin Smith. *Oxford at the Clarendon Press*, 1885).

called *Pharao*, and where also the sidenote 'Litsters Pagonn' informs us that it is one of the plays acted by the Craft-Gilds of Wakefield.

In comparing the two texts, the first point we notice is, that while the York Play consists of 408¹ lines, divided with unbroken regularity into 34 twelve-line stanzas, the metrical scheme of the Towneley Play is far less orderly. At the outset, indeed, it is evident that the Wakefield reviser mistook the metre, for by the addition of a quatrain of mere surplusage, he has turned the first 12-line stanza into two octetts. After seven long stanzas (divided in this text into octetts and quatrains, 3—16), we find similar additions in ll. 113—117 and 127—133, turning two 12-line stanzas into four octetts. Everything then proceeds regularly till we come to Towneley stanza 49, when we find a line—

Als wele on myddyng als on more

—missing after l. 308.

Again in stanza 55 the two lines—

Lorde, was they wente than walde it sese,
So shuld we save vs and oure seede

—are omitted after l. 340.

In stanzas 57, 58, ll. 355—359 appear in the Towneley MS. as—

Primus Miles. A, my lord !
Pharao. hagh !
ijus Miles. Grete pestilence is comyn ;
It is like ful long to last.
Pharao. In the dwilys name !
then is oure pride ouer past.

—in place of the regular York text (ll. 344—348)—

i Egip. My lorde, grete pestelence
Is like ful lange to last.
Rex. Owe ! come that in oure presence,
Than is oure pride al past.

Lastly, we find that the Towneley text has added, or more probably retained, twelve lines at the end of the play which do not appear in the York edition.

If now we turn our attention to single lines, we shall find numerous instances in which the Towneley text exhibits an unmetrical corruption of the York. Here are a few—

¹ Numbered by Miss Smith as 406, but the last couplet is really a quatrain, and might with advantage have been so printed.

That wold my fors down fell (T. 32)
That wolde aught fand owre forse to fell (Y. 28)
That shall euer last (T. 39)
They are like and they laste (Y. 34)
I shall sheld the from shame (T. 189)
I sall the saffe from synne and shame (Y. 176)
What, ragyd the dwyll of hell, alys you so to cry (T. 304)
What deuyll ayles you so to crye (Y. 291) (cp. T. 337 and 415,
Y. 334 and 403)

On the other hand, T. 106—

And euer elyke the leyfes are greyn

—is plainly better than Y. 102—

And the leues last ay in like grene

--and T. 216, 217—

God graunt you good weyndyng,
And euermore with you be

—both for their sense and the purity of the rime to ‘kyng’ are better
thau Y. 203, 204—

God sende vs gude tythingis
And all may with you be.

Lastly we may take a pair of lines—

My lord, bot if this menye may remeve (T. 270)
Lord, whills ve [*sic*] with this menyhe meve (Y. 277)

—in which we may reasonably suspect that both texts are corrupt
forms of some such original as—

My lord, bot if this menye meve.

The inevitable conclusion from these notes is, that the Towneley text of *Pharao* is a corrupted and edited version of the York play of ‘The Hoseers’ in a slightly purer form than we have it at present. I think we may also say that the majority of the corruptions in the Towneley text are of the kind which would most naturally arise in oral transmission, rather than from the blunders of a scribe.

Turning now to the second play in which the two cycles partly agree, *The Play of the Doctors* (Towneley xviii.; York xxii., played by the ‘Sporiers and Loriners’), we find that the Towneley text, which lacks the opening speech of ‘Primus Magister,’ begins in its present form with twelve quatrains which are quite different from the York version, and then follows closely the York twelve-line stanzas to the end, only interrupting them to substitute a longer

exposition of the Ten Commandments, for which again quatrains are used. In some instances, as before, the Towneley text is better than the York, but we cannot doubt that the nearly homogeneous¹ York play represents the original on which the Towneley playwright incorporated his variations in a different metre.

A comparison of the third pair of plays—the York play of the *Sadilleres* (No. xxxvii.) and Towneley No. xxv.—representing the *Extraccio Animarum* or *Harrowing of Hell*, yields still more striking results. The York play, as usual quite regular, consists of 34 twelve-line stanzas, and it is clear that the Towneley play-wright had these in his mind all the way through, though sometimes, perhaps from failure of memory on the part of his informants, he can do no more than imbed a few York lines into new stanzas of his own, while elsewhere he makes intentional additions.

Summarizing the result of these changes, we find that the first twenty-four lines of Towneley reproduce ten from York; then we have York stanzas 4—10 with interpolations between 4 and 5, 8 and 9, and the omission of the last quatrain of 5. Stanzas 11 and 12 are represented by ll. 115—147, but only nine lines are preserved. Stanzas 13—15 are intact; stanza 16 is docked of its first quatrain; then we have an interpolation of twelve lines; then the first quatrain of 17, the second and third being expanded into twelve lines. Stanzas 18—28 are only interrupted by an interpolation (ll. 314—322) between 25 and 26. In 29 there is a substitution of a new third quatrain for four lines in the octett, the effect being so good that we may doubt whether in this case we have not really a preservation of an older text. Then come stanzas 30 and 31, and eight lines of 32, and with two substituted quatrains the Towneley play reaches its rather abrupt end.

In the fourth pair of plays, treating of 'The Resurrection' (York xxxviii. 'The Carpenteres': Towneley xxvi), the resemblance begins four lines earlier than Miss Toulmin Smith has noted, T. 41—44 answering to Y. 31, 32, 35, 36, while the 'rybaldys' of T. 42 is a better reading than the York 'rebelles.' In the preceding speech of Pilate we may note how the Towneley adaptor altered the York metre by lengthening the last line of the first four stanzas from two beats to three. We find the same difference in the added stanzas 9—11 (ll. 51—73), while five (or rather seven) lines tacked on to the

¹ There is a slight disturbance, in which Towneley agrees, in York, stanzas 19, 20 (ll. 216—240) and Towneley, stanzas 44—46 (ll. 204—228).

last of these are outside the metrical scheme altogether. Stanzas 12 and 13 have half their lines as in York and half new. Stanzas 14—22, though with many corruptions, reproduce York 11—22. Stanza 23 is added; 24 (which should have been printed as in four lines) agrees with York 20, omitting the two opening lines; 25, save in its third line, is the same as York 21. In stanza 26 some of the York phrases are retained, but every line has been changed, and the bad rimes 'emang' and 'stand' show the work of a botcher. After this, with various corruptions, too numerous to mention, stanzas 27—35 reproduce York 23—31, but there is nothing in the York play to answer to ll. 214—333 (stanzas 36—55). The first ten of these 120 lines continue the talk of the soldiers, the rest is made up of the monologue of the risen Christ. The metre continues regular; with a few exceptions, the origin of which can easily be seen, the last line of each stanza remains quadrisyllabic, instead of being lengthened as in the added stanzas at the beginning of the play, and I think there can be no doubt that this speech of Christ once formed part of the York Cycle, but was subsequently omitted. Similar speeches occur in the 'Coventry' and Chester cycles, and in the last-named there are some positive resemblances which, in case they have not been noticed before, I set forth in a footnote.¹

It will be noticed that this play falls naturally into three parts, of which Christ's monologue is the centre; and it is much easier to

¹ Towneley, ll. 226—231.

Erthly man, that I haue wrought
Wightly wake, and slepe thou nought!
With bytter bayll I haue the boght,
To make the fre;
Into this dongeon depe I sought
And all for luf of the.

ll 322—327.

ffor I am veray prynce of peasse,
And synnes seyr I may release,
And whoso will of synnes seasse
And mercy cry,

I grauntt theym here a measse
In brede myn awn body.

Chester, vol. 2, p. 89. (Sh. Soc. ed.)

*Eirthly man that I have wroughte,
Awake out of thy slepe;
Eirthly man that I have bought,
Of me thou have no kepe.
From heaven man's soule I soughte
Into a dongion depe
My dere lemon from thense I broughte
For ruthe of her I weepe.
I am vereye prince of peace,
And kinge of free mercye;
Who will of synnes have release
On me the call and crye.
And yf the will of synnes cease
I graunte them peace trewlye,
And therto a full rich messyc,
In brede my owne bodye.*

The verbal resemblances here seem almost too close to be explained by a common original. If there has been direct transmission, it must have been southwards.

believe that in some process of amalgamating or dividing the different parts, this speech was omitted from the York manuscript, than that so important a feature in the plays was not represented in the cycle.

After l. 333 in Towneley, etc., agreement between the two cycles is resumed, and continues, with the usual verbal variations, to l. 561, the agreement of the stanzas being as follows—

Towneley.		York.		Towneley.		York.
56—66	=	32—42		88 partly	=	67
67	=	parts of 43, 44		89	=	68
68—85	=	45—62		90—93	=	70—73
86, 87	=	64, 65				

Stanzas 63, 66 and 69 of York are unrepresented. L. 562 in Towneley is extra metrum, and cuts short the rather wearisome talk of Pilate which lasts in the York play for another eighteen lines. The scene between Christ and S. Mary Magdalene, which follows in the Towneley cycle, forms a separate play (No. xxxix.) in the York, and there are no textual resemblances. It will be noticed that of the first eight of the eleven stanzas into which it is divided, every one has a different metre—a sure sign, I think, of the hasty work rendered necessary by an incident which could not be omitted having to be tacked on to a different play.

The case of the last of the five parallel texts, that of the play of the Last Judgment (Towneley xxx. *Judicium*; York XLVIII. acted by the 'Merceres'), is again very striking and interesting. The Towneley play, unfortunately, lacks some lines (the speech of 'Primus Malus') at the beginning, and the first sixteen lines which have been preserved to us, written in two different metres, are additions to the York text. The next three stanzas, with the exception of the last half of the fourth, are founded on York stanzas 19—21, then we have an inserted speech by 'Quartus Malus' (32 lines), then two more York stanzas, then the broad comedy of the Demons (stanzas 16—48, ll. 89—384), which takes the place of a short passage in York (ll. 185—228), the greater part of which is occupied by the speeches of Christ and the Apostles. After l. 385 the borrowings begin again, and for the whole of the Judgment-scene proper (Towneley, st. 49—67, ll. 386—531 = York, st. 30—47, ll. 229—372), the regular 8-line stanzas of the York dramatist are only interrupted by a single insertion of four lines (st. 65). But between

the final dooming of the damned and the thanksgiving of the saved (l. 612—620), the Towneley play-wright inserts a long passage in which the fiends gloat over their victims, and this is all his own. Where the last stanza was taken from we cannot say. It is quite different from the York text, and bears more resemblance to the Towneley ending of the *Extraccio Animarum* (p. 305).

The foregoing conspectus of the points of agreement and disagreement between the Towneley and York texts of these five plays has probably been found almost as tedious to read as it certainly was to compile. But it was worth while to work it out in full, since the most cursory perusal of it must suffice to show that, in the circumstances under which the borrowings took place, it was practically impossible for a play to pass from one cycle to another without showing signs of the process in marked disturbances of metre and frequent corruptions both of sense and rhyme. It follows from this that wherever we find a play (not merely a fragment) the metre of which is uniform, or is obviously varied only in correspondence with the character of the speakers, while at the same time the rhymes are regular and the text good, in the absence of positive evidence to the contrary we are not only entitled, but bound, to assume that the play was composed for the place and the cycle to which it now belongs. A play full of obvious corruptions need not be a borrowed play, because corruptions may have arisen in many other ways; but a play which is creditably free from corruptions can hardly by any possibility have been borrowed.

Now if we apply this canon to the Towneley Plays, it will enable us to set some limit to the amount of imported work which we can safely recognize as existing in the cycle as it has come down to us. Long before the publication of the York Plays, the composite character of the Towneley was recognized by its first editor, though the reasons he assigned were less happy than his surmise itself,¹ and later writers have not failed to enlarge on the point. It thus becomes interesting to see how much of the cycle we can claim on sure evidence as composed especially for it. It is no bad beginning to be able to say at once, at least one-fourth, and this the fourth which contains the finest and most original work. The evidence for

¹ *e. g.* He says that there are no Yorkshireisms in the *Pharao*, which we now know to be mainly borrowed from the York cycle, and remarks "*Cæsar Augustus* is plainly by the same hand as *Pharao*. The heroes in both swear by 'Mahowne'"—a habit shared by most potentates in miracle plays.

this is irresistible. We find the Wakefield or Woodkirk editor interpolating two broadly humorous scenes, the one containing 297 lines, the other 81, on the impressive York play of the Judgment. These scenes are written in a complex metre, a 9-line stanza riming *aaaa bcccb*, with central rimes in the first four lines (I should prefer to write it $\frac{aaaa}{bbbb}cdddc$), and we find this same metre used with admir-

able regularity throughout five long plays, viz.—

III. Processus Noe cum filiis	558 lines
XII. Prima Pastorum	502 (2 lines lost)
XIII. Secunda Pastorum ¹	754 (2 lines lost)
XVI. Magnus Herodes	513
XXI. Coliphizacio	450

—or, including the two passages in the *Judicium*, in no less than 3155 lines, occupying in this edition almost exactly 100 pages out of 396. If any one will read these plays together, I think he cannot fail to feel that they are all the work of the same writer, and that this writer deserves to be ranked—if only we knew his name!—at least as high as Langland, and as an exponent of a rather boisterous kind of humour had no equal in his own day. We may also be sure that the two other plays, *Flagellacio* (No. XXII.) and *Processus Talentorum* (No. XXIV.), contain about the same proportion of his work as does the *Judicium*. They are closely akin to the *Coliphizacio*, and contain the one 24, the other 8 of his favourite stanzas.

For one other play which it is very tempting to assign to the same hand, the *Mactacio Abel* (No. II.), we lack the evidence of identity of metre; in fact, the frequent changes from one metrical form to another would make us suspect that we had here an instance of editing, if it were not quite impossible to isolate from the present text any underlying original. But the extraordinary boldness of the play, and the character of its humour, make it difficult to dissociate it from the work of the author of the *Shepherds' Plays*, and I cannot doubt that this also, at least in part, must be added to his credit.

When the work of this man of real genius has been eliminated, the search for another Wakefield, or Woodkirk, author becomes distinctly less interesting. It will be worth while, however, now to pass the whole cycle in review, adding what notes we can to each play, especially as to their metres.

¹ This play is further stamped as especially composed for the Wakefield district by the allusion to 'Horbury' noted above, p. xiv.

- I. *Creation*. Couplets (aa⁴) and stanzas, mostly aa⁴b³a⁴b³. Connected with Barkers of Wakefield.
- II. *Abel*. Metres very confused. Apparently a bold rehandling of an earlier and simpler play. Connected with [Wakefield] Glovers.
- III. *Noah*. 9-line stanza $\frac{aaaa^2}{bbbb^2} c^1 ddd^2 c^2$. Connected with Wakefield.
- IV. *Abraham*. abababab⁴. Cp. No. XIX.
- { IV. *Isaac*. Fragments of 35 couplets (aa⁴).
- { V. *Jacob*. Fragments of 71 couplets (aa⁴).
- VIII. [VII.] *Pharaoh*. abababab⁴cdcd³, with many corruptions. Connected with Litsters of Wakefield. Based on York XI.
- { VII. [VIII.] *Processus Prophetarum*. aa⁴b³cc⁴b³, less often aa⁴b³aa⁴b³
- { IX. *Caesar Augustus*. aa⁴b³aa⁴b³.
- { X. *Annunciation*. Couplets (aa⁴) and stanzas aa³b³cc⁴b³.
- { XI. *Salutation*. aa⁴b³cc⁴b³.
- { XII. *Prima Pastorum*. 9-line stanza, as III.
- { XIII. *Secunda Pastorum*. As XII.
- XIV. *Magi*. aaa⁴b²a⁴b², with four disturbances. Alliterative.
- XV. *Flight into Egypt*. ababaabaab³c¹b³c². Alliterative.
- XVI. *Herod*. 9-line stanza as III., etc.
- XVII. *Purification*. aaa⁴b²ccc⁴b² and aa⁴ b³cc⁴b³.
- XVIII. *Doctors*. abababab⁴cdcd³, with corruptions and interpolations. Based on York XXIII.
- XIX. *John the Baptist*. abababab⁴. Cp. No. IV.
- XX^a. *Conspiracio*. abababab⁴cdcd³. Speech of Pilate prefixed in 9-line stanzas.
- XX^b. *Capcio*. Couplets and quatrains (aa⁴ and abab⁴) with interpolations.
- XXI. *Coliphizacio*. 9-line stanza, as III., &c.
- XXII. *Flagellacio*. Mixed metres. About half the play in 9-line stanzas.
- XXIII. *Processus Crucis*. Much edited and interpolated from an original basis of aa⁴b³cc⁴b³.
- XXIV. *Processus Talentorum*. Metres very confused. Much interpolation.
- XXV. *Extraccio Animarum*. abababab⁴cdcd³, with additions and corruptions. Based on York XXXVII.
- XXVI. *Resurrection*. aaa⁴b²a⁴b², with many corruptions and interpolations. Based on York XXXVIII.
- XXVII. *Peregrini*. aaa⁴b²a⁴b², with corruptions and interpolations.
- XXVIII. *S. Thomas*. aa⁴b³cc⁴b³ followed by a⁴b³a⁴b³a⁴b³a⁴b³.
- XXIX. *Ascension*. Metres very confused.
- XXX. *Judgment*. Based on abababab⁴ of York XLVIII., with interpolations of abababab³ and 8-line stanzas.
- Lazarus*. Couplets with stanzas in several different metres.
- Suspensio Iude*. Fragment in aaa⁴b²a⁴b². [Cp. xxvi., xxvii.]

In this conspectus, besides the plays written in the 8-line stanza, we may note that we have two fragments (Nos. iv. and v.) written in couplets on the history of *Isaac* and *Jacob*; two plays, the *Creation* (No. i.) and *Annunciation* (No. x.), in which couplets are joined with a 6-line stanza rhyming aa⁴b³cc⁴b³, or aa⁴b³aa⁴b³, and three plays,

and seem to me—though my opinion on questions of dialect is worth very little—to have been written by an author of somewhat different speech. The *Abraham* and *John the Baptist* again are in a totally different metre, and may belong to the period when the York plays were being incorporated into the cycle. As regards these York plays, enough has already been said; but it is worth noting that the predominant metre of the *Conspiracio* (xx^a.) is the same as that of three out of the five plays connected with York (the *Pharaoh*, *Doctor*, and *Extraccio Animarum*), and may possibly be based on a lost alternative to the extant York play on this subject. A similar guess may be hazarded as to the play of the *Peregrini* (xxvii.), the metre of which is the same as that of the *Resurrectio* (xxvi., York xxxviii.), while the obvious corruptions and interpolations of the text may well lead us to doubt its being indigenous. The fragment of the *Suspensio Iude*, printed at the end of the cycle, but which would naturally come immediately before the *Resurrectio*, is in the same metre, and subject to the same hypothesis.

As regards the work of the one real genius of the Towneley cycle, the author of the two plays of the *Shepherds*, and of the others written in the same metre, the converse of the arguments of which we admitted the force as regards the *Isaac* and the *Jacob*, will naturally lead us to assign to them as late a date as possible.

As noted by the Surtees editor, the allusion in the *Judicium* to the head-gear which could make a woman look 'horned like a cow,' enables us to be sure that this play-wright was a younger contemporary of Chaucer. We must not, indeed, like the cataloguer of the auction-room, argue that because Stow writes that in the days of Anne of Bohemia 'noble women used high attire on their heads, piked like hornes,' therefore these plays may be assigned approximately to the date of her arrival in England. I imagine that in those days as in these the fashions in the Yorkshire countryside were apt to be a little behind those of London; the piked head-gear is found in manuscripts as late as about 1420 (*e. g.* Harl. 2897, f. 188^b, and Harl. 4431, f. 2, kindly pointed out to me by Sir E. M. Thompson),¹ and the other allusions of these plays, *e. g.* the reference to tennis (*Sec. Past.* 736), the frequent

¹ See also Lydgate's 15th century 'Dyté of Womenhis Hornys' in his *Minor Poems*, Percy Soc. p. 46-9, and Harl. MSS. 2255, 2251, etc. Horns were in fashion in the 13th, 14th, and 15th centuries; see Fairholt's *Costume in England*, ed. Dillon, 1885, ii. 224-5, and Planché's paper therein named.—F. J. F.

and rather learned talk about music (*Sec. Past.* 186—89, 656—60, *Judicium* 537, 538), and the general talk of Shepherds and Devils about the state of the country¹—all agree very well with the early years of the fifteenth century. In a writer so full of allusions, the absence of any reference to fighting tends, I think, to show that the plays were not written during the war with France, and thus everything seems to point to the reign of Henry IV. as the most likely date of their composition. The date of our text is probably about half a century later, but the example of the York Plays shows us that in its own habitat the text of a play could be preserved in tolerable purity for a longer period than this. In the direction of popular treatment it was impossible for any editor, however much disposed towards tinkering, to think he could improve on the play-wright of the 9-line stanzas, while it is reasonable to presume that the hold of these plays on the Yorkshire audience was sufficiently strong to resist the intrusion of didactics.

As regards the only plays not yet mentioned in the survey, the *Capcio* (xx^b.), *Processus Talentorum* (xxiv.), *Ascension* (xxix^b.) and *Lazarus*, there has been so much editing and interpolating, and the consequent mixture of metres is so great, that it is difficult to arrive at any clear conclusion about them.² But, subject to such corrections as the survey of the dialect now being undertaken by Dr. Matthews may suggest, I think we may fairly regard this Towneley cycle as built up in at least three distinct stages. In the first of these we find the simple religious tone which we naturally assign to the beginning of the cyclical religious drama, the majority of them being written in one of the favourite metres of the fourteenth-century romances which were already going out of fashion in Chaucer's day.³ In the second

¹ Note especially the allusions to 'maintenance' in *Let. Past.* l. 35, and the claim of Tutivillus to be a 'master lollar' in *Jud.* 213.

² The Lazarus, for instance, seems to be built up in three layers, the last of them the grim passage on death being strikingly in the style of some of the 9-line stanzas.

³ A curious reminiscence of these romances is preserved in stanza 26 of the *Processus Prophetarum*:

*Now haue I songen you a fytt ;
loke in mynd that ye haue it,
I rede with my myght ;
He that maide vs with his wytt,
Sheld vs all from hell pytt,
And graunt us heuen lyght*

—which might have come straight out of a romance.

stage we have the introduction by some playwright, who brought the knowledge of them from elsewhere, of at least five—possibly seven or eight—of the plays which were acted at York, and the composition of some others in the same style. In the third stage a writer of genuine dramatic power, whose humour was unchecked by any respect for conventionality, wrote, especially for this cycle, the plays in the 9-line stanza which form its backbone, and added here and there to others. Taken together, the three stages probably cover something like half a century, ending about 1410, though subsequent editors may have tinkered here and there, as editors will, and much allowance must be made for continual corruption by the actors.

It may be as well to note here that whatever weight we may be disposed to attach to the tradition that the cycle belonged to the Woodkirk monks and was acted at Woodkirk Fair, it is impossible to believe that the plays noted in the MS. as connected with Wakefield form in any way a group by themselves. The Barkers' play of the Creation, however much edited, belongs in its origin to our first stage; the *Pharaoh*, played by the Wakefield Litsters, but based on York xi., to our second, to which also I should assign the *Peregrini* played by the Fishers, written in the metre of the York *Resurrectio*. Lastly, the *Noah*, against which Wakefield is written, is in the 9-line stanza of the Shepherds' Plays, and the Glovers' play of *Abel*, whether re-written by the same author or not, is, in its present form, certainly late work. With the exception of the *Fishers*, we might say, without much exaggeration, that all the three crafts named, Dyers, Tanners, and Glovers, had some connection with the sheep, their hides and wool, which were probably the chief commodities sold at the Woodkirk fair,¹ and so might have taken a special interest in any pageant likely to bring customers to it. But we are bound to remember that the connection with Woodkirk is a mere tradition, and that it is quite possible that the whole cycle belongs to Wakefield, which is the only place with which it is authoritatively connected.

To bring literary criticism to bear on a cycle built up, even approximately, in the manner which I have suggested, is no easy

¹ If the Fishers, as at York, were allied with the Mariners, they too might be dragged in as concerned with the export trade. If they were *Fishers*, 'purs et simples,' one is tempted to say that they may have lent a hand at play-acting for the lack of sufficient employment in an inland town!

task. The plays were not written for our reading, but for the edification and amusement of the uncritical audience of their own day; and we can certainly say of them that, whatever effect the playwright aimed at, he almost always attained. Of the simply devotional plays the *Annunciation* seems to me the finest. The whole of this play, indeed, is full of tenderness; and there are touches in it in which Rossetti, if he knew it, must have delighted. The reconciliation between Joseph and the Blessed Virgin is delightful; and the passage in which Joseph describes his enforced marriage is really poetically written. One verse is especially quotable:

Whan I all thus had wed hir thare,
We and my madyns home can fare,
That kyngys daughters were;
All wroght thay sylk to find them on,
Maric wroght purpyll, the oder none
bot othere colers scre.

If this touch had been entirely of the dramatist's own invention he must, indeed, have been Rossetti's spiritual forbear; but it is needless to say that it comes from the apocryphal gospel of Mary, though he deserves all credit for bringing together two widely separated verses.¹

The plays which I have put into my second group are on the whole very dull. The dramatist of the *Abraham* could not fail to attain to some pathos in the treatment of the scene between Isaac and his father; but though he avoids the mistake of the York playwright who represented Isaac as a man of thirty, his handling of the scene is distinctly inferior to that of the Brome Play and the Chester cycle. The general characteristic, indeed, of the group is, that the playwright plods perseveringly through his subject, but never rises above the level of the honest journeyman.

Between the dull work and the abounding humour and constant

¹ Chap. vi. 7: "But the Virgin of the Lord, Mary, with seven other virgins of the same age, who had been appointed to attend her by the priest, returned to her parents' house in Galilee;" and Chap. iv. 1—4: "And it came to pass, in a council of the priests it was said, 'Let us make a new veil for the temple of the Lord.' And the high-priest said, 'Call together to me seven undefiled virgins of the tribe of David.' And the servants went and brought them unto the temple of the Lord; and the high-priest said unto them, 'Cast lots before me now, who of you shall spin the golden thread, who the blue, who the scarlet, who the fine linen, and who the true purple.' Then the high-priest knew Mary, that she was of the tribe of David; and he called her, and the true purple fell to her lot to spin, and she went away to her own house." (Hone's *Apocryphal Gospels*, 1820.)

allusiveness of the author of the plays in the 9-line stanza, the distance can only be measured by the two words respectability and genius. It is all the more pleasant to use the first to denote the dull level from which he keeps aloof, in that I have a strong suspicion that during his life the author of our 9-line stanza plays may have been censured for the lack of this very quality. His sympathy with poor folk, and his dislike of the "gentlery men" who oppressed them, seem something more than conventional; and his satire is sometimes as grim as it is free. From his frequent allusions to music, his scraps of Latin and allusions to Latin authors, his dislike of Lollards, and the daring of some of his phrases, which seems to surpass what would have been permitted to a layman, it is probable that he was in orders; and the vision of the Friar Tuck of Peacock's *Maid Marian* rises up before me as I read his plays. As a dramatist it is difficult to praise him too highly, if we remember the limitations under which he worked, and the feeble efforts of his contemporaries and successors.

The *Secunda Pastorum*, the survival of which "in Archie Armstrong's Aith" Prof. Kölbing has so pleasantly illustrated (see his Appendix), is really perfect as a work of art; and if in the *Prima Pastorum* our author was only feeling his way, and in the *Nouth, Herod*, etc., was cramped by the natural limitation of his subject, we have the more reason to regret that a writer of such real power had no other scope for his abilities than that offered by the cyclical miracle play. Even within these limits, however, he had room to display other gifts besides those of dramatic construction and humour. The three speeches of the Shepherds to the little Jesus are exquisite in their rustic tenderness, and even if we may not attribute to him the really terrific picture of corruption in the *Lazarus*, there is contrast enough between these and the denunciation of the usurers and extortioners in the *Judicium*. Without his aid, the Towneley cycle would have been interesting, but not more interesting than any of its three competitors. His additions entitle it to be ranked among the great works of our earlier literature.

ALFRED W. POLLARD.

APPENDIX.

THE *SECUNDA PASTORUM* OF THE TOWNELEY PLAYS (p. 116 ff.) AND
ARCHIE ARMSTRANG'S AITH.

BY PROF. E. KÖLBING, PH.D.

So far as I know, nobody has yet discovered that the leading incident in the Second Play of the Shepherds is repeated in quite another department of English Literature, viz. in *Archie Armstrang's Aith*, by the Rev. John Marriott, printed in 'Minstrely of the Scottish Border,' 5th ed. vol. iii. Edinb., 1821, p. 481 ff. Archie Armstrang was, as we learn from the Notes of this poem, p. 487 f., "a native of Eskdale, and contributed not a little towards the raising his clan to that pre-eminence which it long maintained amongst the Border thieves . . . and there distinguished himself so much by zeal and assiduity in his professional duties, that at length he found it expedient to emigrate. . . . He afterwards became a celebrated jester in the English Court. . . . He was dismissed in disgrace in the year 1637. . . . The exploit detailed in this ballad has been preserved, with many others of the same kind, by tradition, and is at this time current in Eskdale."

The story runs as follows :—

Archie has stolen a sheep, and is pursued by the shepherds, but manages to reach his house, where, with the assistance of his wife, he skins the sheep, throws its entrails and hide into the river, and stuffs the body into a child's cradle. Then he sits down by it and sings a lullaby. At this very moment the pursuers enter the house and declare him to be the thief. But Archie protests, wants them to be quiet, because his child is dying, and swears an oath, that, if he has ever lessened the herds of his neighbour, he will eat the flesh that is now lying in the cradle. Besides, he gives them leave to ransack every corner of his house in order to find the sheep which they say he has stolen. So they search—naturally without result,—and the shepherds conclude that it was either the devil himself, that they saw running off with the sheep, or that they mistook the culprit, and that Maggie Brown is the real thief. As to Archie, when the shepherds are gone, he piques himself not a little on his ability in representing a nurse ; and, at the same time, says that nobody is entitled to call him a perjurer, for he really eats up the sheep in the cradle.

We see at once the striking point in the story, that the thief and his wife hide the stolen sheep from the suspicious shepherds in a cradle, is common to both versions. Besides, I ask my readers to compare the following single passages.

When the thief returns to his house, his wife is afraid that he will be discovered and tied up; he wants her to be quiet and to help him. *Towneley*, p. 126—

Uxor: By the nakyd nek art thou lyke for to hyng.
Mak: Do way
Uxor: It were a fowth blott to be hanged for the case.
Mak: I have skapyd, Jelott, oft as hard a glase.
Uxor: Bot so long goys the pott to the water, men says
 At last
 Comys it home broken.
Mak: Wett knowe I the token,
 Bot let it never be spoken,
 Bot com and help fast.
 I wold he were slayn, etc.

corresponds to *Archie Armstrong's Aith*, st. 6 ff.

And oh! when he stepp'd o'er the door,
 His wife she look'd aghast.
 "A, wherefore, Archie, wad ye slight
 Ilk word o' timely warning?
 I trow ye will be ta'en the night,
 And hangit i' the morning."
 "Now hawd your tongue, ye prating wife,
 And help me as ye dow;
 I wad be laith to lose my life
 For ae poor silly yowe."

In *Town.*, p. 130, the thief's wife gives the following advice—

Harken ay, when thay calle: thay will com anone.
 Com and make redy alle, and syng by thyn oone,
 Syng lullay thou shalle
 Syng lullay on fast,
 When thou heris at the last.

According to *Archie Armstrong's Aith*, st. 13 f., Archie performs this skilful service—

And down sat Archie daintillie,
 And rock'd it wi' his hand;
 Siccan a rough nourice as ae
 Was not in a' the land.
 And saftlie he began to croon,
 "Hush, hushabye, my dear."
 He hadna sang to sic a tune,
 I trow, for mony a year.

For the rhyme *croon* : *tune* we may compare the following lines in the conversation of the shepherds in front of Mak's hut (p. 131)—

Tertius Pastor : Witt ye here how thay hak ? Oure syre, lyst, *croyne* !

Primus Pastor : Hard I never none crak so clere out of *toyne*.

In *Towneley*, p. 133, Uxor says—

I pray to God so mylde,
If ever I you begyld,
That I ete this chylde,
That lygys in this credyft.

Likewise in *Archie Armstrang's Aith*, st. 18, the husband—

If e'er I did sae fause a feat,
As thin my neebor's faulds,
May I doom'd the flesh to eat
This vera cradyl halds !

In both versions the shepherds, not having found anything, believe they have made a mistake ; *Town.*, p. 134—

Primus Pastor : We have merkyd amys : I hold us *begyld*.

Archie Armstrang's Aith, st. 22—

Or aiblins Maggie's ta'en the yowe,
And thus *beguiled* your e'e.

The principal difference between the two versions of the same story is, that in the play the thief, in spite of this trick, is finally discovered and punished by lynch-law, whilst according to the ballad the thief and his wife succeed in their plot, and the suspicion falls upon another. It is in harmony with this difference that the seemingly not realizable oath is only of a secondary interest in the play, while in the ballad it forms the centre of the whole.

Now the only MS. of the *Towneley Plays* seems to have been written in the beginning of the fifteenth century, whilst Archie Armstrang's *Aith*, belonging to the "Imitations of the ancient ballad," was scarcely composed long before 1802, in which year the *Minstrely*' made its first appearance in the literary world. It is most unlikely that John Marriott,—who, according to Allibone's Dictionary, was Curate of Broad-Clift, Devon, and Rector of Church Liford, Warwickshire, and in 1820 and 1836 published some collections of sermons,—borrowed this story from the then unprinted MS. of the *Towneley Plays* and transferred it, of his own authority, to Archie Armstrang, so that the whole of his notes were a forgery.¹ It is much

¹ It is perhaps worth noting that the *Secunda Pastorum* was printed in the *Collection of English Miracle Plays* published at Basel in 1838 by a Dr. William Marriott, who may possibly have been a relation of the Rev. John Marriott of Prof. Kölbing's ballad.—A. W. P.

more credible that this funny tale was preserved by oral traditions, possibly in a metrical form. The tale was first brought into the Christmas story by the author of the Towneley Play, and afterwards, in the seventeenth century, transferred to the famous thief and jester, Archie Armstrang.

Whether the happy or unhappy end of the story is to be considered as the original one, is a question, which, in the want of other materials, we shall perhaps never be able to solve with any certainty.¹

This little paper is englisht from the original in the *Zeitschrift für vergleichende Litteraturgeschichte*, herausgegeben von M. Koch. Neue Folge. Elfter Band, p. 137 ff.—E. K.

¹ As "bang went saxpence" would have been the result of the Shepherds kissing the babe in the cradle, I suggest that Scotch shepherds, at any rate, would never have thought of incurring such an awful liability.—F. J. F.

THE TOWNELEY PLAYS.

(I.)

[267 lines, in stanzas and couplets. Stanzas 12—15 have 10 (aabab aabab), 7 (aab ab ab), 5 and 5 (aabab) lines respectively, the rest 6 (aab ccb).]

[*Dramatis Personae.*

<i>Deus.</i>	<i>Angeli Mali</i> 1 et 2. ¹	<i>Demones</i> 1 et 2. ¹
<i>Cherubyn.</i>	<i>Angeli Boni</i> 1 et 2.	<i>Adam.</i>
<i>Lucifer.</i>		<i>Eua.</i>]

IN dei nomine amen.

Assit Principio, Sancta Maria, Meo. Wakefeld.

[SCENE I. Heaven.]

<p>[<i>Deus</i>]</p> <p>Ego sum alpha et o, I am the first, the last also, Oone god in mageste ; Meruelus, of myght most, ffader, & son, & holy goost, Ond god in trinyte.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">(2)</p> <p>I am without begynnyng, My godhede hath none endyng, I am god in troue ; Oone god in persons thre, Which may neuer twynnyd be, ffor' I am god alone.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">(3)</p> <p>AH maner thyng is in my thoght, Withoutten me ther may be noght, ffor' aH is in my sight ; hit shaH be done after' my wiH, that I haue thoght I shaH fulfilH And manteyn with my myght.</p>	<p>(1)</p> <p>3</p> <p>6</p> <p>9</p> <p>12</p> <p>15</p> <p>18</p>	<p><i>BARKERS.</i> [Fol. 1, a.] God declares His nature & might.</p> <p>Nothing may exist with- out Him.</p>
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¹ These may be the same.

(4)

God begins
the work of
creation.
The 1st day:
the parting
of darkness
& light.

At the begynnyng^t of oure dede
make we heuen & erth, on brede,
and lyghtys fayre to se, 21
ffor' it is good^t to be so ;
darknes from light we parte on two,
In tyme to scrue and be. 24

(5)

Darknes we call the nyght,
and lith also the bright,
It shall be as I say ; 27
after' my wiH this is furth broght,
Euen and morne both ar' thay wroght,
and thus is maid a day. 30

(6)

The 2nd day:
the firma-
ment divides
the waters.

In medys the water, bi oure assent,
be now maide the firmament,
And parte ather' from othere, 33
Water aboue, I-wis ;
Euen and morne maide is this
A day, [so was] the tothere. 36

(7)

The 3rd day:
the division
of earth &
sea.

Waters, that so wyde ben spred,
be gedered to geder in to one stede,
that dry the erth may seyn ; 39
that at is dry the erth shall be,
the waters also I call the see ;
this warke to me is queme. 42

(8)

The earth to
bring forth
fruit.

Out of the erth herbys shal spryng,
Trees to florish and frute furth bryng,
thare kynde that it be kyd. 45
This is done after my wiH ;
Euen & morn maide is ther' tiH
A day, this is the thryd. [MS. thyrd.] 48

(9)

The 4th day:
creation of
sun & moon.

Son & moyne set in the heuen,
With starnes, & the planettyys seuen,
To stand in thare degre ; 51

The son) to serue the day lyght,
 The moyne also to serue the nyght;
 The fourte day shaft this be. 54

(10)

The water to norish the fysz swymand,
 The erth to norish bestys crepeand,
 That fly or go may. 57
 Multiplie in erth, and be
 In my blyssyng, wax now ye;
 This is the fyft day. 60

The 5th day :
 the creation
 of fish &
 "creeping
 beasts that
 may fly or
 go." [Cp.
 ll. 162, 163.]

(11)

Cherubyn. Oure lord god in trynyte,
 Myrth and lovyng be to the,
 Myrth and lovyng ouer al thyng;
 ffor' thou has made¹, with thi bidyng,
 Heuen, & erth, and aH that is,
 and giffen vs Ioy that neuer shaft mys. 64

[Fol. 1, b.]
 Cherubim
 praise God.

Lord, thou art full mych of myght,
 that has maide lucifer so bright;
 we loue the, lord, bright ar' we,
 bot none of vs so bright as he : 68

He has made
 all of them
 bright, but
 Lucifer
 brightest.

He may weH hight lucifere,
 ffor' lufly light that he doth bere. 72

He is so lufly and so bright
 It is grete ioy to se that sight;
 We lofe the, lord, with aH oure thoght,
 that sich thyng can make of noght. 76

hic deus receclit à suo solio & lucifer sedebit in eodem solio.

(12)

Lucifer. Certys, it is a semely sight,
 Syn that we ar' aH angels bright, 77

and euer in blis to be;
 If that ye wiH behold me right,
 this mastre longys to me. 81

Lucifer
 prides him-
 self on his
 brightness &
 strength.

I am so fare and bright,
 of me commys aH this light,
 this gam) and aH this gle;

¹ The words "has made" are in a later hand, the originals having been obliterated.

Agans my grete myght^t

¹ may [no]thyng^t stand [ne] be.

86

(13)

And ye weH me behold

I am a thowsand fold^t

brighter then) is the son);

my strengthe may not be told,

my myght may no thyng^t kon;

Who shall be
above him in
heaven?

In heuen, therfor', wit I wold^t

Above me who shuld won).

93

(14)

ffor' I am lord of blis,

ouer aH this warld^t, I-wis,

My myrth is most of' aH;

the[r]for' my wiH is this,

master' ye shaH me caH.

98

(15)

And ye shaH se, fuH sone onone,

How that me semys to sit' in trone

as kyng' of blis;

He is so
seemly he
will take
God's throne
as King of
bliss.

I am) so semely, blode & bone,

my sete shaH be ther' as was his.

103

(16)

Say, felows, how semys now me

To sit in seyte of trynyte?

[He seats
himself &]
asks the
angels how
he looks.

I am so bright' of' ich) a lym)

I trow me seme as weH as hym).

107

The bad
praise, and
the good
warn him.

primus angelus malus. Thou art' so fayre vnto my
syght,

thou) semys weH to sytt on) hight';

So thynke me that thou doyse.

primus bonus angelus. I rede ye leyfe that vanys
royse,

111

ffor' that' seyte may now) angeH seme

So weH as hym) that' aH shaH deme.

Secundus bonus angelus. I reyd) ye sese of that ye sayn),
ffor' weH I wote ye carpe in vayne;

115

hit semyd hym) neuer, ne neuer shaH,

So weH as hym) that has maide aH.

¹ MS. may thyng' stand then) be.

Secundus malus angelus. Now, and bi oght that I can witt,
 he semys fuH weH theron to sytt; 119
 He is so fayre, withoutten les,
 he semys fuH weH to sytt on des.
 therfor', fellow, hold thi peasse,
 and vmbithynke the what thou saysse. 123
 he semys as weH to sytt there
 as god hymself, if he were here.

*Lucifer*¹. leyf fellow, thynk the not so? 126
primus malus angelus. Yee, god wote, so dos othere mo. [Fol. 2, a.]
primus bonus [Angelus]. Nay, forsoth, so thynk not vs.
*lucifer*¹. Now, therof a leke what rekys vs?
 Syn I my self am so bright
 therfor' wiH I take a flyght.¹ 131

Tunc exhibunt demones clamando, & dicit primus,

[SCENE II. Hell.]

*primus demon*¹. Alas, alas, and wele-wo!
 lucifer', whi feH thou so? 135
 We, that-were angels so fare,
 and sat so hie aboue the ayere,
 Now ar' we waxen blak as any coyH,
 and vgly, tatyrd as a foyH.
 What' alyd the, lucifer, to faH?
 was thou not farist of' angels aH? 139
 Brightist', and best, & most' of' luf'
 With god hym self, that syttys aboyf?
 thou has maide [neyn,²] there was [ten,³]
 thou art' fouH comyn from thi kyn;
 thou art' fallen, that' was the teynd,
 ffrom an angeH to a feynd.
 thou has vs doyn a vyle dispyte,
 and broght' thi self' to sorow and sitt'. 147
 Alas, ther' is nocht els to say
 bot' we ar' tynt' for' now and ay. 149

Secundus demon.—Alas, the ioy that we were In
 haue we lost', for oure syn).

¹ A scribe has mistaken Lucifer's boastful flight for his fall. One or more stanzas containing either a speech of Deus (cp. *Chester* and *Coventry Plays*) or the exclamations of the devils as they fall (cp. *York Plays*) must have been omitted.

² MS. ix.

³ MS. x.

- alas, that euer cam pride in thoght,
 ffor' it has broght vs aH to noght. 153
 We were in myrth and Ioy enoghē
 When lucifer to pride droghē.
 Alas, we may warrie wikkyd pride,
 so may ye aH that standys be side ; 157
 We held' with hym ther' he saide leasse,
 and therfor' haue we aH vnpeasse.
 Alas, alas, oure Ioye is tynt',
 We mon' haue payne that neuer shaH stynt'. 161

We may
 curse our
 wicked
 pride: "so
 may ye all
 that stand
 beside."

[SCENE III. *Earth.*]

(17)

- God pro-
 ceeds to
 make man. *Deus.*—Erthly bestys, that may crepe and go,
 bryng ye furth and wax ye mo,
 I se that it' is good ; 164
 now make we man to oure liknes,
 that shaH be keper of more & les,
 of' fowles and fysH in flock. *Et' tuncjet' eum.* 167

(18)

- spreyte of' life I in the blaw,
 good and iH both shaH thou know ;
 rise vp, and stand bi me. 170
 AH that' is in water or land,
 It' shaH bow vnto thi hand,
 and sufferan' shaH thou be ; 173

(19)

- He gives
 him know-
 ledge,
 strength, the
 government
 of the world,
 & paradise
 to dwell in. I gif' the witt', I gif' the strenght,
 of' aH thou sees, of brede & lengthe ;
 thou shaH be wonder wise. 176
 Myrth and Ioy to haue at wiH,
 AH thi likyng to fulfiH,
 and dwell in paradise. 179

(20)

- This I make thi wonnyng playce,
 ffull of' myrth and of solace,
 and I seasse the therin. 182
 It' is not' good to be alone,
 to walk here in this worthely wone,
 In aH this welthly wyn ; 185

(21)

therfor', a rib I from the take,
therof' shaft be [maide] thi make,

And be to thi helpyng'.

God makes
woman to
be man's
helping.

188

Ye both to gouerne that here is,
and euer more to be in blis,

ye wax in my blissyng'.

191

(22)

ye shaft have Ioye & blis therin,
whils ye wiH kepe you out of syn,

I say without[ten] lese.

194

Ryse vp, myn' angeH cherubyn),

[Fol. 2, b.]

Take and leyd theym both in,

And leyf' them there in peasse.

197

And bids an
angel lead
them to
paradise.

*Tunc capit' cherubyn' adam per manum, & dicit' eis
dominus,*

(23)

Heris thou adam, and eue thi wife,
I forbede you the tre of life,

And I commaund, that it be gat,

Take which ye wiH, bot' negh not' that.

201

Adam, if' thou breke my rede,
thow shaft dye a dulfuH dede.

Cherubyn'. Oure lord, oure god, thi wiH be done ;

I shaft go with theym full sone.

205

ffor' sothi, my lord, I shaft not sted
tiH I haue theym theder led.

we thank the, lord, with full good chere,

that has maide man to be oure feere. [*Exit Deus.*] 209

Com furth, adam, I shaft the leyd ;

take tent' to me, I shaft the reyde.

I rede the thyнк how thou art wroght,

and luf my lord in aH thi thoght,

213

That has maide the through his wiH,

angels ordir' to fulsiH.

Many thyngys he has the giffen),

and maide the master' of aH that liffen) ;

217

He has forbed' the bot' a tre ;

look that thow let it be,

The Angel
instructs
Adam.

ffor' if' thou breke his commaundment,
thou skapys not' bot' thou be shent. 221

Weynd here in to paradise,
and luke now that' ye be wyse,
And kepe you' weH, for' I must' go
vnto my lord, ther' I cam' fro. [*Exit Cherubyn.*] 225

Adam and
Eve con-
gratulate
themselves
& thank
God.

Adam'. Almyghty lord, I thank' it the
that' is, and was, and shaH be,
Of thi luf' and of' thi grace,
ffor' now is here a mery place ; 229
Eue, my felow, how thynk the this ?

Eua. A stede me thynk of' Ioye and blis,
That' god has giffen) to the and me ;
Withoutten) ende blissyd be he. 233

Adam'. Eue, felow, abide me thore,
ffor' I wiH go to viset more,
To se what trees that' here been) ;
here ar' weH moo then) we have seen), 237
Gresys, and othere smaH floures,
that' smeH fuH swete, of seyr' coloures.

Eua. Gladly, *sir*, I wiH fuH fayne ;
When) ye haue sene theym), com' agane. 241

Adam bids
Eve keep
away from
the Tree of
Life.

Adam'. Bot' luke weH, eue, my wife,
that' thou negh not the tree of' life ;
ffor' if' thou do he bese ih' paide ;
then be we tynt', as he has saide. 245

Eua. Go furth' and play the aH aboute,
I shaH not' negh it' while thou art' oute ;
ffor' be thou sekyr' I were fuH loth
ffor' any thyng that' he were wroth. [*Exeunt Adam & Eve.*]

[SCENE IV. *Hell.*]

The tenth
order of
angels is
fallen.

Lucifer'. Who wend euer this tyme haue seyn) ?
We, that in sich myrth' haue beynd),
That we shuld suffre so mych' wo ?
Who wold euer trow it' shuld be so ? 253

[¹ Ten] orders in heuen were
of' angels, that' had offyce sere ;
Of ich' order', in thare degre,
the [² teynd] parte feH downe with me ; 257

¹ MS. X.

² MS. x.

ffor' thay held *with* me that' tyde,
 and mantenyd me in my *pride* ;
 Bot' herkyns, felows, what I say—
 the Ioy that we haue lost for ay, 261
 God has maide man *with* his hend,
 to haue that' blis *withoutten* end,
 The ¹ neyn ordre to fulfil^t,
 that' after' vs left, sich is his wil^t. 265
 And now ar' thay in paradise ;
 bot' thens thay sha^t, if we be wise. 267

God has
made man
to fill its
place.

The MS. has apparently lost 12 leaves here, containing (no doubt) the Temptation of Eve and the Expulsion of her and Adam from Paradise.

(II.)

Mactacio abel. Secunda pagina.

[Fol. 3, a.]

[473 lines in thirteens (aaab ccccb bdbd, no. 1), twelves (aaab cccb bdbd, no. 3), elevens (aab cccb, no. 2—or aaab ccb, no. 7—bdbd), nines, eights (aaab bcbc, no. 6, or cccb, no. 10; aaa bbb cc, no. 14), sevens (aaab ccb, no. 4; aab ab cc, no. 16), sixes, fives (aa bbb, no. 5), fours (ab ab, no. 13), threes and twos.]

[Dramatis Personae.

Garcio. Cayn. Abel. Deus.]

Garcio. (1) Glover Pag.²...

A H hayH, aH hayH, both blithe and glad,
 ffor' here com I, a mery lad ;
 be peasse youre dyn, my master' bad,
 Or' els the dwiH you spede. 4

Garcio
makes a
ranting
speech.

Wote ye not' I com before ?
 Bot who that' Ianglis any more
 He must' blaw my blak hoiH bore,
 both behynd^t and before,
 TiH his tet^tie blede. 9
 ffelows, here I you forbede
 To make nother nose ne cry ;
 Who so is so hardy to do that' dede
 The dwiH³ hang hym vp to dry. 13

¹ MS. ix.

² In a later hand.

³ MS. dewill ; the "e" having been overlined by a later hand.

(2)

His master
is a good
yeoman :

Gedlyngis, I am a fulle grete wat,
A good yoman my master' hat,
ffulH weH ye aH hym ken) ; 16

ill to quarrel
with.

Begyn he with you for to stryfe,
certis, then mon ye neuer thryfe ;
Bot' I trow, bi god on life,
Som of' you ar' his men. 20

Bot' let' youre lippis couer youre ten,
harlottis, euerichon !
ffor if' my master' com, welcom) hym then).
ffareweH, for' I am gone. [Exit Garcio.] 24
[Enter Cain, ploughing.]

(3)

Cain calls to
his mare.

Cayn'. Io furth, greyn-horne ! and war' oute, gryme !
Drawes on ! god gif you ih to tyme !
Ye stand as ye were fallen in swyme ;
What' ! wiH ye no forther', mare ? 28

Pull on a bit,
you shrew.

War ! let' me se how down) wiH draw ;
Yit', shrew, yit', puH on a thraw !
What' ! it' semys for' me ye stand none aw !
I say, donnyng, go fare ! 32
A, ha ! god gif the soro & care !

You're the
worst mare
I ever had
in plough.

Io ! now hard she what I saide ;
now yit' art thou the warst mare
In plogh that' euer I haide. 36

(4)

He calls the
Boy.

How ! pike-harnes, how ! com heder belife !
[Enter Garcio.]

They
wrangle.

Garcio. I fend, godis forbot, tha' euer thou thrife !
Cayn. What', boy, shal I both hold and drife ? 39
heris thou not how I cry ?
Garcio. Say, maH and stott, wiH ye not' go ?
Lemyng', moreH, white-horne, Io !
now wiH ye not se how thay hy ? 43

(5)

Cayn'. Gog gif the sorow, boy ; want' of mete it gars.
Garcio. thare prouand, sir, for' thi, I lay behynd thare ars,
And tyes them fast bi the nekis,
With many stanys in thare hekis.

Fol. 8, b.] Cayn'. That' shaH bi thi fals chekis. 48

(6)

Garcio. And haue agane as right.

49 Cain offers
to fight him.

Cayn. I am thi master, wilt thou fight?

Garcio. Yai, with the same mesure and wegh̄t
That I b ro wiĥ I qwite.

52 The Boy is
quite ready.

Cayn. We! now, no thyng', bot' caĥ on tyte,
that we had ployde this land.

Garcio. harrer', moreĥ, iofurth̄, hyte!
and let the plogh̄ stand.

56

[*Enter Abel.*]

(7)

Abel. God, as he both̄ may and can,
Spede the, brother', & thi man.

57 Abel bids
them God
speed.

Cayn. Com kis myne ars, me list not ban,
As welcom standis ther' oute.

Thou shuld haue bide til thou were cald;
Com nar', & other' drife or' hald,
and kys the dwillis toute.

60 Cain tells
him he isn't
wanted.

Go grese thi shepe vnder' the toute,
ffor that' is the moste lefe.

63

Abel. broder', ther' is none here aboute
that' wold the any grefe;

67

(8)

bot', leif' brother', here my sawe—

It' is the custom of' oure law,

Aĥ that' wyrk as the wise

shaĥ worship god wĥ sacrifice.

Oure fader' vs bad, oure fader' vs kend,
that' oure tend shuld be brend.

Com furth̄, brothere, and let vs gang

To worship god; we dweĥ fuĥ lang';

Gif' we hym parte of oure fee,

Come or' cataĥ, wheder it' be.

Abel exhorts
him to come
& make
burnt-offer-
ings of his
tenths of
corn &
cattle.

71

75

77

(9)

And therfor', brother', let vs weynd,

And first' clens vs from the feynd

or' we make sacrifice;

Then blis withoutten end

get we for' oure seruyce,

82

(10)

Of hym that is oure saulis leche. 83

Cain will
none of his
sermoning.

Cayn'. How ! let furth youre geyse, the fox wið preche ;
How long wilt thou me appech

With thi sermonyng' ? 86

Hold thi tong', yit I say,

Euen ther' the good wife strokid the hay ;

Or' sit downe in the dwið way,

With thi vayn carpyng'. 90

(11)

He won't
leave his
plough & his
work. God
only gives
him sorrow
& woe.

Shuld I leife my plogh & aH thyng

And go *with* the to make offeryng ?

Nay ! thou fyndys me not' so mad !

Go to the dwið, and say I bad ! 94

What' gifys god the to rose hym so ?

me gifys he noght' bot' soro and wo. 96

[Fol. 4, a.]

(12)

AbeH. Caym, leife this vayn carpyng,
ffor' god giffys the aH thi lifyng.

Cayn'. Yit' boroed I neuer a farthyng 99

of' hym, here my hend.

Abel says
their elders
have told
them they
must tithe &
make burnt-
offering.

AbeH. Brother', as elders haue vs kend,

ffirst shuld' we tend *with* oure hend',

and to his lofyng' sithen be brend. 103

(13)

Cayn'. My farthyng is in the preest hand
syn last tyme I offyrd.

AbeH. leif brother', let vs be walkand ;

I wold oure tend were profyrd. 107

(14)

Cain replies
he is worse
off each year.

Cayn'. We ! wherof' shuld I tend, leif' brothere ?

ffor' I am ich' yere wars then othere,

here my trouth it' is none othere ; 110

My wynnyngis ar' bot meyn',

No wonder if' that' I be leyn ;

ffuH long' tiH hym I may me meyn', 113

ffor' bi hym that me dere boght,

I traw that' he wiH leyn me noght. 115

(15)

AbeH. Yis, aH the good thou has in wone
Of godis grace is bot a lone.

*Cayn*¹. Lenys he me, as com thrift upon the so?

ffor' he has euer yit' beyn my fo ;

119 God has
always been
his foe.

ffor' had he my freynd' beyn,

Other' gatis it' had beyn seyn).

When aH mens corñ was fayre in feld'

123 His own
corn is the
worst of
anybody's.

Then was myne not' worth a neld¹ ;

When I shuld saw, & wantyd seyde,

And of corñ had fuH grete neyde,

Then gaf' he me none of' his,

127

No more witt I gif hym of' this.

hardely hold me to blame

bot' if' I serue hym of the same.

AbeH. Leif' brother', say not' so,

bot let vs furth togeder go ;

131

Good brother, let vs weynd sone,

no longer' here I rede we hone.

*Cayn*¹. Yei, yei, thou Iangyls waste ;

the dwitt me spede if' I haue hast,

135 He is in no
haste to give.

As long as I may lif',

to dele my good or' gif'

Ather to god or' yit' to man),

of' any good that' euer I wan) ;

139

ffor' had I giffen away my goode,

then myght I go *with* a ryffen hood,

And it is better' hold that' I haue

then go from doore to doore & craue.

143 If he had
given away
his good he
might go
with a torn
hood.
Better keep.
than beg.

AbeH. Brother', com furth, in godis name,

I am fuH ferd' that' we get blame ;

Hy we fast' that' we were thore.

*Cayn*¹. We ! ryn on), in the dwitts nayme Before ! 147

Wemay, man, I hold the mad !

wenys thou now that' I list gad

To gif' away my warldis aght' ?

the dwitt hym spede that me so taght !

151

what' nede had I my traueH to lose,

to were my shoyne & ryfe my hose ?

[Fol. 4, b.]
He thinks
Abel mad.

¹ MS. an eld.

Abel doesn't
want to go
without him.

Abel. Dere brother', hit were grete wonder
that I & thou shuld go in sonder', 155
Then wold oure fa'ler haue grete ferly ;
Ar' we not brether', thou & I ?

Cayn'. No, bot' cry on, cry, whyls the thynk good ;
Here my trowth, I hold the woode ; 159
Wheder that' he be blithe or' wroth
to dele my good is me full lothe.

I haue gone oft' on softer' wise
ther' I trowed som prow wold rise. 163

I see I must
come then.
Go on be-
fore.

Bot' weH I se go must' I nede ;
now weynd before, ih myght' thou spede !
syn that' we shaH alгатis go.

Abel. leif' brother', whi sais thou so ? 167

Let us go
together,
says Abel.

Bot' go we furth both togeder ;
blissid' be god we haue fare weder.

Cayn'. lay downe thi trusseH apou this hiff.

Abel. fforsoth broder, so I wiH : 171

Gog of' heuen, take it' to good'.

You tith
first, says
Cain.

Cayn'. Thou shaH tend first if thou were wood.

Abel. God that' shope both erth and heuen),

I pray to the thou here my steven), 175

And take in thank, if thi wiH be,

the tend that I offre here to the ;

ffor' I gif' it' in good entent'

to the, my lord, that aH has sent. 179

Abel burns
his tithes.

I bren it now, with stedfast thoght,

In worship of' hym that' aH has wroght.

Cayn'. Ryse ! let' me now, syn thou has done ;

Cain begins
titling.

lord of' heuen, thou here my boyne ! 183

And ouer, godis forbot', be to the

thank or' thew to kun me ;

ffor', as browke I thise two shankys,

It is full sore, myne vnthankys, 187

The teynd that' I here gif' to the,

of' corn, or' thyng, that' newys me ;

Bot now begyn wiH I then,

syn I must' nede my tend to bren). 191

Oone shefe, oone, and this makys two,

bot' nawder of' thise may I forgo :

- Two, two, now this is thre,
 yei, this also shaft leif' with me : 195 He chooses
 ffor' I with chose and best' haue, & keeps the
 this hold I thrift' of' aH this thrafe ; best for
 Wemo, wemo, foure, lo, here ! himself,
 better groved' me no this yere. 199 grumbling
 At' yere tyme I sew fayre corn, all the time.
 yit was it sich when it' was shorne,
 Thystyls & brerys, yei grete plente,
 And aH kyn wedis that myght be, 203 Cain keeps
 ffoure shewis, foure, lo, this makis fyfe— on counting.
 deyH I fast' thus long or' I thrife— [The repeti-
 ffyfe and sex, now this is sevyn, tion of the
 bot' this gettis neuer god of' heuen ; 207 numbers
 Nor' none of' thise foure, at' my myght, may mean
 shaft neuer com in godis sight. that he
 Sevyn, sevyn, now this is aght, counts 20
 AbeH. Cain, brother', thou art' not' god betaght. 211 sheaves as
 Cayn. We ! therfor' is it' that' I say, 10, so as to
 ffor I with not' deyle my good away : pay a 20th
 Bot' had I gyffen hym this to teynd instead of a
 Then wold thou say he were my Freynd ; 215 10th.]
 Bot' I thynk not', bi my hode,
 To departe so lightly fro my goode.
 we ! aght', aght', & neyn, & ten is this,
 we ! this may we best mys. 219 We may best
 Gif' hym that' that' ligis thore ? do without
 It' goyse agans myn hart' fuH sore. 221 this one.
- (16)
- AbeH. Cam ! teynd right' of' aH bedeyn.
 Cayn. we ! lo twelve, fyfteyn, sexteyn¹
 AbeH. Cayn, thou tendis wrang', and of' the warst'. Abel tells
 Cayn'. we ! com nar', and hide myne een' ; him he is
 In the wenyand wist' ye now at last, 226 tithing
 Or' els with thou that I wynek ? wrongly &
 then shaft I doy no wrong, me thynk. 228 of the worst
- (17)
- let' me se now how it' is—
 lo, yit' I hold me paid ;
 I teyndyd wonder weH bi ges,
 And so euen I laide. 232

¹ MS. xij, xv, xvⁱ.

(18)

- AbeH.* Came, of god me thynke thou has no drede.
Came. Now and he get more, the dwiH me spede !
 Devil speed me if he get a sheaf more. As mych as oone reepe,
 ffor' that cam hym full light chepe ; 236
 Not as mekiH, grete ne smaH,
 as he myght wipe his ars *wiH* aH.
 ffor' that, and this that lyys here,
 haue cost me full dere ; 240
 Or' it was shorne, and broght in stak,
 had I many a wery bak ;
 Therfor' aske me no more of' this,
 ffor' I haue giffen that' my wiH is. 244
AbeH. Cam, I rede thou tend right
 ffor' drede of' hym that' sittis on hight'.
 Never you mind how I'm titthing. *Cayn'*. How that' I tend, rek the neuer 'a deiH,
 bot' tend thi skabbid shepe wele ; 248
 ffor' if' thou to my teynd tent' take,
 It' bese the wars for' thi sake.
 Thou wold I gaf' hym this shefe, or' this sheyfe ;
 Here are two sheaves, and that must do. na, nawder of' thise [two¹] wil I leife ; 252
 Bot take this, now has he two,
 and for' my sauH now mot' it' go,
 Bot' it gos sore agans my wiH,
 and shal he like full iH. 256
AbeH. Cam, I reyde thou so teynd
 that' god of heuen be thi freynd.
Cayn'. My freynd ? na, not' bot' if' he wiH !
 I did hym neuer yit' bot' skiH. 260
 If' he be neuer so my fo,
 I am a visidk gif' hym no mo ;
 Bot' chaunge thi conscience, as I do myn),
 yit' teynd thou not' thi mesel swyne ? 264
AbeH. If' thou teynd right thou mon) it fynde.
Cayn. Yei, kys the dwiHs ars behynde ;
 The dwiH hang the bi the nek !
 how that I teynd, neuer thou rek. 268
 WiH thou not' yit hold thi peasse ?
 of' this Ianglyng I reyde thou seasse.
 And teynd I weH, or' tend I iH,
 bere the euen & speke bot' skiH. 272

- Bot now syn thou has teyndid thyne,
 Now wiH I set fyr' on myne. [Fol. 6, a.
Sig. C. 2.]¹ He sets fire
to his offer-
ing.
- We! out! haro! help to blaw!
 It wiH not' bren for' me, I traw; 276
- Puf! this smoke dos me mych' shame—
 now bren, in the dwiHys name!
 A! what' dwiH of heH is it?
 Almost had myne breth' beyn dit. 280 Cain's offer-
ing won't
burn, but
almost
chokes him
with smoke.
- had I blawen' oone blast more
 I had beyn choked right' thore;
 It stank like the dwiH in heH,
 that longer ther' myght I not' dwell. 284
- Abel.* Cam, this is not' worth' oone leke;
 thy tend shuld bren withoutten' smeke. Abel says it
is no good.
- Caym*'. Com kys the dwiH right' in the ars,
 for' the it' brens bot' the wars; 288 Cain reviles
him.
- I wold that' it were in thi throte,
 ffyr', & shefe, and ich' a sprote. [God appears above.]
- Deus.* Cam, whi art' thou so rebelH
 Agans thi brother' abelH? 292 God reproves
Cain. As he
tithes so
shall he
receive.
- Thar' thou nowther' flyte ne chyde,
 if' thou tend right' thou gettis thi mede;
 And be thou sekir', if' thou teynd fals,
 thou bese alowed ther' after als. [Exit Deus.] 296

(19)

- Caym*'. Whi, who is that' hob-ouer-the-wall?
 we! who was that' that' piped so smaH?
 Com go we hens, for' perels aH;
 God is out' of' hys wit. 300 Cain scoffs
at God.
"Who is that
hob-over-
the-wall?"
- Com furth, abelH, & let' vs weynd;
 Me thynk that' god is not' my freynd,
 on land then wiH I flyt. 303

(20)

- Abel.* A, Caym, brother', that' is it' done. Abel is
shocked.
- Caym*'. No, bot' go we hens sone;

¹ The writer of MS. has by mistake continued his lines on Fol. 6 a, instead of fol. 5 b, and has made a note in red ink on top of fol. 5 b. as follows;—" [M]d' that' this syde of' the leyfe [sh]uld' folow the other next' syde [ac]cording to the tokyns here maide, [an]d' then after al stondys in ordre."

- And if I may, I shaH be
ther' as god shaH not' me see. 307
- He says he
will go to his
beasts. *Abel.* Dere brother', I wiH fayre
on feld ther' oure bestis ar',
To looke if thay be holgh or' fuh.
- Cain stops
him and
says it is
time to pay
Abel what
he owes him. *Caym'.* Na, na, abide, we haue a craw to puH ; 311
Hark, speke *with* me or' thou go ;
what ! wenys thou to skape so ?
we ! na ! I aghT the a fowH dispyte,
and now is tyme that I hit qwite. 315
- Why did
your tithe
burn & not
mine ? *Abel.* Brother', whi art' thou so to me in Ire ?
Caym'. we ! theyf, whi brend thi tend so shyre ?
Ther' myne did bot' smoked
right' as it wold vs both haue choked. 319
- I will take
your life for
it with this
cheek bone. *Abel.* Godis wiH I trow it' were
that' myn brend so clere ;
¹ If thyne smoked am I to wite ?
Caym'. we ! yei ! that shal thou sore abite ; 323
with cheke bon, or' that I blyn,
shal I the & thi life twyn ; [*Cain kills Abel.*]
So lig down ther' and take thi rest,
thus shaH shrewes be chastysed best. 327
- (21)
- Abel cries
for venge-
ance. *Abel.* Veniance, veniance, lord, I cry !
for' I am slayn, & not' gilty.
Caym'. Yei, ly ther' old shrew, ly ther', ly ! 330
- (22)
- If any one
thinks he
did amiss,
Cain will
make things
worse. And if' any of' you thynk I did amys
I shal it' amend wars then it' is,
that' aH men may it' se : 333
weH wars then it' is
right' so shaH it' be. 335
- (23)
- [Fol. 5, b.]
But now
that Abel is
brought to
sleep he
would fain
creep into a
hole for 40
days. Bot' now, syn he is Broght on Slepe,
Into Som' hole fayn wold I crepe ;
ffor ferd I qwake and can no rede,
ffor be I taken, I be bot dede ; 339

¹ Originally written "I am not to wite"; "I" and "not" have been struck out with red ink, and "I" placed after "am."

here wiþ I lig thise fourty dayes,
And I shrew hym that me fyrst rayse.

Deus. Caym, Caym! [God appears above.]

God calls to
Cain.

Caym. who is that that callis me?

I am yonder, may thou not se? 343

Deus. Caym, where is thi brother' abeþ?

Where is thy
brother?

Caym. what askis thou me? I trow at heþ:

At heþ I trow he be—

who so were ther' then myght he se—

347

Cain
answers he
may be in
hell or
asleep.

Or' somewhere fallen on slepyng;

when was he in my kepyng'?

Deus. Caym, Caym, thou was wode;

The voyce of thi brotheris blode

351

That thou has slayn, on fals wise,

from erþ to heuen veynace cryse.

God curses
him.

And, for' thou has broght thi brother' downe,

here I gif' the my malison.

355

*Caym*¹. Yei, dele aboute the, for' I wiþ none,
or' take it the when I am gone.

Cain says
since he has
lost God's
grace he will
hide himself.

Syn I haue done so mekiþ syn,

that I may not' thi mercy wyn,

359

And thou thus dos me from thi grace,

I shaþ hyde me fro thi face;

And where so any man may fynd me,

Let hym slo me hardely;

363

If any man
find him, let
him slay
him: and
bury him
"in gude-
boure at the
quarell
head."

And where so any man may me meyte,

Ayther' bi sty, or' yit' bi strete;

And hardely, when I am dede,

bery me in gudeboure at the quareþ hede,

367

ffor', may I pas this place in quarte,

bi aþ men set I not a fart.

Deus. Nay, caym, it' bese not so;

I wiþ that' no man other' slo,¹

371

God will not
let him be
slain.

ffor' he that sloys yong or' old

It shaþ be punyshid sevenfold.

[Exit Deus.]

*Caym*¹. No force, I wote wheder I shaþ;

In heþ I wote mon be my staþ.

375

Cain knows
that hell will
be his place.

It' is no boyte mercy to craue,

ffor' if I do I mon none haue;

377

¹ Opposite this line a later hand has added in the margin,
"& that shaþ do thy boddy der."

- He wants to
hide the
body. Bot' this cors I wold were hid, 378
ffor som man myght' com at vngayn,
'fle fals shrew,' wold he bid,
- If Pike-
harnes were
there they
would bury
it together. And weyn I had my brother' slayn. 381
Bot' were pike-harnes, my knafe, here,
we shuld bery hym' both in fere.
How, pyke-harnes, scape-thryft! how, pike-harnes, how!
Garcio. Master', master'! 385
- Cain calls
Pyke-
harnes and
hits him Cayn'. harstow, boy? ther' is a podyng' in the pot;
take the that, boy, tak *the that*!
Garcio. I shrew thi baH vnder thi hode,
If' thou were my syre of flesh & blode; 389
AH the day to ryn and trott',
And euer amang thou strykeand,
Thus am I comen bofettis to fott.
- to keep his
hand in. Cayn'. Peas, man, I did it bot to vse my hand; 393
- [Fol. 6, b.]
He tells him
he has slain
Abel. (24)
Bot Harke, boy, I haue a counseH to the to Say—
I slogh my brother' this same day;
I pray the, good boy, and thou may,
to ryn away *with* the bayn. 397
- The boy
cries out
upon him. Garcio. We! out apon the, thefe!
has thou thi brother' slayn?
Caym. Peasse, man, for' godis payn! 400
- We shall
come off ill
if the bailies
catch us. (25)
I saide it' for' a skaunce.
Garcio. Yey, bot' for' ferde of grevance
here I the forsake;
we mon haue a mekiH myschaunce
and the bayles vs take. 405
- Cain pro-
mises to cry
his peace. (26)
Caym'. A, sir, I cry you mercy; seasse!
and I shaH make you a releasse.
Garcio. what', wilt' thou cry my peasse 408
- (27)
thrughout' this land?
Cayn'. Yey, that' I gif' god a vow, belife.
Garcio. how wiH thou do long or' thou thrife?
Caym'. Stand vp, my good boy, belife,
and thaym peasse both man & [w]ife; 412

(28)

And who so wiſt do after me
ffull ſlape of thrift then ſhal he be.
Bot thou muſt be my good boy,
and cry oyes, oyes, oy!

Garcio. Browes, browes, to thi boy.

417

He bids him
cry *Oyes.*

(29)

Caym'. I commaundt you in the kyngis nayme,

Garcio. And in my masteres, fals Cayme,

Caym'. That no man at thame fynd fawt ne blame.

Garcio. Yey, cold roſt is at my masteres hame.

421

Cain makes
proclama-
tion of
pardon for
himself &
his boy.
The boy
mocks him
in audible
'asides.'

(30)

Caym'. Nowther' with hym nor' with his knafe,

Garcio. What', I hope my master rafe.

Caym'. ffor' thay ar' trew, full many foldt;

Garcio. My master ſuppys no coyle bot coldt.

425

Caym'. The kyng wrytis you vntiſt.

Garcio. Yit' ete I neuer half my fiſt.

427

(31)

Caym'. The kyng wiſt that thay be ſafe,

Garcio. Yey, a draght' of drynke fayne wold I hayfe.

Caym'. At thare awne wiſt let tham wafe;

Garcio. My stomak is redy to receyfe.

431

(32)

Caym'. Loke no man ſay to theym, on nor' other';

Garcio. This ſame is he that ſlo his brother'.

433

Caym'. Byd euery man thaym luſt and lowt,

Garcio. Yey, iſt ſpon' weſt' ay comes foule out.

Caym'.¹ long or' thou get' thi hoſe and thou go thus
aboute.

436

(33)

Byd euery man theym pleaſe to pay.

Garcio. Yey, gif don', thyne hors, a wiſp of hay.

Caym'. we! com downe in twenty dwiſt way,

The dwiſt I the betake;

440

ffor' hot' it' were abeſt, my brothere,

yit knew I neuer thi make.

442

Cain curses
the boy.
He has never
known his
equal since
Abel.

[Fol. 7, a.
Sig. C, 3.]

¹ This line should probably be *Garcio*'s.

(34)

The boy
wishes the
spectators
the blessing
God gave
Cain.

Garcio. Now old and yong', or' that' ye weynd, 443

The same blissyng withoutten end',

AH sam then shaH ye haue, 445

That' god of heuen my master has giffen);

Browke it' weH, whils that ye liffen),

he vowche it' full weH safe. 448

(35)

Cain makes
the boy go
to the
plough.

Caym'. Com downe yit' in the dwiHs way,

And angre me no more ;

And take yond plogh, I say,

And weynd the furth fast' before ; 452

And I shaH, if' I may,

Tech' the another' lore ;

I warn the lad, for' ay,

ffro now furth, euermore,

If he angers
him he will
hang him
on it.

That' thou greue me noght ; 457

ffor', bi Godis sydis, if' thou do,

I shaH hang the apon this plo,

with this rope, lo, lad, lo !

By hym that' me dere boght. 461

(36)

Now fayre weH, felows aH,

ffor I must nedis weynd,

And to the dwiH be thraH,

ward' withoutten end'. 465

His own
place must
be in hell.

Ordand ther' is my staH,

with sathanas the feynd,

Euer iH myght' hym befaH

that theder me commend',

This tyde. 470

ffare weH les, & fare weH more,

ffor' now and euer more,

I wiH go me to hyde. 473

Explicit Mactacio Abell.

Sequitur' Noe.

(III.)

Processus Noe cum filiis. Wakefeld.

[Fol. 7, b.]

[In 62 nine-line stanzas, aaaab ccb, with central rymes in aaaa
markt here by bars.]

[Dramatis Personae.

Noe.		Primus filius.		Prima Mulier.
Deus.		Secundus filius.		Secunda Mulier.
Vxor Noe.		Tercius filius.		Tercia Mulier.]

Noe.

(1)

MyghtfuH god veray / Maker of aH that is,
 Thre persons withoutten nay / oone god in
 endles blis,
 Thou maide both nyght & day / beest, fowle,
 & fysh,

Noah praises
God for His
work of
creation.

AH creatures that lif may / wrought thou at thi wish,
 As thou wel myght ;

5

The son, the moyne, verament,

Thou maide ; the firmament,

The sternes also fuH feruent,

To shyne thou maide ful bright.

9

(2)

Angels thou maide ful euen / aH orders that is,
 To haue the blis in heuen / this did thou more & les,
 ffuH meruelus to neuen / yit was ther' vnkyndnes,
 More bi foldis seuen / then I can weH expres ;
 ffor' whi ?

He recalls
the making
of the angels

14

Of aH angels in brightnes

God gaf lucifer' most lightnes,

Yit proudly he flyt his des,

And set hym euen hym by.

18

(3)

He thoght hymself as worthi / as hym that hym made,
 In brightnes, in bewty / therfor' he hym degrade ;
 put hym in a low degre / soyn after, in a brade,
 hym and aH his menye / wher' he may be vnglad
 ffor euer.

and the fall
of Lucifer.

23

shaH thay neuer wyn away

hence vnto domysday,

Bot burne in bayle for' ay,

shaH thay neuer dysseuer.

27

(4)

Noah recalls
the creation
of Adam &
Eve

Soyne after that gracyous lord / to his liknes maide
man), 28

That place to be restord / euen as he began),
Of the trinite bi accord / Adam & eue that woman),
To multiplie without discord / In paradise put he thaym),
And sithen to both 32

Gaf in commaundement,
On the tre of life to lay no hend ;
Bot yit the fals feynd
Made hym with man wroth, 36

(5)

and their
Fall.

Entysyd man to glotony / styrd him to syn in pride ;
Bot in paradise securly / myght no syn abide,
And therfor man fuH hastely / was put out, in *that* tyde,
In wo & wandreth for to be / In paynes fuH vnricH
To knawe,¹ 41

ffyrst in erth, in sythen in heH
with feyndis for to dweH,
Bot he his mercy meH
Tq those that with hym trawe. 45

(6)

[Fol. 8, a.
Sig. C, 4.]

Oyle of mercy he Hus hight / As I haue Hard red,
To euery lifyng wight / that wold luf hym and dred ;
Bot now before his sight / euery liffyng leyde,
Most party day and nyght / syn in word and dede
ffuH bold ; 50

All living
people now
sin boldly.

Som in pride, Ire, and enuy,
Som in Couet[yse]² & glotyny,
Som in sloth and lechery,
And other wise many fold. 54

(7)

So that he
dreads God's
vengeance.

Therfor I drede lest god / on vs will take veniance,
ffor syn is now alod / without any repentance ;
Sex hundreth yeris & od / haue I, without distance,
In erth, as any sod / liffyd with grete grevance
AH way ; 59

¹ MS. knowe.

² MS. Couetous.

And now I wax old,
seke, sory, and cold,
As muk upon mold
I widder away ;

Noah him-
self is old.

63

(8)

Bot' yit' wiH I cry / for' mercy and caH ;
Noe thi seruant', am I / lord ouer aH !
Therfor' me and my fry / shal with me faH ;
sauē from velany / and bryng to thi haH
In heuen) ;

He calls to
God for
mercy.

68

And kepe me from syn,
This world' within ;
Comly kyng' of' mankyn,

I pray the here my stevyn) ! [God appears above.]

(9)

Deus. Syn I haue maide aH thyng / that is liffand,
Duke, emperour', and kyng / with myne awne hand,
ffor to haue thare likyng / bi sec & bi sand,
Euery man to my bydyng / shuld' be bowand
ffuH feruent' ;

God solilo-
quizes. He
has made all
men & they
should love
Him &
repent.

77

That' maide man sich a creatoure,
ffarest' of' favoure,
Man must luf me paramoure,
by reson, and repent.

81

(10)

Me thoght I shewed man luf / when I made hym to be
AH angels abuf / like to the trynyte ;
And now in grete reprufe / fuH low ligis he,
In erth' hymself to stuf' / with syn that displeasse me
Most' of' aH ;

But they lie
sunk in sin,
for which He
will take
vengeance.

86

Veniance wiH I take,
In erth' for syn sake,
My grame thus wiH I wake,
both' of grete and smaH.

90

(11)

I repente fuH sore / that euer maide I man),
Bi me he settis no store / and I am his soferan ;
I wiH distroy therfor' / Both' beest, man, and woman,
AH shaH perish les and more / that bargan may thay
ban,

He repents
He ever
made man.

[Fol. 8, b.]

- That ih̄ has done. 95
- The earth is full of sin.
In ert̄h I se right' noght'
Bot' syn that is vnsoght;
Of those that weh̄ has wrought
ffynd' I bot' ¹ a fone. 99
- (12)
- God will destroy it with floods,
Therfor' shaft I fordo / AH this medih̄-erd
with floodis that shaft flo / & ryn with hidous rend';
I haue good cause therto / ffor' me no man is ferd',
As I say shal I do / of veniance draw my swerd',
- & make end of every thing living, save Noah & his wife.
And make end' 104
of all that beris life,
Sayf' noe and his wife,
ffor' thay wold neuer stryfe
With me [ne] me offend'. (MS. then.) 108
- (13)
- He will warn Noah quickly.
hym to mekih̄ wyn / hastily with I go,
To noe my seruand, or' I blyn / to warn hym of his wo.
In ert̄h I se bot' syn / reynand to and fro,
Emang' both more & myn / ichon other fo;
With ah̄ thare entent; 113
AH shaft I fordo
with floodis that shall floo,
wirk shaft I thaym wo,
That with not repent. [*God descends & comes to Noah.*]
- (14)
- God bids Noah build a ship
Noe, my freend, I thee commaund / from cares the to
keyle, 118
A ship that thou ordand / of nayle and bord' ful wele.
Thou was alway weh̄ wirkand / to me trew as stele,
To my bydyng obediand / frendship shal thou fele
To mede; 122
of lennt̄he thi ship be
- 300 cubits long, 90 high, 50 broad.
Thre hundreth cubettis, warn I the,
Of hegh̄t euen thrirte,
of fyfty als in brede. 126
- (15)
- Anoynt' thi ship with pik and tar' / without' & als within,
The water out to spar' / this is a noble gyn;

¹ MS. bot.

look no man the mar' / thre chese¹ chambres begyn,
 Thou must spend many a spar' / this wark or' thou wyn
 To end fully. 131

How the ark
 is to be
 fitted.

Make in thi ship also,
 parloures oone or' two,
 And houses of offyce mo,
 ffor' beestis that ther must be. 135

(16)

Oone cubite on hight / A wyndo shal thou make ;
 on the syde a doore with slyght' / be-neyth shal thou take ;
 With the shal no man fyght' / nor' do the no kyn wrake.
 When aH is doyne thus right / thi wife, that' is thi make,
 Take in to the ; 140

[Fol. 9, a.]
 Noah is to
 take his
 wife, his
 three sons &
 their wives,

Thi sonnes of good fame,
 Sem, Iaphet, and Came,
 Take in also hame,
 Thare wifis also thre. 144

(17)

ffor' aH shal be fordone / that lif' in land bot' ye,
 with floodis that from abone / shal faH, & that' plente ;
 It shaH begyn fuH sone / to rayn vncessantle,
 After dayes seuen be done / and induyr' dayes fourty,
 withoutten fayH. 149

to escape the
 rain that
 shall last
 40 days.

Take to thi ship also
 of ich kynd beestis two,
 MayH & femayH, bot no mo,
 Or' thou puH vp thi sayH. 153

He is to take
 in the ark
 two beasts
 of every
 kind,

(18)

ffor' thay may the avayH / when al this thyng is wroght' ;
 Stuf' thi ship with vitayH, / ffor' hungre that ye perish
 noght' ;

and to
 victual it
 well.

Of' beestis, fouH, and catayH / ffor' thaym haue thou in
 thoght,

ffor' thaym is my counsayH / that som socour' be sought,
 In hast ; 158

They must haue corn and hay,
 And oder' mete alway ;
 Do now as I the say,
 In the name of' the holy gast. 162

¹ MS. "chefe." Compare line 281.

(19)

Noah asks
who it is
who speaks. *Noe.* A! benedicite! / what art thou that thus 163
Tellys afore that shaH be? / thou art fuH meruelus!
TeH me, for' charite / thi name so gracijs.

God declares
Himself. *Deus.* My name is of dignyte / and also fuH glorijs
To knawe.¹ 167
I am god most myghty,
Oone god in trynty,
Made the and ich man to be;
To luf me weH thou awe. 171

(20)

Noah thanks
Him for
appearing to
a simple
knave like
himself, &
begs His
blessing. *Noe.* I thank the, lord, so dere / that wold' vowch sayf'
Thus low to appere / to a symple knafe;
Blis vs, lord, here / for charite I hit crafe,
The better may we stere / the ship that we shaH hafe,
Certayn). 176

God blesses
him. *Deus.* Noe, to the and to thi fry
My blyssyng graunt I;
Ye shaH wax and multiply,
And fiH the ertH agane, 180

(21)

When aH this flood's ar' past' / and fully gone away.
Noah says
he will go
tell his wife. *Noe.* lord, homward wiH I hast' / as fast as that I may;
My [wife] wiH I frast' / what she wiH say, [*Exit Deus.*]
And I am agast' / that we get som fray
Betwixt vs both; 185
ffor' she is fuH tethee,
ffor' litiH oft' angre,
If any thyng' wrang be,
Soyne is she wroth. *Tunc perget ad vxorem*). 189

(22)

[Fol. 9, b.] God spede, dere wife / how fayre ye?
Vxor'. Now, as euer myght I thryfe / the wars
I thee see;
She wants to
know what
he has been
doing. Do teH me belife / where has thou thus long be?
To dede may we dryfe / or' lif' for' the,
ffor' want'. 194

¹ MS. knowe.

When we swete or' swynk,
thou dos what thou thynk,
Yit of mete and of drynk
haue we veray skant.

We sweat
while you
play.

198

(23)

Noe. Wife, we ar' hard' sted / with tythyngis new.

Noah has
bad news.

Vxor'. Bot' thou were worthi be cled / In stafford blew ;
ffor' thou art alway adred / be it fals or' trew ;
Bot god knowes I am led / and that' may I rew,
ffuH ih ;

His wife says
he should be
"clad in
stafford
blew," for
he is always
afraid.

203

ffor I dar' be thi borow,
ffrom euen vnto morow,
Thou spekis euer of' sorow ;

God send the onys thi fiH !

207

(24)

We women may vary / aH ih husbandis ;
I haue oone, bi mary ! / that lowsyd me of my bandis ;
If he teyn I must tary / how so euer it standis,
With seymland fuH sory, / wryngand both my handis
ffor' drede.

Women may
curse all ill
husbands,
but she
knows how
to pay out
hers.

212

Bot' yit other while,
What with gam & with gyle,
I shaH smyte and smyle,
And qwite hym his mede.

216

(25)

Noe. We ! hold' thi tong, ram-skyt / or I shaH the stiH.

Vxor'. By my thryft, if' thou smyte / I shal turne the
vntiH.

Noe. We shaH assay as tyte / haue at the, giH !
Apon the bone shal it byte. /

Noah bids
her hold her
tongue.
She dares
him. He
strikes her.

Vxor'. A, so, mary ! thou smytis ih !

221

Bot' I suppose
I shal not' in thi det,
fflyt' of' this flett !

She hits
back,

Take the ther' a langett

To tye vp thi hose !

225

(26)

Noe. A ! wilt thou so ? / mary, that' is myne.

& promises
three blows
for two.

Vxor'. Thou shal thre for' two / I swere bi godis pyne.

Noah promises to pay her back.

Noe. And I shaſt qwyte the tho / In fayth or' syne. 228
Vxor'. Out' apou the, ho ! /

Noe. Thou can both byte and whyne,
with a rerð ; 230

ffor aH if' she stryke,

There is no wife like her on earth.

yit' fast' wiH she skryke,
In fayth I hold' none slyke
In aH mediH-erd' ; 234

(27)

Bot' I wiH kepe charyte / ffor' I haue at do.

She says she will go spin.

Vxor'. Here shal no man tary the / I pray the go to !
ffuH weH may we mys the / as euer haue I ro ;
To spyn wiH I dres me. /

Noe. We ! fare weH, lo ;

Noah bids her pray for him.

Bot wife, 239
Pray for me besele,
To eft I com vnto the.

Vxor. Euen as thou prays for' me,
As euer myght' I thrife. [Exit Vxor'.] 243

(28)

[Fol. 10, a.]
Noah begins work on the ark,

Noe. I tary fuH Lang / Fro my warke, I traw ;
Now my gere wiH I fang / and thederward draw ;
I may fuH iH gang / the soth for to knaw,
Bot if god help amang / I may sit' downe daw
To ken) ; 248

Now assay wiH I

first invoking the Trinity.

how I can of wrightry,
In nomine patris, & filii,
Et spiritus sancti, Amen. 252

(29)

He gets the ark of the right dimensions.

To begyn of this tree / my bonys wiH I bend,
I traw from the trynyte / socoure wiH be send' ;
It fayres fuH fayre, thynk me / this wark to my hend ;
Now blissid be he / that this cau amend'.

lo, here the lenght, 257

Thre hundreth cubettis euenly,
of' breed lo is it fyfty,

The heght is euen thyrtty

Cubettis fuH strenght. 261

(30)

Now my gowne wiH I cast / and wyrk in my cote, 262 Takes off his
gown to
work at the
mast, but
fnds it hard
work for his
old bones.

Make wiH I the mast / or' I flyt oone foote,
A ! my bak, I traw, wiH brast ! / this is a sory note !
hit' is wonder that I last' / sich an old' dote

AH dold, 266

To begyn sich a wark !

My bonys ar' so stark,

No wonder if' thay wark,

ffor' I am fuH old'. 270

(31)

The top and the sayH / both wiH I make,

The helme and the casteH / also wiH I take,

To drife ich a nayH / wiH I not forsake,

This gere may neuer fayH / that dar' I vndertake

Onone. 275

This is a nobuH gyn,

Thise nayles so thay ryn,

Thoro more and myn,

Thise bordis ichon ; 279

(32)

wyndow and doore / euen as he saide,

Thre ches chambre / thay ar' weH maide,

Pyk & tar' fuH sure / ther apou laide,

This wiH euer endure / therof' am I paide ;

ffor why ? 284

It' is better wrogHt

Then I coude haif' thoght ;

hym that' maide aH of' noght

I thank oonly. 288

(33)

Now wiH I hy me / and no thyng be leder,

My wife and my meneye / to bryng euen heder.

Tent hedir tydely / wife, and consider,

hens must vs fle / AH sam togeder'

In hast. 293

Vxor!. Whi, syr', what alis you ?

Who is that asalis you ?

To fle it aualis you,

And ye be agast'. 297

He makes
top & sail,
helm &
castle, &
drives in the
nails.

He makes
window &
door, &
three rooms.

Then comes
to his wife
& bids her
flee.

[Fol. 10, b.1
She asks
what ails
him.

(34)

Noah tells
his wife of
the coming
flood.

Noe. Ther is garñ on the reyH / other', my dame. 298

Vxor'. TeH me that ich a deyH / els get ye blame.

Noe. He that' cares may keiH / blissid be his name!
he has for oure seyH / to sheld vs fro shame,

And sayd', 302

AH this world aboute

With floodis so stoute,

That shaH ryn on a route,

ShaH be ouerlaide. 306

(35)

All are to be
slain save
themselves,
their sons,
and their
son's wives.

he saide aH shaH be slayn / bot oonely we,

Oure barnes that' ar' bayn / and thare wifis thre ;

A ship he bad me ordayn / to safe vs & oure fee,

Therfor' with aH oure mayn / thank we that fre

Beytter of' bayH ; 311

hy vs fast, go we thedir'.

Vxor'. I wote neuer whedir',

She is afraid
at his tale.

I dase and I dedir

tfor' ferd of that tayH. 315

(36)

Noah bids
wife & sons
help get
together
their goods.
They all
promise.

Noe. Be not aferd', haue done / trus sam oure gere,

That we be ther' or none / without more dere.

primus filius. It shaH be done fuH sone / brether', help
to bere.

Secundus filius. fluH long shaH I not hoyne / to do my
devere,

Brether sam. 320

Tercius filius. without any yelp,

At my myght shaH I help.

Vxor'. Yit for' drede of' a skelp

help weH thi dam. 324

(37)

The gear
must be got
into the ark.

Noe. Now ar' we there / as we shuld be ;

Do get in oure gere / oure cataH and fe,

In to this vesseH here / my chylder fre.

Vxor'. I was neuer bard ere / As euer myght I the,

In sich an oostre as this. 329

In fath I can not fynd
 which is before, which is behynd ;
 Bot shaft we here be pynd,
 Noe, as haue thou blis ?

333

The wife
 complains of
 the ark.
 She can't
 tell fore from
 aft.

(38)

Noe. Dame, as it is skiH / here must vs abide grace ;
 Therfor, wife, with good wiH / com into this place.

Vxor'. Sir, for Iak nor for giH / wiH I turne my face
 TiH I haue on this hiH / spon a space
 on my rok ;

338

She won't go
 in till she
 has done
 some
 spinning.

WeH were he, myght get me,
 Now wiH I downe set me,
 Yit reede I no man let me,
 ffor' drede of a knok.

342

(39)

Noe. Behold to the heuen / the cateractes aH,
 That are open fuH euen / grete and smaH,
 And the planetis seuen / left has thare staH,
 Thise thoners and levyn / downe gar' faH
 ffuH stout,

347

Noah sees
 the heavens
 are threaten-
 ing,

Both halles and bowers,
 Castels and towres ;
 ffuH sharp ar' thise showers,
 that renys aboute ;

[Fol. 11, a.]

351

(40)

Therfor', wife, haue done / com into ship fast.

and bids ner
 come in.

Vxor'. Yei, noe, go cloute thi shone / the better wiH
 thai last.

prima mulier'. Good moder, com in sone / ffor' aH is ouer
 cast,

Her sons'
 wives
 entreat her.

Both the son and the mone. /

Secunda mulier'. and many wynd blast'
 ffuH sharp ;

356

Thise floodis so thay ryn,
 Therfor' moder come in.

Vxor'. In fayth yit wiH I spyn ;
 AH in vayn ye carp.

360

She says she
 will spin on.

(41)

Tercia Mulier'. If ye like ye may spyn / Moder, in the
 ship.

"Why not
 spin in the
 ship?"

She will
spin out her
spindle on
the hill
where she is.

Noe. Now is this twyys com in / dame, on my frenship.

Vxor^o. Wheder I lose or' I wyn / In fayth, thi fellow-
ship,

set I not at a pyn / this spyndiH wiH I slip

Apon this hiH,

365

Or' I styr' oone fote.

Noe. Peter! I traw we dote;

without any more note

Come in if ye wiH.

369

(42)

Vxor^o. Yei, water nyghys so nere / that I sit not' dry,
Into ship with a byr' / therfor' wiH I hy
ffor' drede that I drone here. /

Noe. dame, securly,

It bees boght fuH dere / ye abode so long by
out' of' ship.

374

Vxor^o. I wiH not', for thi bydyng,
go from doore to mydyng'.

Noe. In fayth, and for' youre long taryyng

Ye shal lik on the whyp.

378

Noah
threatens
her with the
whip.

(43)

She defies
him,

Vxor^o. Spare me not, I pray the / bot euen as thou
thynk,

This grete wordis shaH not flay me. /

Noe. Abide, dame, and drynk

ffor' betyn shaH thou be / with this staf to thou styнк ;

Ar' strokis good? say me. /

Vxor^o. what say ye, wat wynk?

Noe. speke!

383

Cry me mercy, I say!

Vxor^o. Therto say I nay.

Noe. Bot thou do, bi this day,

Thi hede shaH I breke.

387

(44)

& wishes she
were a
widow. She
wouldn't
grudge a
penny dole
for his soul
then, & sees
other wives
who think
the same.

Vxor^o. Lord, I were at ese / and hertely fuH hoylle,
Might' I onys haue a measse / of wedows coyH;
ffor thi sauH, without lese / shuld I dele penny doyH,
so wold mo, no frese / that I se on this sole
of' wifis that ar' here,

392

ffor the life that thay leyd,
Wold thare husbandis were dede,
ffor, as euer ete I brede,
So wold I oure syre were.

Wives have
such a bad
life.

396

(45)

Noe. Yee men that has wifis / whyls they ar' yong,
If ye luf youre lifis / chastice thare tong :
Me thynk my hert ryfis / both levyr' and long,
To se sich stryfis / wedmen emong ;

Noah bids
husbands
chastise
their wives'
tongues
early.

401

Bot I,
As haue I blys,
shaft chastyse this.

[Fol. 11, b.]
He will set
an example.

Vxor'. Yit may ye mys,
NichoH nedy !

405

(46)

Noe. I shaft make pe stiff as stone / begynnar' of
blunder' !
I shaft bcte the bak and bone / and breke aH in sonder'.

He threaten
& beats her.

[*They fight.*]

Vxor'. Out, alas, I am gone ! / oute apon the, mans
wonder !

She cries out
& beats him
back.

Noe. Se how she can grone / and I lig vnder ;
Bot, wife,

410

In this hast let vs ho,
ffor my bak is nere in two.

Vxor'. And I am bet so blo

That I may not thryfe. [*They enter the Ark.*]

414

(47)

Primus filius. A ! whi fare ye thus ? / ffader and moder
both !

Their sons
reproach
them.

Secundus filius. Ye shuld not be so spitus / standyng
in sich a woth.

Tercius filius. Thise ar' so hidus / with many a cold coth.

Noe we wiH do as ye bid vs / we wiH no more be
wroth,

Dere barnes !

419

Now to the helme wiH I hent,
And to my ship tent.

Noah takes
the helm.

Vxor'. I se on the firmament,

Me thynk, the seven starnes.

423

(48)

The flood
rises.*Noe.* This is a grete flood / wife, take hede. 424*Vxor'*. So me thocht, as I stode / we ar' in grete
drede ;

These wawghes ar' so wode. /

Noah calls
on God.*Noe.* help, god, in this nede !

As thou art' stere-man good / and best, as I rede,

Of aH ; 428

Thou rewle vs in this rase,

As thou me behete hase.

Vxor'. This is a perlous case :

help, god, when we caH ! 432

(49)

Noah bids
his wife take
the helm
while he
sounds.*Noe.* Wife, tent the stere-tre / and I shaft asay

The depnes of the see / that we bere, if' I may.

Vxor'. That shaft I do ful wysely / now go thi way,
ffor' apou this flood haue we / flett many day,

witu pyne. 437

Noe. Now the water wiH I sownd :

A ! it is far to the grownd ;

This traueH I expownd

had I to tyne. 441

(50)

The waters
are 15 cubits
above the
hills, but
now they
will abate,
after the 40
days' rain.

Aboue aH hillys bedeyn / the water is rysen late

Cubettis *fyfteyn*,¹ / bot in a highter state

It may not be, I weyn / for this weH I wate,

'This forty dayes has rayn beyn / It' wiH therfor' abate

FuH lele. 446

This water in hast,

eft wiH I tast ;

He sounds
again.

Now am I agast,

It is wanyd a grete dele. 450

(51)

Now are the weders cest / and cateractes knyrt,

Both the most and the leest. /

The wife sees
the sun
shining in
the east.*Vxor'*. M' thynk, bi my wit,

The son shynes in the eest / l' not yond it'?

we shuld haue a good feest / a thise floodis flyt

So spytus. 455

Noe. we haue been here, aH we,
thre hundreth¹ dayes and fyfty.

They haue
now been
350 days in
the ark.

Vxor'. Yei, now wanyes the see ;
lord, weH is vs !

459

(52)

Noe. The thryd tyme wiH I prufe / what depnes we
bere.

[Fol. 12, a.]
Noah takes
soundings a
third time, &
touches
ground.

Vxor'. Now long shaH thou hufe / lay in thy lyne there.

Noe. I may towch with my lufe / the grownd evyn
here.

Vxor'. Then begynnys to grufe / to vs mery chere ;
Bot, husband,

464

What grownd may this be ?

Noe. The hyllys of armony.

They are on
the hills of
Armenia.

Vxor'. Now blissid be he

That thus for vs can ordand !

468

(53)

Noe. I see toppys of hyllys he / many at a syght,
No thyng to let me / the wedir' is so bright.

Vxor'. Thise ar of mercy / tokyns full right.

Noe. Dame, thi counseH me / what fowH best myght,

Noah asks
his wife what
bird will fly
away &
soonest
bring back
a token of
mercy.

And Cowth,

473

with flight of wyng

bryng, without taryying,

Of mercy som tokynyng

Ayther' bi north or southe ?

477

(54)

ffor this is the fyrst day / of the tent moyne.

Vxor'. The ravyn, durst I lay / wiH com agane sone ;

She suggests
the raven.

As fast as thou may / cast hym furth, haue done,

He may happyn to day / com agane or' none

With grath.

482

Noe. I wiH cast out also

Dowfys oone or' two :

Go youre way, go,

God send you som wathe !

He lets loose
a dove or
two also.

486

(55)

Now ar' thise fowles flone / Into seyr' countre ;

Pray we fast ichon / kneland on our kne,

¹ MS. ccc,

- Noah and his family pray to God that the birds may return with good news.
- To hym that is alone / worthiest of degre, 489
 That he wold send anone / oure fowles som fee
 To glad vs. 491
Vxor^o. Thai may not fayH of land,
 The water is so wanand.
Noe. Thank we god aH weldand,
 That lord that made vs. 495
- (56)
- He wonders why they tarry so long.
- It is a wonder thyng / me thynk sothle,
 Thai ar' so long taryyng / the fowles that we
 Cast out in the mornyng. /
Vxor^o. Syr, it may be
 Thai tary to thay bryng. /
Noe. The ravyn is a hungrye
 AH way ; 500
 He is *without* any reson,
 And he fynd any caryon,
 As *peraventure* may befon,
 he wiff not away ; 504
- (57)
- He hopes most from the dove. The wife sees her coming with an olive-branch in her bill.
- The dowfe is more gentiH / her' trust I vntew,
 like vnto the turtiH / for' she is ay trew.
Vxor^o. hence bot a litiH / she commys, lew, lew !
 she bryngys in her biH / som novels new ;
 Behald ! 509
 It is of an olif tre
 A branch, thynkys me.
Noe. It is soth, perde,
 right so is it cald. 513
- (58)
- [Fol. 12, b.] Noah blesses the dove.
- Doufe, byrd fuff blist / ffayre myght the befaH !
 Thou art trew for' to trist / as ston in the waH ;
 Fuff weH I it wist / thou wold com to thi haH,
Vxor^o. A trew tokyn ist / we shaft be sau'd aH :
 ffor' whi ? 518
 The water, syn she com,
 Of depnes plom,
 Is fallen a fathom,
 And more hardely. 522

(59)

Primus filius. These floodis ar' gone / fader, behold.

Secundus filius. Ther' is left right' none / and that be
ye bold.

Tercius filius. As stih as a stone / oure ship is stold.

Noe. Apon land here anone / that we were, fayn I wold ;

My childer dere, 527

Sem, Japhet and Cam,

with gle and with gam,

Com go we aH sam,

we wiH no longer abide here. 531

Noah's sons
exclaim that
the floods
are gone &
the ark rests
quietly.

Noah bids
them come
all together
out of the
ark.

(60)

Vxor. here haue we beyn / noy long enogh,
with tray and with teyn / and dreed mekiH wogh.

Noe. behald on this greyn / nowder cart' ne plogh
Is left, as I weyn / nowder tre then bogh,

Ne other thyng', 536

Bot aH is away ;

Many castels, I say,

Grete townes of' aray,

fflitt has this flowyng'. 540

There is
neither cart
nor plough,
tree nor
bough, to be
seen on the
land. Castles
& towns are
all swept
away.

(61)

Vxor. These floodis not' afright / aH this warld' so wide
has mevid with myght / on se and bi side.

Noe. To dede ar' thai dyght' / prowdist of' pryde,
Euer ich a wyght / that euer was spyde,

With syn), 545

AH ar' thai slayn,

And put vnto payn.

Vxor. ffrom thens agayn

May thai neuer wyn ? 549

The proudest
of pride are
slain and in
torment,

(62)

Noe. wyn? no, I-wis / hot' he that myght haſe
Wold myn of' thare mys / & admytte thaym to grace ;

As he in bayH is blis / I pray hym in this space,

In heven hye with his / to purvaye vs a place,

That we, 554

never to
escape
thence, save
God admit
them to
grace.

May God
bring Noah
& his family
to heaven
with His
saints!

with his santis in sight,
And his angels bright,
May com to his light:
Amen, for charite.

558

Explicit processus Noe, sequitur Abraham.

(IV.)

Sequitur Abraham.

[Fol. 13, a.
Sig. D. 1.]

[Incomplete. 35 $\frac{3}{4}$ eight-line stanzas, ab ab ab ab.]

[Dramatis Personae.

Abraham.
Primus Puer.

Deus.
Isaac.

Secundus Puer.]

Abraham. (1)

Abraham
prays to God
for mercy.

Adonay, thou god veray,
Thou here vs when we to the caH,
As thou art he that best^t may,
Thou art most socoure and help of aH; 4
MightfulH lord! to the I pray,
Let^t onys the oyle of^t mercy faH,
ShaH I neuer abide that day,
Truly yit I hope I shaH. 8

(2)

He muses
on the fate
of his fore-
fathers,
since first
Adam ate
the apple in
Paradise.

Mercy, lord omnipotent!
long syn he this warld has wroght;
Wheder ar' aH oure elders went?
This musys mekiH in my thoght. 12
ffrom adam, vnto eue assent^t,
Ete of^t that^t appyH sparid he noght,
ffor aH the wisdom that he ment^t
ffuH dere that^t bargan has he boght^t, 16

(3)

Adam lived
long in
sorrow.

ffrom^d paradise thai bad hym gang^t;
He went^t mowrnyng with symple chere,
And after liffyd he here fuH lang,
More then thre hundreth¹ yere, 20

¹ MS. ccc.

In sorow and in traueH strang, And euery day he was in were ; his childre angred ^t hym amang ; Caym slo abeH, was hym fult dere.	Cain slew Adam's dear son Abel.	24
(4)		
Sithen Noe, that was trew and good, his ¹ and his chylde thre, was saued when aH was flood :	Noah was saved from the Flood	
That was a wonder thyng to se.		28
And loth fro sodome when he yode, ² Thre cytees brent, yit eschapyd ^t he ; Thus, for thai menged my lordis mode, he vengid syn thugh ^t his paustè.	and Lot from Sodom.	32
(5)		
when I thynk of oure elders aH, And of the mervels that has been), No gladnes in my hart may faH, M[y] comfort goys away fult cleyn.	Abraham himself is sad at heart.	
lord, when shaH dede make me his thraH ? An <i>hundreth</i> ³ yeris, certis, haue I seyn) ; Ma fa ! sone I hope he shaH, ffor' it were right hie tyme I weyn).	[Fol. 13, b.]	36
(6)		
Yit adam is to heH gone, And ther' has ligen many a day, And ⁴ aH oure elders, euerychon, Thay ar gone the same way, Vnto god wiH here thare mone ; Now help, lord ^t , adonay ! ffor', certis, I can no better wone, And ther' is none that better may.	His fore- fathers lie in hell till God release them.	44
(7) [God appears above.]		
<i>Deus.</i> I wiH help adam and his kynde, Might I luf and lewte fynd ; Wold thay to me be trew, and blyn Of thare pride and of thare syn : My seruand I wiH found & frast, Abraham, if he be trast ;	He can do no better.	48
	God desires to help Adam and his kind. He will prove Abraham's faith.	52

¹ Query "he."
³ MS. c.

² MS. yede.
⁴ MS. And and.

On certan wise I wiſt hym proue,
If he to me be trew of louf. 56

(8)

God calls
to Abraham.

Abraham! Abraham! 57

Abraham. Who is that? war! let me se!
I herd cone neven my name.

Deus. It is I, take tent to me, 60
That fourmed thi fader adam,
And euery thyng in it degre.

Abraham. To here thi wiſt, redy I am,
And to fulfilſt, what euer it be. 64

(9)

He has heard
his prayers,
& now bids
him take his
son Isaac to
'the land of
Visyon' &
there sacri-
fice him

Deus. Of mercy haue I herd thi cry,
Thi devoute prayers haue me bund;
If thou me luf, look þat thou hy
Vnto the land of Visyon; 68

And the thryd day be ther', bid I,
And take with the, Isaac, thi son,
As a beest to sacryfy,
To slo hym look thou not shon, 72

(10)

And bren hym ther' to thyn offerand.

Abraham
cheerfully
promises
obedience.

Abraham. A, lovyd be thou, lord in throne!
hold ouer me, lord, thy holy hand,
ffor certis thi bidyng shaft be done. 76

Blissyd be that lord in euery land
wold viset his seruand thus so soyn.
ffayn wold I this thyng ordand,
ffor it profettis noght to hoyne; [Exit Deus.] 80

(11)

He must
obey God
whatever it
costs him,
even if he be
bidden to
slay wife and
child.

This commaundement must I nedis fulfilſt,
If that my hert wax hevy as leyde;
Shuld I offend my lordis wiſt?
Nay, yit were I leyffer' my child were dede. 84

What' so he biddis me, good or' iſt,
That shaft be done in euery steede;
Both wife and child, if he bid spiſt;
I wille not do agans his rede. 88

(12)

wist Isaac, wher' so he were,
 he wold be abast now,
 how that he is in dangere.

Abraham
 calls Isaac.

Isaac, son, wher art' thou? 92

Isaac. Añ redy, fader, Lo me here ;
 Now was I commyng vnto you ;
 I luf' you mekiñ, fader dere.

[Fol. 14, a.
 Sig. D. 2.]

Isaac comes
 to him. 'I
 love you
 much, dear
 father.'

Abraham. And dos thou so? I wold wit how 96

(13)

lufis thou me, son, as thou has saide.

Isaac. Yei, fader', with añ myn hart,
 More then añ that' euer was maide ;

God hold' me long youre life in quart! 100

Abraham. Now, who would not be glad that had
 A child so lufand as thou art'?

Abraham
 rejoices in
 his son's
 love,

Thi lufly chere makis my hert glad,

And many a tyme so has it gart. 104

(14)

Go home, son ; com sone agane,

And teñ thi moder I com ful fast ;

[*hic transsiet Isaac à patre,*

and bids him
 tell his
 mother he is
 coming
 quicklv.

So now god the saif and sayne!

Now weñ is me that he is past! 108

Alone, right here in this playn,

Might I speke to myn hart brast,

I wold' that' añ were weñ ful fayn,

Now he is
 alone he
 could speak
 till his heart
 break.

Bot it' must' nedis be done at last' ; 112

(15)

And it' is good that I be war',

To be avised fuñ good it were.¹

The land of' vision is ful far',

The thrid day end must I be there ;¹ 116

Myn ase shaft with vs, if' it thar',

To bere oure harnes les & more,

ffor' my son may be slayn no nar' ;

A swerd must' with vs yit therfore, 120

But he must
 prepare for
 his three
 days'
 journey.

¹ The rhyme needs 'wore, thore.'

Abraham
will start
this night,
for God's
will must be
done.

(16)

And I shaſt found to make me yare ; 121

This nyght wiſt I begyn my way,
þof Isaac be neuer so fayre,

And myn awn son, the soth to say, 124

And thof he be myn right haire,

And aſt shulst weld after my day,

Godis bydyngt shaſt I not spare ;

shuld I that ganstand? we, nay, ma fay! 128

(17)

He calls
Isaac, & tells
him to pre-
pare for a
journey to
sacrifice in a
far country.
He is to take
wood & fire.

Isaac !

Isaac.—sir !

Abraham.—luke thou be bowne ;

ffor' certan, son, thi self and I,

we two must now weynd furth of towne,

In far' country to sacrifice, 132

ffor certan skyllys and encheson.

Take wod and fyere *with* the, in hy ;

Bi hillys and dayllys, both vp & downe,

son, thou shal ride and I wiſt go bi. 136

Isaac shall
ride & he
will walk.

(18)

looke thou mys noght þat thou shulst nede ;

Do make the redy, my darlyng !

Isaac is
ready at his
word.

Isaac. I am redy to do this dede,

And euer to fulfilst youre bydyng. 140

Abraham. My dere son, look thou haue no drede,

We shal com home *with* grete lovyng ;

Both to & fro I shal vs lede ;

Com now, son, in my blyssyng. 144

(19)

[They come
near the hill
of sacrifice.]

Ye two here *with* this asse abide,

[*To the Servants.*

ffor' Isaac & I wiſt to yond hiſt ;

It is so hie we may not ride,

therfor' ye two shal abide here stiſt. 148

primus puer. sir, ye ow not to be denyest :

we ar redy youre bydyng to fulfilst.

secundus puer. What' so euer to vs betide

To do youre bidyng ay we wiſt. 152

Abraham
tells the
servants to
stay behind.

(20)

Abraham. Godis blyssyng^t haue ye both in fere ;
I shaH not tary long you fro.

Abraham
blesses
them. He
will soon be
back.

[Fol. 14, b.]

primus puer^s. Sir, we shal abide you here,
Oute of this stede shaH we not go.

156

Abraham. Childre, ye ar' ay to me fuH dere,
I pray god kepe [you] euer fro wo.

Secundus puer^s. we wiH do, *sir*, as ye vs lere.

Abraham. Isaac, now ar' we bot' we two,

160

(21)

we must go a fuH good paase,
ffor it' is farther than I wend^t ;
we shaH make myrth & grete solace,

He and
Isaac come
to the place.

Bi this thyng be broght to end^t.

164

lo, my son, here is the place.

Isaac. wod and fyere ar' in my hend ;

TeH me now, if' ye haue space,

where is the beest' that' shul^t be brend ?

Isaac asks
where is the
beast they
are to burn.

168

(22)

Abraham. Now, son, I may no longer layn.

sich wiH is into myne hart went ;

Thou was euer to me fuH bayn

Euer to fulfilH myn entent^t.

Abraham
tells him he
is to be
slain.

172

Bot' certainly thou must' be slayn,

And it' may be as I haue ment.

Isaac. I am hevy and nothyng fayn,

Thus hastely that shaH be shent.

Isaac is
heavy at
heart and
unwilling.

176

(23)

Abraham. Isaac !

Isaac. sir ?

Abraham Com heder, bid I ;

Thou shal be dede what so euer betide.

Abraham
bids him
take his
death
meekly & he
submits.

Isaac. A, fader, mercy ! mercy !

Abraham. That' I say may not' be denyde ;

Take thi dede therfor' mekely.

180

Isaac. A, good *sir*, abide ;

ffader !

Abraham. What son ?

Isaac. to do youre wiH I am redy,

where so euer ye go or' ride,

184

(24)

Isaac says
since he has
trespassed
he would be
beaten.

If I may oght ouertake youre wiþ,
syn I haue trepa[s]t I wold be bet. 185

Abraham. Isaac!

Isaac. What, sir?

Abraham. good son, be stiþ.

Isaac. ffader!

Abraham. what, son!

But what
has he done?

Isaac. think on thi get! 188

what haue I done?

"Truly, no
ill," Abra-
ham an-
swers, yet
that may not
help him.

Abraham. truly, none iþ.

Isaac. And shaþ be slayn?

Abraham. so haue I het.

Isaac. sir, what may help?

Abraham. certis, no skiþ.

Isaac. I ask mercy.

Abraham. that may not let. 192

(25)

His ques-
tions wring
Abraham's
heart, but
he bids him
lie still.

Isaac. when I am dede, and closed in clay,
who shaþ then be youre son?

Abraham. A, lord, that I shuld abide this day!

Isaac. sir, who shaþ do that I was won? 196

Abraham. speke no sich wordis, son, I the pray.

Isaac. shaþ ye me slo?

Abraham. I trow I mon);

lyg stiþ! I smyte!

Isaac. sir, let me say.

Abraham. Now, my dere child, thou may not shon). 200

(26)

[Fol. 15, a.
Sig. D. 3.]
Isaac quakes
at the sight
of the sword.
He is placed
on his face
that he may
not see it.

Isaac. The shynyng of youre bright blayde
It gars me quake for ferde to dee.

Abraham. Therfor' groflyngis thou shaþ be layde,
Then when I stryke thou shal not se. 204

Isaac. What haue I done, fader, what haue I saide?

Abraham. Truly, no kyns iþ to me.

Isaac. And thus gyltles shaþ be arayde.

Abraham. Now, good son, let sich wordis be. 208

(27)

Isaac. I luf you ay.

Abraham. so do I the.

Isaac. ffader!

Abraham. what, son?

Isaac. let now be seyn.

Isaac implores Abraham by his mother's love.

ffor' my moder luf.

Abraham. let be, let be!

It wiH not help that thou wold' meyn;

Bot' ly styH tiH I com to the,

I mys a lytyH thyng, I weyn.

he spek'is so rufully to me

That' water shot'is in both myn eeyn,

212 Abraham turns aside, blinded by tears.

216

(28)

I were leuer than aH wardly wyn,

That I had fon hym onys vnkynde,

Bot' no defawt' I faund' hym in:

I wold be dede for' hym, or' pynde;

To slo hym thus, I thynk grete syn,

So rufuH word'is I with hym fynd;

I am fuH wo that we shuk' twyn,

ffor he wiH neuer oute of' my mynd.

If only he had found Isaac once unkind!

220

224

(29)

What shal I to his moder say?

ffor "where is he," tyte wiH she spyr;

If I teH hir', "ron away,"

hir' answe're bese belife—"nay, sir'!"

And I am ferd' hir' for to slay;

I ne wote what I shal say tiH hir'.

he lyys fuH stiH ther' as he lay,

ffor to I com, dar' he not' styr.

What shall he say to his mother? She will not believe Isaac has run away.

228

232

(30) [God appears above.]

Deus. Angelt, hy with aH thi mayn!

To abraham thou shaH be sent;

say, Isaac shaH not' be slayn;

he shaH lif', and not' be brent.

My bydyng stand'is he not agane,

Go, put' hym out of' his intent';

Byd' hym go home agane,

I know weH how he ment.

God bids an angel tell Abraham to spare his son.

236

240

(31)

[Fol 15, b.]
The Angel
rejoices in
his errand.

Angelus. Gladly, Lord, I am redy :
thi bidyng shaft be magnyfied ;
I shaft me spede ful hastely,
the to obeye at euery tyde ; 244
Thi wiH, Thi name, to glorifye,
Ouer aH this warld so wide ;
And to thi seruand now in hy,
good, trew, abraham, wiH I glyde. 248

(32)

Abraham
says to him-
self he must
run up sud-
denly & slay
Isaac where
he lies.

Abraham. Bot myght I yit of wepyng sese,
tiH I had done this sacrifice ;
It must' nedis be, withoutten lesse,
thof' aH I carpe on this kyn wise, 252
The more my sorow it' wiH increse ;
when I look to hym, I gryse ;
I wiH ryn on a res,
And slo hym here, right as he lyse. 256

(33)

The Angel
bids him
hold his
hand.

Angelus. Abraham ! Abraham ! [Seizes him.]
Abraham. Who is ther' now ?
War' ! let the¹ go.
Angelus. stand vp, now, stand ;
Thi good wiH com I to alow,
Therfor I byd the hold thi hand. 260
Abraham. say, who badt so ? any bot' thou ?
Angelus. Yei, god ; & sendis this beest to thyn offerand.
Abraham. I speke with god latter, I trow,
And doyng he me commaund. 264

Abraham
doubts
which is
God's final
order.

(34)

The Angel
assures him,
& he thanks
God for His
goodness.

Angelus. He has persauyd thy mekenes
And thi good wiH also, Iwis ;
he wiH thou do thi son no distres,
ffor' he has graunt to the his blys. 268
Abraham. Bot wote thou weH that it is
As thou has sayd ?
Angelus. I say the yis.
Abraham. I thank the, lordt, weH of' goodnes,
That' aH thus has relest' me this ; 272

¹ Query "me."

(35)

To speke with the haue I no space,
with my dere son tiH I haue spokyn.

My good son, thou shal haue grace,
On the now wiH I not be wrokyn ;

Ryse vp now, with thi frely face.

Isaac. sir', shaH I lif ?

Abraham. yei, this to tokyn.

Et' osculatur eum.

son thou has skapid a fuH hard grace,
Thou shuld haue beyn both brent & brokyn.

(36)

Isaac. Bot, fader, shaH I not be slayn ?

Abraham. No, certis, son.

Isaac. then am I glad ;

Good sir, put vp youre sword agayn.

Abraham. Nay hardely, son, be thou not adrad. 284

Isaac. Is aH for geyn ?

Abraham. yei, son, certan.

Isaac. ffor' ferd', sir, was I nere-hand mad'. 286

* * * * *

[Two leaves of the MS. are wanting here, sigs. d 4 and d 5. They contained the end of *Abraham* and the beginning, almost all, of *Isaac*.]

(V.)

[Fol. 16, a.]

[*Isaac*.]

[*Incomplete. The last 35 couplets only left.*]

[*Dramatis Personae.*]

Isaac. *Jacob.* *Esaw.* *Rebecca.*]

* * * * *

[*Isaac*.] Com nere son and kys me,
that I may feyle the smeH of the.

The smeH of my son is lyke
to a feld with flouris, or' hony bike.

where art' thou, Esaw, my son ?

Iacob. here, fader, and askis youre benyson.

Abraham
tells Isaac
he is not to
be killed.
Bids him
arise,

276

and kisses
him.

280

Isaac bids
him put up
his sword
again.

284

He was
almost mad
for fear.

286

4

Isaac bids
Esau come
near that he
may smell
him.

Jacob comes
instead and
asks his
blessing.

Isaac blesses
Jacob in
mistake for
Esau.

Isaac'. The blyssyng my fader gaf to me,
god of heuen & I gif the ; 8
God gif the plente grete,
of wyne, of oyH, and of whete ;
And graunt thi childre aH
to worship the, both grete and smaH ; 12
who so the blyssys, blyssed be he ;
who so the waris, wared be he.
Now has thou my grete blyssyng,
loue the shaH aH thyne ofspryng ; 16
Go now wheder thou has to go.

Jacob. Graunt mercy, *sir*, I wiH do so.

recedet iacob. [*Esau advances.*]

Esau brings
Isaac the
venison he
has prepared
and asks his
blessing.

Esau. haue, ete, fader, of myn huntynge,
And gif me sythen *your* blyssyng. 20

Isaac'. Who is that ?

Esau. I, youre son

Esau, bryngis you venyson.

Isaac'. Who was that was right now here,
And broght me bruet of a dere ? 24
I ete weH, and blyssyd hym ;
And he is blyssyd, ich a lym).

Esau. Alas ! I may grete and sob.

Isaac sees
how he has
been
beguiled by
Jacob.

Isaac'. Thou art begyld thugh iacob,
That is thyne awne german brother'. 28

Esau. haue ye kepyd me none other
Blyssyng then ye set hym one ?

He gives
Esau the
best blessing
he can.

Isaac. sich another haue I none ; 32
Bot god gif the to thyn handband
the dew of heuen & frute of land ;
Other then this can I not say.

Esau vows
to slay Jacob
if he meet
him.

Esau. Now, alas, and walo-way ! 36
May I with that tratoure mete,
my faders dayes shaH com with grete,
And my moders also ;
may I hym mete, I shaH hym slo. 40

[*Esau retires. Rebecca advances.*]

Rebecca. Isaac, it were my deth
If Iacob weddeth in kynd of heth ;

I wiH send hym to aran,
there my brothere dwellys, laban ;
And there may he serue in peasse
tiH his brother's wrath wiH seasse.

44 Rebecca and
Isaac resolve
to send
Jacob to his
uncle Laban
till Esau's
wrath cease.

why shuld I apon a day
loyse both my sonnes? better nay.

48

Isaac'. Thou says soth, wife ; caH hym heder,
And let vs teH hym where & wheder
That he may fle esaw,
that vs both hetis bale to brew.

52

[*Iacob advances.*]

Rebecca. Iacob, son ! thi fader & I
wokt speke with the ; com, stand vs by !
Out of contry must thou fle,
that Esaw slo not the.

Rebecca
tells Jacob
he must fle
from Esau.

56

Iacob. Whederward shuld I go, dame ?

Rebecca. To mesopotameam ;
To my brothere, and thyn eme,
that dwellys besyde Iordan streme ;
And ther' may thou with hym won,
to Esaw, myne other' son),
fforget, and aH his wrath be dede.

[Fol. 16, b.]

60

Iacob. I wiH go, fader, at youre rede.

64

Isaac. Yei, son, do as thi moder says ;
Com kys vs both, & weynd thi ways.

et osculatur.

He kisses his
father &
mother, &
goes his way
with their
blessing.

Iacob. Haue good day, sir and dame !

Isaac. God sheld the, son, from syn and shame !

68

Rebecca. And gif the grace, good man to be,
And send me glad tythyngis to the.

Explicit Isaac.

(VI.)

Sequitur iacob.

[71 couplets aa.]

[Dramatis Personae.]

Jacob.	Lya. [Leah.]	Joseph.
Deus.	Turmae.	Benjamin.
Rachett.		Esaw.]

Iacob.

Jacob prays
God to be
his guide on
his way.

Help me lord, adonay,
And hald me in the right way
To mesopotameam ;
ffor' I cam neuer or' now where I am ; 4
I cam neuer here in this contre ;

lord of' heuen, thou help me !
ffor' I haue maide me, in this strete,
sore bonys & warkand feete. 8

He lies down
to sleep with
a stone for a
pillow.

The son is downe, what is best ?
her' purpose I aH nyght to rest ;
Vnder' my hede this ston) shal ly ;
A nyghtis rest' take wiH I. 12

God appears
to him and
blesses him.

Deus. Iacob, iacob, thi god I am ; [*Deus appears above.*]
Of' thi forfader abraham,
And of' thi fader Isaac ;
I shaH the blys for' thare sake. 16

This land that thou slepys in,
I shaH the gif, and thi kyn ;
I shaH thi seede multiply,
As thyk as powder on ertH may ly. 20

The kynd of' the shaH sprede wide,
ffrom eest' to west' on euery syde,
ffrom the south vnto the north ;
A H that I say, I shaH forth ; 24

And aH the folkis of' thyne ofspryng,
shal be blyssyd of' thy blyssyng.
Iacob, haue thou no kyns drede !
I shaH the clethe, I shaH the fede. 28

WhartfuH shaH I make thi gate ;
I shal the help erly and late ;

And all in quart shall I bryng the
home agane to thi countre.
I shall not fayn, be thou bolde,
Bot I shall do as I haue tolde.

32 God pro-
mises him a
peaceful
return home.

hic vigilet.

Jacob. A! lord! what may this mene?
what haue I herd in slepe, and sene?
That god leynd hym to a stegh,
And spake to me, it is no leghe;
And now is here none othere gate,
bot godis howse and heuens yate.
lord, how dredful is this stede!
ther' I layde downe my hede,
In godis lovyng I rayse this stone,
And ogh with I putt theron).
lord of heuen, that all wote,
here to the I make a hote:
If thou gif me mete and foode,
And close to body, as I behoued,
And bryng me home to kyth and kyn,
by the way that I walk in,
without skathe and in quarte,
I promyse to the, with stedfast hart,
As thou art lord and god myne,
And I Iacob, thi trew hyne,
This stone I rayse in sygne to day
shall I holde holy kyrk for' ay;
And of all that newes me
rightwys tend shall I gif the.

36 Jacob
awakes, &
sets up a
stone in
praise of
God, pouring
oil thereon.

40

44

48

The stone is
his witness,
that if God
provides for
him & brings
him home in
peace he wil
hold to his
holy Church
for ever.

52

[Fol. 17, a.]

56

hic egrediatur iacob de aran in terram natiuitatis sue.

A, my fader, god of heuen,
that saide to me, through thi steven,
when I in aran was dwelland,
that I shuld turne agane to land
Ther' I was both fed and borne,
warnyd thou me, lord, beforne,
As I went toward aran
with my staff, and passyd Iordan:

60 On his return
from Aran,
Jacob
remembers
God's pro-
mise.

64

Jacob is re-
turning with
two hosts of
men.

And now I com agane to kyth,
with two ostes of men me with.

68

He prays
God to pro-
tect him
from Esau.

Thou hete me, lord, to do weH with me,
to multyplye my seele as sand of see ;

Thou saue me, lord, thurgh vertew,

ffrom veniance of Esaw,

72

That he slo not, for' old greme,

these moders with thare barne teme.

RacheH. Oure anguysh, sir, is many fold,

syn that oure messyngere vs told

76

That Esaw wold you slo,

with foure hundreth men and mo.

He has sent
Esau many
beasts as a
present, &
hopes it
may pacify
him.

Iacob. ffor' soth, racheH, I haue hym sent

of many beestis sere present.

80

May tyde he with oure giftis take,

And right so shaH his wrath slake.

where ar' oure thyngis, ar' thay past Iordan ?

Lya. Go and look, sir, as ye can.

84

hic scrutetur superlectile, & luctetur angelus cum eo.

He wrestles
with God,
and will not
let Him go.

Deus. The day spryngis ; now lett' me go.

Iacob. Nay, nay, I with not so,

Bot' thou blys me or' thou gang :

If I may, I shaH hold' the lang.

88

Deus. In tokynyng that thou spekis with me,

I shaH toche now thi thee,

That halt shaH thou euermore,

bot' thou shaH fele no sore ;

92

What' is thy name, thou me teH ?

Iacob. Iacob.

God changes
his name to
Israel.

Deus. nay, bot' IsraeH ;

syn thou to me sich strengthe may kythe,

to men of erth thou must be stythe.

96

Jacobs asks
God's name,
and is told
"Wonder-
ful."

Iacob. what is thy name ?

Deus.

whi askis thou it ?

'wonderfuH,' if thou wil wyt.

Iacob. A, blys me, lord !

Deus.

I shaH the blys,

And be to the fuH propyce,

100

- And gyf the my blyssyng for' ay,
As lord and he that' aH may.
I shaH grayth thi gate,
And fuH weH ordeyn thi state; 104
when thou has drede, thynk on me,
And thou shal fuH weH saynyd be,
And look thou trow weH my sayes;
And fareweH now, the day dayes. 108
- Jacob.* Now haue I a new name, israeH;
this place shaH [hight] fanueH,
ffor' I haue seyn in this place,
god of' heuen) face to face. 112
- RacheH.* Iacob, lo we haue tythand
that' Esaw is here at' hand. 112
- hic diuidit turmas in tres partes.*
- Jacob.* RacheH, stand thou in the last' eschele,
ffor' I wold' thou were sauyd wele; 116
CaH Ioseph and beniamin,
And let' theym not' fro the twyn.
If it' be so that' Esaw
vs before aH-to-hew, 120
Ye that' ar' here the last'
Ye may be sauyd if' ye fle fast. 120
- & vadat iacob osculand' Esaw; venit iacob, flectit
genua exorando deum, & leuando, occurrit illi Esaw
in amplexibus.*
- Jacob.* I pray the, lord, as thou me het,
¹ thou saue me and' my gete. 124
- Esaw.* welcom brother', to kyn and kyth,
thi wife and childre that' comes the with.
how has thou faren in far' land' ?
teH me now som good tythand'. 128
- Jacob.* WeH, my brother' Esaw,
If' that' thi men no bale me brew.
- dicit seruis suis.*
- Esaw.* wemo ! felows, hold youre hend,
ye se that I and he ar' frend', 132

God blesses
Jacob.

Jacob calls
the place
"Fanuell,"
for he has
seen God
face to face.

Rachel
announces
the approach
of Esau.

Jacob
divides his
hosts into
three parts,
placing
Rachel & her
sons in the
third for
safety.

[Fol. 17, b.]

Jacob &
Esau greet
each other
kindly.

Esau bids
his men hold
their hands.

¹ MS. that.

And frenship here wiþ we fulfiþ,
syn that it is godis wiþ.

Jacob
thanks Esau
for his
kindness.

Iacob. God yeldþ you, brothere, that it so is
that thou thi hyne so woldþ kys. 136

Esau recog-
nizes him as
his lord
"through
destiny."

Esaw. Nay, Iacob, my dere brothere,
I shaþ the teþ aþ anothere ;
Thou art my lordþ thugh destyny ;
go we togeder both thou and I, 140
To my fader and his wife,
that lofys the, brother', as thare lyfe.

Explicit Iacob.

(VII.)

Processus Prophetarum.

[*Incomplete* : 39 six-lined stanzas, aab ccb, and 4 bits of Latin.]

[*Dramatis Personae.*

Moyses. *David.* *Sybilla propheta.* *Daniel.*]

Moyses. (Prolog.)

Prophetam excitabit deus de fratribus vestris ;
Omnis anima, que non audierit prophetam illum,
exterminabitur de populo suo ;
Nemo propheta sine honore nisi in patriâ suâ.

(1)

Moses
reminds the
people of
Israel of the
condemna-
tion of
Adam.

Aþ ye folk of israeþ,
herkyn to me ! I wiþ you teþ
Tythyngis farly goode ; 3
Aþ wote ys how it be feþ
wherfor' Adam was dampnyd to heþ,
he, and aþ his blode. 6

(2)

God will
raise up a
prophet, &
all who
believe in
him shall be
saved.

Therfor' wiþ god' styr' and rayse
A prophete, in som man dayes,
Of oure brethere kyn ; 9
And aþ trowes as he says,
And wiþ walk in his ways,
ffrom heþ he wiþ theym twyn. 12

(3)

when his tyme begynnys to day,
I rede no man fro hym dray,
 In way, ne stand on strut ;
ffor he that wiH not here his sagh,
he be shewed as an out-lagh,
 And from his folkis be putt.

He who will
not hear him
shall be as
an outlaw

15

18

(4)

I warne you weH that same prophete
shaH com hereafterward, fuH swete,
 And many meruels shew ;
Man shaH faH tiH his feete,
ffor cause he can bales beete,
 Thruh his awn thew.

The prophet
shall show
many
marvels.

21

24

(5)

AH that wiH in trowth ren
shaH he saue, I warne you then,
 Trust shaH his name be.
Bot aH ouer wiH man prophete ken
with worship, amangis men,
 Bot in his awne countre.

He will save
them who
walk in
truth.

27

But a pro-
phet ever
has honour
save in his
own
country

30

(6)

herkyns aH, both yong and old !
God that has aH in wold,
 Gretys you bi me ;
his commaundementis ar' ten ;
Behold, ye that ar' his men,
 here ye may theym se.

[Fol. 18, a.]
Moses de-
clares God's
command-
ments.

33

36

(7)

his commaundementis that I haue broght,
looke that ye hold thaim noght
 ffor tryfys, ne for fables ;
ffor ye shaH weH vnderstand
That god wrote theym with his hand
 In thyse same tables.

They are no
trifles nor
fables.

39

God wrote
them with
His own
hand.

42

(8)

Ye that thyse in hart wiH hald,
vnto heuen shaH ye be cald,

- They who hold them in their heart shall go to heaven; those who do not, to hell. That is fyrst to com); . 45
 And ye that wiſt not do so, .
 Tiſt heſt pyne mon ye go,
 And byde a bytter dome. 48
- (9)
- The first commandment is against idols. Do now as I ſhaſt you wys ;
 The fyrst commaundement is this
 That I ſhaſt you say ; 51
 Make no god of ſtok ne ſtone,
 And trow in none god bot oone,
 That mayde both nyght and day. 54
- (10)
- The second, against swearing falsely by God's name. Anothere byd is thou ſhaſt not swere,
 ffor' no mede, ne for' no dere,
 ffalsly, bi god is name ; 57
 If thou swere wrongwosly,
 Wit thou weſt and wytterly,
 Thou art worthi grete blame. 60
- (11)
- The third, to keep the holy day. The thyrde is, thou ſhaſt weſt yheme
 Thi holy day, and serue to wheme
 God with all thi hart. 63
- The fourth, to honour father and mother. The fourt commaundement is bi tayſt,
 ffader and moder worship thou ſhaſt,
 In pouert and in qwarte. 66
- (12)
- The fifth, to forsake fornication & take a mate. The fyft commaund is thou ſhaſt forsake
 ffornycacyon, and take the a make,
 And lyf in rightwys state. 69
- The sixth, to be no manslayer. The sext commaund is thou ſhal not be
 Man sloer', for gold ne fee,
 Ne for' luf, ne for hate. 72
- (13)
- The seventh, not to steal. The ſeuenth commaund is that thou ſhaſt leue,
 And nather' go to ſtele ne reue,
 ffor more then for' les. 75
- The eighth, to be true of tongue. The aght byd is both old and yong,
 That thay be traw of thare tong,
 And bere no fals witnes. 78

(14)

The nenth byd'is the, bi thi lif,
Thou desyre not' thi neghbur's wife,
Ne mayden that' is his.

The ninth,
not to covet
thy neigh-
bour's wife.

81

The tent' bid'is the, for' no case,
Desyre not' wranwosly thyng thi neghbur' has ;
Do thus, and do no mys.

The tenth,
to covet
nothing of
thy neigh-
bour's.

84

(15)

I am the same man that' god chase,
And toke the ten commaundementis of peasse
In the monte synay ;

[Fol. 18, b.]

87

Thisse word'is, I say, ar no les ;
My name is callyd moyses ;

These words
are true.

And haue now aH good day ! [Exit Moses.] 90

David. Omnes reges adorabunt eum, omnes gentes
seruient ei.

(16)

herkyn, aH, that here may,
And perceyf weH what I shaH say,
AH with righ[t]wisnes.

David bids
the people
think on
righteous-
ness.

93

loke ye put' it' not' away,
Bot' thynk theron both nyght' and day,
ffor' it' is sothifastnes.

96

(17)

Iesse son, ye wote I am ;
Dauid is my right' name,
And I bere crowne ;
Bot' ye me trow, ye ar to blame ;
Of Israel, both wyld' and tame,
I haue in my bondon.¹

I am Jesse's
son, David,
and have all
Israel sub-
ject to me.

99

102

(18)

As god of' heuen has gyffyn me wit,
shaH I now syng you a fytt,
With my mynstrelsy ;
loke ye do it' weH in wrytt',
And theron a knot' knytt',
ffor' it' is prophecy.

He will sing
a fytt, which
shall be a
prophecy.

105

108

¹ The ryme needs 'bondowne.'

(19)

David sings
of the
coming of
God's Son

Myrth I make tith all men,
with my harp and fyngers ten,
And warn theym that thay glad ; 111
ffor god with that his son down send,
That wroght adam with his hend,
And heuen and ert h mayde. 114

(20)

to be man's
Saviour. Of
His coming
he is glad.

He with lyght fro heuen towre,
ffor to be mans saueyoure,
And saue that is forlorne ; 117
ffor that I harp, and myrth make,
Is for he with manhede take,
I tell you thus beforne ; 120

(21)

God's Son
shall return
to the
highest seat
in heaven

And thider shaft he ren agane,
As gyant of mych mayne,
Vnto the hyst sete ; 123
Ther is nawther kyng, ne swayn,
Then no thyng that may hym layn,
Ne hyde from his hete. 126

(22)

He shall be
lord of all.
Kings shall
kneel to
Him,

he shaft be lord and kyng of all,
Tyh hys feete shaft kyngis fall,
To offre to hym wytterly. 129
Blyssyd be that swete blome,
That shaft saue vs at his com !
Ioyful may we be. 132

(23)

and bring
Him rich
gifts.

Riche gyftis thay shaft hym bryng,
And tith hym make offeryng,
kneland on thare kne ; 135
well were hym that that lordyng,
And that dere derlyng,
Myght bide on lyfe and se. 138

(24)

[Fol. 19, a.
Sig. E. 1.]

Men may know hym bi his marke,
Myrth and lovyng is his warke,
that shaft he luf most. 141

lyght' shaft be born that tyme in darke,
Both to lawd man and to clark,
the luf' of rightwys gost. 144

Light shall
come both
to layman
and to clerk.

(25)

Therfor', both emperoure and kyng,
Ryche and poore, both old and ying,
temper weH youre gle, 147
Agans that kyng lyght' downe,
ffor' to lowse vs of pryson,
And make vs aH free. 150

Temper
your glee,
emperor &
king, till
that King
come to
free us.

Ostende nobis *domine misericordiam tuam, et' salutare
tuum da nobis.*

(26)

Thou shew thi mercy, lord, tyH vs,
ffor to thou com, to heH we trus,
we may not' go beside ; 153
lord, when thi wiH is for' to dele
TyH us thi salue and thi hele,
whom we aH abyde. 156

Till the
Lord come
we must all
go to hell.

(27)

Now haue I songen you a fytt' ;
loke in mynd that ye haue it,
I rede *with* my mygh't ; 159
he that maide vs aH *with* his wytt',
sheld' vs aH from heH pytt,
And graunt' vs heuen lygh't ! [*Exit David.*] 162

I have sung
you a fytt,
look you
keep it in
mind.

sibilla propheta. Iudicii signum tellus sudore madescit,
E celo rex adueniet' per secla futurus,
Scilicet' in carne presens vt' iudicet' orbem.

(28)

Who so wyH here tythyngis glad',
of hym that aH this warld' made,
here me wytterly ! 165
sibiH sage is my name ;
Bot' ye me here, ye ar to blame,
My word' is prophecy. 168

The Sibyl
calls on men
to hear her.

(29)

A new king
is coming to
fight the
fiend.

AH men was slayn through adam syn,
And put to pyne that neuer shaft blyn,
through falsnes of the feynd ; 171

A new kyng comes from heuen to fyght
Agans the feynd, to wyn his right,
so is his mercy heynd. 174

(30)

He shall
judge the
world.

AH the warld shaft he deme,
And that haue seruyd hym to wheme,
Myrth thaym mon betyde ; 177

AH shaft se hym with thare ee,
Ryche and poore, low and hye,
No man may hym hyde ; 180

(31)

Every man
shall rise in
his flesh, &
see Him on
the Judg-
ment Day.

Bot thay shaft in thare flesh ryse,
That euary man shaft whake and gryse,
Agans that ilk dome. 183

with his santis, many oone,
he shaft be sene in flesh and bone,
that kyng that is to com. 186

(32)

[Fol. 19, b.]
They shall
stand before
Him, and
the earth
shall be
burnt with
fire.

AH that shaft stand hym before,
AH shal be les and more,
Of oone eld ichon. 189

Angels shaft qwake then for' ferd,
And fyre shaft bren this mydyH-erck,
yei, erth and aH ther apow. 192

(33)

Hill and dale
shall run
together &
all be made
even.

shaft nothyng here in erth be kend,
Bot it shaft be strewyd and brenck,
AH waters and the see. 195

sythen shaft both hilt and dale
Ryn togeder, grete and smale,
And aH shaft euen be. 198

(34)

At hys commyng shaft benys blaw,
That men may his commyng knaw ;
ffull sorowfull shaft be that blast ; 201

Ther is no man that herys it,
Bot he shaH qwake for' aH his witt,
Be he neuer so stedfast.

204

Trumpets
shall blow at
His coming,
& men shall
quake at the
sound.

(35)

Then shaH heH gape and gryn,
That men may know thare dome therin,
Of that hye iustyce ;
That ih have done, to heH mon go ;
And to heuen the other' also,
that has been rightwys.

207

Hell shall
gape & grin.
The bad shall
go there, the
good to
heaven.

210

(36)

Therfor', I rede ilk a man,
kepe, as weH as he can,
ffro syn and fro mysdede.
My prophecy now haue I told ;
God' you saue, both yong and old,
And help you at youre nede !

213

Therefore let
each man
keep him
from sin.

[Exit Sybil.] 216

Daniel. Cum venerit sanctus sanctorum cessabit vncio vestra.

(37)

God that maide adam and eue,
whils thay dyd weH, he gaf thaym leue
In paradise to dwell ;
Sone when thay that appyH ete,
They were dampned, sone and skete,
Vnto the pyne of heH,

219

Daniel
recalls the
fall of Adam.

222

(38)

Thurgh sorow and paynes euer new ;
Therfor wyH god apon vs rew,
And his son downe send
Into ertH, flesh to take,
That is aH for oure sake,
oure trespas to amend.

225

God wills
that His Son
shall take
flesh to
amend our
trespass.

228

(39)

fflesh with fleshe wiH be boght,
That he lose not that he has wroght
wyth hys awne hend ;

231

He shall be
born of a
maiden to
save the
lost.

Of a madyn shal he be borne,
To saue aH that ar' forlorne,
Euermore withoutten end.¹

234

* * * * *

(VIII.)

[Fol. 21, a.
Sig. E. 3.]

Incipit Pharao.

[36 *eight-line stanzas*, ab ab ab ab ; 1 *seven-line* (no. 49), ab ab aba ;
1 *six* (no. 55), ab ab ab ; 32 *fours*, ab ab ; and 2 *single lines*, 109,
355.]

[Dramatis Personae

<i>Pharao.</i>		<i>Moyeses.</i>		<i>Primus Puer.</i>
<i>Primus Miles.</i>		<i>Deus.</i>		<i>Secundus Puer.]</i>
<i>Secundus Miles.</i>				

Pharao.

(1)

*Litsters Pagonn.*²

Pharaoh
calls for
Peace.

PEas, of payn that' no man pas ;
bot' kepe the course that I commaunde,
And take good hede of hym that' has
youre helth aH holy in hys hande ; 4

He is king
as his father
was before
him.

ffor kyng pharro my fader Was,
And led thys lordshyp of thys land ;
I am hys hayre as age Wyll has,
Euer in stede to styr or stand. 8

(2)

All Egypt is
his.

AH Egypt is myne awne
To leede aftyr my law ;
I Wold my myght Were knowne³
And honoryd, as hyt awe. 12

They who
hearken not
to his words
shall be
hanged high.

ffuH low he shaft be thrawne
That' harkyns not my sawe,
hanged hy and drawne,
Therfor no boste ye blaw ; 16

¹ This Play is unfinished, the rest of fol. 19 b, and the whole of fol. 20, being left blank.

² This is written at top of the page in the margin, in a more recent hand ; but about half-way down (and not in the margin) are the words "lyster play," in yet another hand.

³ MS. knowne.

(3)

Bot' as for kyng I commaund peasse,

To aH the people of thys empyre.

looke no man put hym self in preaase,

Bot' that WyH do as I desyre,

20

And of youre Wordis look that ye seasse.

Take tent' to me, youre soferand syre,

That' may youre comfort most increase,

And to my lyst bowe lyfe and lyre.

24

Be obedient
and take
heed to me.

(4)

Primus Miles. My lord, if any here Were,

That Wold not' wyrk youre Wyll,

[Fol. 21, b.]

If We myght com thaym nere,

ffuH soyn we shuld theym spyH.

28

The 1st
soldier will
kill any one
who will
not work
Pharaoh's
will.

(5)

Pharao. ThruH out' my kyngdom Wold I ken,

And kun hym thank that' Wold me teH,

If any Were so Waryd men

That' wold my fors downe feH.

32

Secundus Miles. My lord, ye haue a maner of men

that make great' mastres vs emeH ;

The Iues that Won in gersen,

they ar callyd chyldyr of Israel.

36

Pharaoh
asks if there
are any in
his kingdom
who wish his
downfall.

The 2nd
soldier
thinks the
Jews in
'gersen' are
too strong.

(6)

Thay multiplye fuH fast',

and sothly We suppose

That' shaft euer last',

oure lordshyp for to lose.

40

(7)

Pharao. Why, how haue thay sych gawdis begun ?

ar thay of myght to make sych frayes ?

Primus Miles. Yei, lord, fuH feH folk ther Was fun

In kyng pharao, youre fader' dayes.

44

Thay cam of Ioseph, Was iacob son—

he Was a prince Worthy to prayse—

In sythen in ryst' haue thay ay ron ;

thus ar thay lyke to lose youre layse,

48

They come
of Joseph,
Jacob's son.

(8)

The Jews
will con-
found
Pharaoh, if
they go on
multiplying.

Thay WyH confound you cleyn,
bot' if thay soner sesse. 49

Pharao. What' deuyH is that' thay meyn
that' thay so fast' incesse? 52

(9)

Secundus Miles. How thay increse fult weH we ken,
as oure faders dyd vnderstand ;

They were
but 70 when
they came,
and after
400 years are
800,000 men.

Thay Were bot' sixty and ten
when thay fyrst' cam in to thys land ; 56

Sythen haue soierned in geisen
[Fower hundreth]¹ Wynter, I dar warand ;
Now ar thay nowmbred of myghty men
moo then [thre hundreth]² thousand, 60

(10)

Wyth outen Wyfe and chyld,
or hyrdis that kepe thare fee.

Pharao. How thus myght we be begyld ?
bot' shaft it not' be ; 64

(11)

Pharaoh
determines
to crush
them by
cunning.

ffor wyth quantyse we shaft thaym queH,
so þat thay shaft not far sprede.

Primus Miles. My lord, we haue hard oure faders teH,
and clerkis that weH couth rede, 68

He is told of
a prophecy,
& gives
orders that
the midwives
shall kill all
Hebrew
babies.

Ther shuld a man walk vs ameh
that shuld fordo vs and oure dede.

Pharao. ffy on hym, to the deuyH of heH !
sych destynny wyH we not' drede ; 72

(12)

We shal make mydwyfis to spyH them
where any ebrew is borne,

[Fol. 22, a.
Sig. E. 4.]

And aH menkynde to kyH them,
so shaft thay soyn be lorne. 76

(13)

The rest
shall be kept
in bondage
to ditch and
delve.

And as for elder haue I none awe,

sych bondage shaft I to thaym beyde,
To dyke and delf, bere and draw,
and to do aH vn honest deyde ; 80

¹ MS. iiijc.

² MS. ccc.

So shaH these laddis be halden law,

In thraldom euer thare lyfe to leyde.

Secundus Miles. Now, certis, thys was a soteH saw,
thus shaH these folk no farther sprede.

84

The second
soldier
thinks this
a subtle
saying.

(14)

Pharao. Now help to hald theym downe,
look I no fayntnes fynde.

Primus Miles. AH redy, lord, We shaH be bowne,
in bondage thaym to bynde.

88

Pharaoh
says there
must be no
faintness.

Tunc Intrat' moyses cum virgâ in manu, etc.

(15)

Moses. Gret god, that aH thys World began,
and growndyd it in good degre,

Thou mayde me, moyses, vnto man,

and sythen thou sauyd me from the se ;

kyng Pharao had commawndyd than,

ther shuld no man chyld sauyd be ;

Agans hys WyH away I wan ;

thus has god shewed hys myght for me.

92

Moses
thanks God
for saving
him from
Pharaoh at
his birth.

96

(16)

Now am I sett to kepe,

vnder thys montayn syde,

Byshope Iettyr shepe,

to better may be tyde ;

100

He is now
set to keep
sheep till
better
betide.

(17)

A, lord, grete is thy myght !

What man may of yond merueH meyn ?

Yonder I se a selcowth syght,

sych on in World Was neuer seyn ;

A bush I se burnand fuH bryght,

and euer elyke the leyfes are greyn ;

If it be wark of Worldly Wyght,

I WyH go wyt wythoutyn Weyn.

104

He sees a
strange
sight, a bush
burning
while its
leaves keep
green.

108

Deus. Moyses, Moyses !

hic properat' ad rubum, et dicit' ei deus, etc.

(18)

God bids Moses take off his shoes for the place is hallowed.	Moyses, com not to nere,	110
	bot styH in that stede thou dweH, And harkyn vnto me here ;	
	take tent What I the telt.	113
	do of thy shoyes in fere, wyth mowth as I the meH, the place thou standis in there forsothe, is halowd WeH.	117

(19)

He declares himself as the God who blessed Abraham, Isaac and Jacob.	I am thy lord, Wythouten lak, to lengthe thi lyfe euen as I lyst ;	
	I am god that som tyme spake to thyn elders, as thay Wyst ;	121
	To abraam, and Isaac, and iacob, I sayde shuld be blyst, And multytude of them to make, so that thare seyde shuld not be myst.	125

(20)

He will not suffer Pharaoh to hurt the Jews.	Bot now thys kyng, pharao, he hurtys my folk so fast, If that I suffre hym so, thare seyde shuld soyne be past ;	129
	Bot I WyH not so do, in me if thay WyH trast,	
	[Fol. 22, b.] Bondage to bryng' thaym fro. therfor thou go in hast'	133

(21)

Moses is bidden to tell Pharaoh to let the Jews go to the Wilder- ness to worship God.	To do my message, haue in mynde, to hym that me sych harme mase ;	
	Thou speke to hym Wyth wordis heynde, so that he let my people pas,	137
	To Wyldernes that thay may Weynde, to Worshyp me as I wyH asse. Agans my wyH if that thay leynd, ful soyn hys song shaH be ' alas.'	141

(22)

Moyses. A, lord! pardon me, Wyth thy leyf,
that lynage luffis me noght;
Gladly thay Wold me greyf,
if I sych bodworde broght.

Moses begs
God to send
somebody of
more force.

145

(23)

Good lord, lett som othere frast,
that has more fors the folke to fere.

Deus. Moyses, be thou nott abast,
my bydyng shaH thou boldly bere;

God bids
him not be
abashed.

149

If thay *with* wrong away Wold Wrast,
outt of the way I shaH the Were.

Moyses. Good lord, thay WyH not me trast
for aH the othes that I can swere;

Moses fears
that without
a token he
will not be
trusted.

153

(24)

To neuen sych noytis newe
to folk of Wykyd WyH,
Wyth outen tokyn trew,
thay wyH not tent ther tyH.

157

(25)

Deus. If that he wyH not vnderstand
thys tokyn trew that I shaH sent,
Afore the kyng cast downe thy Wand,
and it shaH turne to a serpent;

A wand that
shall turn
into a ser-
pent & again
into a wand
shall be his
token.

161

Then take the tayH agane in hand—
boldly vp look thou it hent—

And in the state that thou it fand,
then shal it turne by myne intent.

165

(26)

Sythen hald thy hand soyn in thy barme,
and as a lepre it shal be lyke,
And hole agane *with* outen harme;
lo, my tokyns shal be slyke.

He shall be
able to make
his hand
leprous or
whole.

169

(27)

And if he wyH not suffre then
my people for to pas in peasse,
I shaH send venyance [neyn]¹ or ten,
shaH sowe full sore or I seasse.

If Pharaoh
will not let
the people
go, God will
punish him.

173

¹ MS. ix.

The Hebrews shall escape the plagues. Bot *the* ebrewes, won in Iessen, 174
 shaH not be merkyd *with* that measse ;

As long as thay my lawes WyH ken
 thare comfortH shaH euer increasse 177

(28)

Moses. A, lord, to luf the aght vs weH,
 that makis thy folk thus free ;

I shaH vnto thaym tell
 as thou has told to me. 181

(29)

Moses asks by what name he is to speak to Pharaoh of God.

Bot to the kyng, lord, when I com,
 if he aske what¹ is thy name,
 And I stand styH, both deyf & dom,
 how shuld² I [skape]² withoutten blame ? 185

God tells him and blesses him.

Deus. I say the thus, 'Ego sum qui sum,'
 I am he that is the same ;
 If thou can nother muf nor mom,
 I shaH sheld² the from shame. 189

(30)

Moses. I vnderstand fuH weH thys thyng,
 I go, lord, *with* aH the myght in me.

[Fol. 23, a.]

Deus. Be bold in my blyssyng¹,
 thi socoure shaH I be. [Deus retires.] 193

(31)

Moses resolves to tell his friends of this comfort.

Moses. A, lord of luf, leyn me thy lare,
 that I may truly talys tell ;
 To my freyndis now wyH I fare,
 the chosyn childre of IsraeH, 197
 To tell theym comfortH of thare care,
 in dawngere ther as thay dweH.

God manteyn you euermare, [*Moses accosts the Israelites.*]
 And mekyH myrth be you emeH. 201

(32)

The Israelites he speaks to comp ain of their lot.

primus puer. A, master moyses, dere !
 oure myrth is aH mowrnyng ;
 ffull hard halden ar we here
 as carls vnder the kyng. 205

¹ MS. my.

² MS. skake.

(33)

Secundus puer. We may mowrn̄, both more and myn,
ther is no man that oure myrth mase ;

They pray
God send
them com-
fort,

Bot syn we ar aH of a kyn,
god send vs comfortH in thys case. 209

Moyes. Brethere, of youre mowrnyng blyn ;
god WyH delyuer you through his grace,

Out of this wo he wyH you wyn,
and put you to youre pleassyng place ; 213

(34)

ffor I shaft carp vnto the kyng,
and fownd fuH soyn to make you free.

primus puer. God graunt you good Weyndyng,
and euermore with you be. 217

& wish
Moses
success.

[*Moses approaches Pharaoh.*]

(35)

Moyes. kyng pharao, to me take tent.

Pharao. Why, boy, what tythyngis can thou tell ?

Moyes. ffrom god hym self hydder am I sent
to foche the chyldre of IsraeH ; 221
To Wyldernes he wold thay went.

Moses asks
Pharaoh to
let the
Israelites
go to the
wilderness.

Pharao. yei, weynd the to the devyH of heH!
I gyf no force What he has ment,
In my dangere, herst thou, shaft thay dweH ; 225

Pharaoh
refuses, with
threats.

(36)

And, fature, for thy sake,
thay shalbe put to pyne.

Moyes. Then wyH god veynance take
of the, and of aH thyn. 229

(37)

Pharao. On me? fy on the lad, out of my land!
wenys thou thus to loyse oure lay?

[*To the soldiers.*]

Say, whence is yond warlow with his wand
that thus wold wyle oure folk away? 233

Primus Miles. Yond is moyses, I dar warand,
agens aH egypt has beyn ay,

Greatt defawte with hym youre fader fand ;
now wyH he mar you if he may. 237

The 1st
soldier says
Moses has
ever been a
foe to Egypt.

(38)

Pharao. ffy on hym ! nay, nay, that dawnce is done ;
lurdan, thou leryd to late.

Moses. God byd'is the graunt my bone,
and let me go my gate. 241

(39)

Pharaoh
asks Moses
for a token.

Pharao. Byd'is god me ? fals loseH, thou lyse !
What tokyn told he ? take thou tent.

[Fol. 23, b.]

Moses. He sayd thou shuld dyspyse
both me, and hys commaundement ; 245

He changes
his wand
into a
serpent.

fforthy, apon thys wyse,
my Wand he bad, in thi present,
I shuld lay downe, and the avyse
how it shuld turne to oone serpent ; 249

(40)

And in hys holy name
here I lay it downe ;
lo, syr, here may thou se the same.

Pharao. A, ha, dog ! the devyH the drowne ! 253

(41)

Then
changes it
back again.

Moses. He bad me take it by the tayH,
for to prefe hys powere playn ;
Then he sayde, wythouten fayH,
hyt shuld turne to a wand agayn. 257

lo, *sir*, behold !

Pharaoh
says these
gawds shall
help the
Israelites
nothing.

Pharao. wyth ylahayH !
Certis this is a soteH swayn !
bot thyse boyes shaH abyde in bayH,
AH thi gawdis shaH thaym not gayn ; 261

(42)

Bot wars, both morñ and none,
shaH thay fare, for thi sake.

Moses. I pray god send us venyange sone,
and on thi Warkis take wrake. 265

(43)

primus Miles. Alas, alas ! this land is lorñ !
on lyfe we may [no] longer leynd ;

Sych myschefe is fallen syn morñ,
ther may no medsyn it amend. 269

Pharao. Why cry ye so, laddis? lyst ye skorñ?
ijus Miles. Syr kyng, sych care was neuer kend,
 In no mans tyme that euer was borne.
Pharao. TeH on, belyfe, and make an end. 273

(44)

Primus Miles. Syr, the Waters that were ordand
 for men and bestis foyde,
 Thruhh outt aH egypt land,
 ar turnyd into reede bloyde; 277

The soldiers
 announce
 the first
 plague: the
 waters are
 turned to
 red blood.

(45)

ffuH vgly and fuH yH is hytt,
 that both fresh and fayre was before.
Pharao. O, ho! this is a wonderfuH thyng to wytt,
 of aH the warkis that euer wore! 281

ijus Miles. Nay, lord, ther is anothere yit,
 that sodanly sowys vs fuH sore;
 ffor todis and froskis may no man flyt,
 thay venom vs so, both les and more. 285

The 2nd
 plague:
 venomous
 toads.

(46)

Primus Miles. Greate mystis, sir, ther is both morñ
 and noyn,
 byte vs fuH bytterly;
 we trow that it be doyn
 thruhh moyses, oure greate enemy. 289

The 3rd
 plague:
 great
 'mystis
 [gnats]
 biting
 bitterly.

(47)

ijus Miles. My lord, bot if this menye may remefe,
 Mon neuer myrth be vs amang.
Pharao. Go, say to hym we wyH not grefe,
 bot thay shaH neuer the tytter gang. 293

Pharaoh
 makes
 delusive
 offers to let
 the Jews go
 [Fol. 24, a.]

Primus Miles. Moyses, my lord gyffys leyfe
 to leyd thi folk to lykyng lang,
 So that we mend of oure myschefe.
Moyes. ffuH weH I wote, thyse wordis ar wrang; 297

(48)

But hardely aH that I heytt
 ffuH sodanly it shaH be seyn;
 vncowth meruels shalbe meyt
 And he of malyce meyn. 301

(49)

The 4th
plague:
great
"loppys"
[fleas].

Secundus Miles. A, lord, alas, for doyh we dy! 302
we dar look oute at no dowre.

Pharao. What, ragyd the dwyh of heh, alys you so
to cry?

Primus Miles. ffor we fare wars then euer we fowre; 305
grete loppys ouer aH þis land thay fly,

And where thay byte thay make grete blowre,
and in enery place oure bestis dede ly.¹ 308

(50)

The 5th
plague: a
murrain on
the cattle.

Secundus Miles. hors, ox, and asse,
thay faH downe dede, syr, sodanly.

Pharao. we! lo, ther is no man that has
half as mych harme as I. 312

(51)

Primus Miles. yis, sir, poore folk haue mekyH wo,
to se thare cataH thus out cast.

The Iues in gessen fayre not so,
thay haue lykyng for to last. 316

Pharaoh
renews his
pretended
permission

Pharao. Then shaH we gyf them leyf to go,
to tyme this pereH be on past;

Bot, or thay flytt oght far vs fro,
we shaH þem bond twyse as fast. 320

(52)

Secundus Miles. Moyses, my lord gyffis leyf
thi meneye to remeue.

Moyes. ye mon hafe more myschefe
bot if thyse talys be trew. 324

(53)

Primus Miles. A, lord, we may not leyde thyse lyfys.

Pharao. what, dwyh! is grevance grofen agayn?

The 6th
plague:
boils &
blains.

Secundus Miles. ye, sir, sich powder apon vs dryfys,
where it abidys it makys a blayn; 328

MeseH makys it man and wyfe,²
thus ar we hurt with hayH & rayn.

The 7th
plague:
hail and
rain.

Syr, v[y]nys in montanse may not thryfe,
so has frost & thoner thaym slayn. 332

¹ The following line in—*owre* is left out.

² The singular rymes with the plural now and then.

(54)

Pharao. yei, bot' how do thay in gessen,
the Iues, can ye me say?

Pharaoh
rages when
he hears the
Jews are
unhurt by
these harms.

Primus Miles. Of aH thyse cares no thyng thay ken,
thay feyH noght of our afray. 336

(55)

Pharao. No? the ragyd! the dwyH! sytt thay in peasse?
and we enery day in doute & drede?

ijus Miles. My lord, this care wyll euer encrease,
to moyses haue his folk to leyd;

Els be we lorñ, it is no lesse,
yit' were it better that pai yede. 342

(56)

Pharao. Thes folk shaH flyt' no far,
If he go welland wode.

But still will
not let them
go.

Primus Miles. Then wiH it sone be war;
It' were better thay yode. 346

[Fol. 24, b.]

(57)

ijus Miles. My lord, new harme is comyn in hand.

Pharao. Yei, d'wiH, wiH it' no better be?

Primus Miles. wyld wormes ar layd ouer aH this land,
Thai leyf no floure, nor leyf on tre. 350

The 8th
plague: wild
worms, or
locusts.

ijus Miles. Agans that storme may no man stand;
And mekyH more merueH thynk me,

That' thise *thre*¹ dayes has bene durand
Sich myst, pat no man may other se. 354

The 9th
plague: a
great mist
or darkness.

Primus Miles. A, my lord!

Pharao. hagh!

(58)

ijus Miles. Grete pestilence is comyn;²
It' is like ful long to last.

The 10th
plague: the
pestilence.

Pharao. [pestilence³] in the dwilys name!
then is oure pride ouer past. 359

(59)

Primus Miles. My lord, this care lastis lang,
and wiH, to moyses haue his bone;

let hym go, els wyrk we wrang,
It' may not help to houer ne hone. 363

The 1st
soldier says
care will last
till Moses
be satisfied.

¹ MS. iij.

² Its ryme *name* is assonantal.

³ MS. pentilence.

Pharaoh
gives leave
for the Jews
to go, but
hopes to
catch them
again.

Pharao. Then wiſt we gif theym leyf to gang ; 364
Syn it' muſt' nedis be doyn ;

Perchauns we ſaſt thaym fang
and mar them or to morñ at' none. 367

(60)

ijus Miles. Moyses, my lord he ſays
thou ſhaſt haue paſſage playn.

Moyſes. Now haue we leſe to pas,
my freyndis, now be ye fayn ; 371

(61)

Com furth, now ſaſt ye weynd
to land of lykyng you to pay.

Primus puer. Bot' kyng Pharao, that fals feynd,
he wiſt vs eft betray ; 375

The
Israelites
doubt, but
Moses
assures
them.

ffuſt ſoyn he wiſt ſhape vs to ſheynd,
And after vs ſend his garray.

Moyſes. Be not' abast', god is oure freynd,
And aſt oure foes wiſt ſlay ; 379

(62)

Therfor com on *with* me,
haue done and drede you noght.

ijus Puer. That' lord, blyſt might he be,
that vs from bayſt has broght. 383

(63)

Primus puer. Sich frenſhip neuer we fand ;
bot' yit' I drede for perels aſt,

The reede ſee is here at hand,
ther ſhal we byde to we be thraſt. 387

He parts the
Red Sea
with his
wand.

Moyſes. I ſhaſt make way ther *with* my wand',
as god has ſayde, to ſayf vs aſt ;

On ayther ſyde the ſee mon) ſtand,
to we be gone, right' as a waſt. 391

(64)

[Fol. 25, a.]

Com on wyth me, leyf none behynde ;
lo fownd' ye now youre god to pleaſe,

hic pertransient' mare.

Secundus puer. O, lord' ! this way is heynd ;
Now weynd we aſt at eaſe. 395

(65)

primus Miles. kyng pharao ! thyse folk ar gone.*Pharao.* Say, ar ther any noyes new ?*ijus Miles.* Thise Ebrews ar gone, lord, euer-ichon).*Pharao.* how says thou that ?*Primus Miles.* lord, that tayH is trew. 399Pharaoh is
told of the
flight of the
Jews.

Pharao. We, out tyte, that they were tain ;
That ryett radly shaH thay rew,
we shaH not seasse to thay be slayn,
ffor to the see we shaH thaym sew ; 403

(66)

So charge youre chariottis swythe,
And fersly look ye folow me.

He pursues
them with
his chariots ;

ijus Miles. AH redy, lord, we ar fuH blyth
At youre byddyng to be. 407

(67)

Primus Miles. lord, at youre byddyng ar we bowne
Oure bodys boldly for to beyd ;

we shaH not seasse, bot dyng aH downe,
To aH be dede withouten drede. 411

Pharao. heyf vp youre hertis vnto mahowne,
he wiH be nere vs in oure nede ;

calling on
Mahound.
He & his
men are
drowned.

help ! the raggyd dwyH, we drowne !
Now mon we dy for aH oure dede. 415

Tunc merget eos mare.

(68)

Moyses. Now ar we won from aH oure wo,

And sauyd out of the see ;

louyng gyf we god vnto,

Go we to land now merely. 419

Moses and
the Jews
give thanks
to God for
their safe
passage.

(69)

primus puer. lofe we may that lord on hyght,
And euer teH on this merueH ;

Drownyd he has Kyng pharao myght,
louyd be that lord EmanueH. 423

[Fol. 25, b.]

Moyses. heuen, thou attend, I say, in syght,
And ertH my wordys ; here what I teH.

As rayn or dew on ertH doys lyght
And waters herbys and trees fuH weH, 427

(70)

Honoured be
God in
Trinity. Gyf louyng to goddys mageste, 428
hys dedys ar done, hys ways ar trew,
honowred be he in trynyte,
to hym be honowre and vertew. 431

Amen.

Explicit pharao.

(IX.)

Incipit Cesar Augustus.

[40 six-line stanzas aab ccb.]

[*Dramatis Personae.**Imperator.**Primus Consultus.**Secundus Consultus.**Nuncius. (Lyghtfote.)**Sirinus.]**Imperator.*

(1)

The
Emperor
commands
silence, and
magnifies his
own power.

BE styH, beshers, I commawnd yow,
That no man speke a word here now
Bot I my self alon ; 3
And if ye do, I make a vow,
Thys brand abowte youre nekys shaH bow,
ffor thy be styH as ston) : 6

(2)

And looke ye grefe me noght,
ffor if ye do it' shaH be boght,
I swere you by mahowne ; 9
I wote weH if ye knew me oght,
To slo you aH how lytyH I roght,
Ston styH ye wold syt downe. 12

(3)

ffor aH is myn that vp standys,
Castels, towers, townys, and landys,
To me homage thay bryng ; 15

[Fol. 26, a.]

ffor I may bynd and lowse of band,
Euery thyng bowys vnto my hand,
I want none erthly thyng. 18

(4)

I am lord and syr ouer aH,	He is lord over all.
AH bowys to me, both grete and smaH,	
As lord of euery land ;	21
Is none so ccmly on to caH,	
Whoso this agane says, fowH shaH be faH,	
And therto here my hand.	24

(5)

ffor I am he that myghty is,	All heatheness obeys him.
And hardely aH hathennes	
Is redy at my wyH ;	27
Both ryche, and poore, more & les,	
At my lykyng for to redres,	
whether I wyH saue or spyH.	30

(6)

Cesar august I am cald,	He is called Caesar Augustus, the fairest body on earth.
A fayrer cors for to behald,	
Is not of bloode & bone ;	33
Ryche ne poore, yong ne old,	
Sych an othere, as I am told,	
In aH thys world is none.	36

(7)

Bot oone thyng doys me full mych care,	One thing troubles him : he needs loyal counsel.
I trow my land wyH sone mysfare	
ffor defawte of counseH lele ;	39
My counsellars so wyse of lare,	
help to comforth me of care,	
No wyt from me ye fele.	42

(8)

As I am man moost of renowne,	
I shaH you gyf youre waryson	
To help me if ye may.	45
<i>primus Consultus.</i> To counseH you, lord, we ar bowne,	The 1st councillor bids him send for his messenger.
And for no man that lyfys in towne	
wyH we not let, <i>perfay</i> ;	48

(9)

youre messyngere I reede ye caH,
ffor any thyng that may befaH,

His messenger shall
proclaim his
peace over
all the land.

Byd hym go hastely, 51
Thruh out youre landys ouer aH,
Amang youre folk, both grete and smaH
youre gyrtH & peasse to cry ; 54

(10)

ffor to commaunde both yong & old,
None be so hardy ne so bold,
To hold of none bot you ; 57

And who so doth, put them in hold,
And loke ye payn theym many fold.

Imperator. I shaft, I make a vowe ; 60

(11)

The
Emperor
assents.

Of thys counseH weH payde am I,
It shaft be done fuH hastely,
wyth outen any respytt. 63

[Fol. 26, b.]

Secundus Consultus. My Lord abyde awyle, for why ?
A word to you I wold cleryfy.

Imperator. Go on, then, teH me tytt. 66

(12)

The 2nd
councillor
has heard
that a virgin
shall bear a
child who
shall lay
low the
Emperor's
might.

Secundus Consultus. AH redy, lord, now permafay,
Thys haue I herd syn many day,
ffolk in the contre teH ; 69

That in this land shuld dweH a may,

The whicheH saH bere a chylde, thay say,

That shaft youre force downe feH. 72

(13)

The
Emperor
rages with
fear and
anger.

Imperator. Downe feH? dwyH! what may this be ?
Out, harow, fuH wo is me !

I am fuH wyH of reede ! 75

A, fy, and dewyls ! whens cam he

That thus shuld reyfe me my pawste ?

Ere shuld I be his dede. 78

(14)

ffor certys, then were my worshyp lorne,
If sych a swayn, a snoke horne,

Shuld thus be my suffrane ; 81

may I wyt when that boy is borne,

In certan, had the dwyH hit sworne,

that gadlyng shuld agane. 84

(15)

Primus Consultus. Do way, lord, greyf you not so,
youre messyngere ye cause furth go

The 1st
Councillor
bids the
Emperor
take counsel
with his
cousin
Sirinus.

Aftyr youre cosyn dere,

87

To speke *with* you a word or two,

The best counseH that lad to slo,

ffuH soyn he can you lere ;

90

(16)

ffor a wyse man that knyght men know.

Imperator. Now I assent vnto thi saw,
of witt art thou *the* weH ;

The
Emperor
assents,

93

ffor aH the best men of hym blowys ;

he shaH neuer dystroy my lawes,

were he the dwyH of heH.

96

(17)

Com lyghtfote, lad, loke thou be yare

On my message furth to fare,

go tytt to *sir* syryn ;

and sends
his messen-
ger Lyght-
foot,

99

Say sorow takys me fuH sare,

pray hym to comforth me of care,

As myn awne dere cosyn ;

102

(18)

And bot if thou com agane to nyght,

look I se the neuer in syght,

neuer where in my land.

bidding him
be back by
night,

105

Nuncius. yis, certys, lord, I am fuH lyght,

or noyn of the day, I dar you hyght,

to bryng hym by *the* hand.

108

(19)

Imperator. yai, boy, and as thou luffys me dere,

Luke that thou spy, both far and nere,

Ouer aH in ych place ;

[Fol. 27, a.
Sig. ff. 1.]
and keep his
ears open for
news.

111

If thou here any sages sere,

Of any carpyng, far and nere,

Of that lad where that thou gase.

114

(20)

Nuncius. AH reddy, lord, I am fuH bowne,

To spyr and spy in euery towne,

- Lyghtfoot
promises. After that' wykkyd' queyd ; 117
If I here any runk or rowne,
I shaſſ fownd to crak thare crowne,
 Ouer aſſ, in ylk a stede ; 120
 (21)
- And therfor, lord, haue now good day.
The
Emperor
prays
Mahound to
speed him. *Imperator.* Mahowne he wyse the on thi way,
 That' weldys water and wynde ; 123
And specyally, here I the pray,
To spede the as fast as thou may.
 Nuncius. yis, lord, that' shaſſ ye fynde. 126
 (22) [*To Sirinus.*]
- Lyghtfoot
greetys
Sirinus
in the
Emperor's
name, Mahowne the saue and se, *sir* syryne !
Cesar, my lord, and youre cosyn,
 he gretys you weſſ by me. 129
 Sirinus. Thou art' welcom) to me and myn) ;
Com nere and teſſ me tythandys thyn),
 Tyte, what' thay may be. 132
 (23)
- and bids him
come to hold
counsel. *Nuncius.* My lord prays you, as ye luf hym dere,
To com to hym, if youre wyſſ were,
 To speke *with* hym) awhyte. 135
- Sirinus
promises. *Sirinus.* Go grete hym weſſ, thou messyngere,
say hym I com, and that' right nere,
 Behynd' the not a myle. 138
 (24)
- Lyghtfoot
returns to
the Em-
peror, *Nuncius.* Aſſ redy, lord, at' youre byddyng. [*To Cesar.*]
Mahowne the menske, my lord kyng,
 And save the by see and sand. 141
 Imperator. Welcom), bewshere, say what' tythyng,
Do teſſ me tyte, for any thyng,
 What' herd thou in my land ? 144
 (25)
- and an-
nounces the
approach of
Sirinus. *Nuncius.* I herd' no thyng, lord, bot goode ;
Syr syryn, that' I after yode,
 he wyſſ be here this nyght. 147
 Imperator. I thank the by mahownes bloode ;
Thise tythyngys mekyſſ amendys my mode ;
 Go rest, thou worthy wyght. 150

(26)

Sirinus. Mahowne so semely on) to caH,
he saue the, lord of lordis aH,
Syttyng *with* thi meneye.

Sirinus and
the Emperor
greet each
other.

153

Imperator. Welcom, *sir* syryne, to this haH,
Besyde my self here sytt thou shaH,
Com) vp belyf to me.

156

(27)

Sirinus. yis, lord, I am at youre talent.

Imperator. Wherfor, *sir*, I after the sent,
I shaH the say full right;
And therfor take to me intent,
I am in poynt for to be shent.

The Em-
peror tells
Sirinus of
his danger;
[Fol. 27, b.]

159

Sirinus. how so, for mahownes myght?

162

(28)

Imperator. syr, I am done to vnderstand,
That a qweyn here, in this land,
shaH bere a chyld I wene,
That shaH be crowned kyng lyfand,
And aH shaH bow vnto his hand;
Thise tythyngys doth me teyne.

how a quean
shall bear a
child who
shall become
king.

165

168

(29)

he shaH commaunde both ying and old,
None be so hardy ne so bold
To gyf seruyce to me;
Then wold my hart be cold
If sich a beggere shold
My kyngdom thus reyf me;

No one will
then give
service to
himself.

171

174

(30)

And therfor, *sir*, I wold the pray,
Thy best counseH thou wold me say,
To do what I an) best;
ffor securly, if that I may,
If he be fonden I shaH hym slay,
Aythere by eest or west.

He asks
counsel from
Sirinus.

177

180

(31)

Syrinus. Now wote ye, lord, what that I reede;
I counseH you, as ete I brede,

Sirinus bids
the Emperor
seek out the
boy & kill
him,

what best therof may be ; 183
Gar serche youre land in euery stede,
And byd that boy be done to dede,
who the fyrst may lym see ; 186

(32)

and com-
mand every
man to
come to
him, bring-
ing a head-
penny,

And also I rede that ye gar cry,
To fleme wyth aH that belamy,
That shuld be kyng with crowne ; 189
Byd yeh man com to you holly,
And bryng to you a heede penny,
That dwellys in towere or towne ; 192

(33)

on the third
day. Thus
they will
all pay him
homage.

That this be done by the thyrde day,
Then may none of his freyndys say,
Bot he has mayde homage. 195

If ye do thus, *sir*, permafay,
youre worship shaft ye wyn for ay,
If thay make you trowage. 198

(34)

The Em-
peror agrees,
& rewards
him.

Imperator. I thank you, *sir*, as myght I the,
ffor thyse tythyngys that thou tellys me,
Thy counseH shaft awayH ; 201

lord and syre of this cowntre,
wythouten ende here make I the,
ffor thy good counseH ; 204

(35)

He sends
out his
messenger

My messyngere, loke thou be bowne,
And weynd belyf from towne to towne,
And be my nobyH swane ; 207

I pray the, as thou luffys mahowne,
And also for thy waryson,
That thou com tytt agane. 210

(36)

[Fol. 28, a.
Sig. ff. 2.]
to command
the folk to
own none
but him as
their lord.

Commaunde the folk holly ichon,
Ryche ne poore forgett thou none,
To hold holly on me, 213

And lowtt me as thare lord alone ;
And who wyH not thay shaft be slone,
This brand thare bayH shal be. 216

(37)

Therfor thou byd both old and ying,
That ich man know me for his kyng,
 ffor drede that I thaym spyH,
That I am lord, and in tokynyng,
Byd ich man a penny bryng,
 And make homage me tyH.

Old and
young must
bring their
penny and
do homage.
219

(38)

To my statutys who wyH not stand,
ffast' for to fle outt of my land,
 Byd thaym, *withouten* lyte ;
Now by mahowne, god aH weldand,
Thou shaH be mayde knyght *with* my hand,
 And therfor hye the tyte.

Whoso will
not keep his
statutes
must flee
from his
land.
He promises
the messen-
ger knight-
hood.
225
228

(39)

Nuncius. AH redy, lord, it' shaH be done ;
Bot' I wote weH I com' not sone,
 And therfor be not' wroth ;
I swere you, *sir*, by son and moyne,
I com' not' here by fore eft' none,
 wheder ye be leyfe or loth ;

The messen-
ger says he
cannot be
back soon,
231

(40)

Bot' hafe good day, now wyH I weynd,
ffor longer here may I not' leynd,
 Bot' grathe me furth my gate.

and starts
off.

Imperator. Mahowne that' is curtes and heynd,
he bryng thi Iornay weH to eynd,
 And wyssh the that' aH wate.

237
The Em-
peror bids
Mahound
speed him.

240

Explicit Cesar Augustus.

(X.)

Incipit Annunciatio.

[38 couplets aa ; 49½ six-line stanzas aab ccb.]

[Dramatis Personae.

Deus. Gabriel. Maria. Joseph. Angelus.]

(1)

God recalls
the creation
of Adam and
his fall.

Deus. Sythen I haue mayde aH thyng of noght,
And Adam with my handis hath wrought,
Lyke to myn ymage, att my devyse,
And gyffen hym loy in paradyse, 4
To won therin, as that I wend,
To that he dyd that I defend ;

[Fol. 28, b.]

Then I hym put out of that place,
Bot yit, I myn, I hight hym grace 8
OyH of mercy I can hym heyt,

The time is
come to
redeem him
from his
pain,

And tyme also his bayH to beytt.
ffor he has boght his syn full sore,
Thise fyfe ¹ thowsand yeris and more, 12
ffyrst in erthe and sythen in heH ;
Bot long therin shaH he not dwell.
Outt of payn he shaH be boght,
I wyH not tyne that I haue wrought. 16

for Adam
was beguiled
by the Ser-
pent & Eve.

I wyH make redempcyon,
As I hyght for my person,
AH wyth reson and with right,
Both thugh mercy and thugh myght. 20

he shaH not, therfor, ay be spylt,
ffor he was wrangwysly begylt ;
he shaH out of preson pas,
ffor that he begyled was 24

God's Son
shall take
on Him
manhood.

Thugh the edder, and his wyfe ;
Thay gart hym towch the tree of lyfe,
And ete the frute that I forbed,
And he was dampned for that dede. 28
Ryghtwysnes wyH we make ;
I wyH that my son manhede take,

¹ MS. v.

ffor reson wyth that ther be thre, A man, a madyn, and a tre :	32	There must be man for man, maid for maid, tree for tree.
Man for man, tre for tre, Madyne for madyn ; thus shal it be. My son shaft in a madyn light, Agans the feynd of heft to fight ;	36	
wythouten wem), os son through glas, And she madyn as she was. Both god and man shaft he be, And she moder and madyn fre.	40	
To abraham I am in dett To safe hym and his gett ; And I wyth that all prophecy Be fulfyllid here by me ;	44	Abraham & his seed must be saved, and all prophecy fulfilled.
ffor I am lord and lech of heyle, My prophetys shaft be funden leyle ; As moyses sayd, and Isay, Kyng dauid, and Ieromy,	48	
Abacuk, and danieft, Sybyft sage, that sayde ay weft, And myne othere prophetis all, As thay haue [said] it shaft befall. ¹	52	
Ryse vp, gabrieft, and weynd vnto a madyn that is heynd, To nazareth in galilee, Ther she dwellys in that cytee.	56	God bids Gabriel go to the Virgin Mary, spouse of Joseph,
To that vyrgyn and to that spouse, To a man of dauid house, Ioseph also he is namyd by, And the madyn name mary.	60	
Angeft must to mary go, ffor the feynd was cue fo ; he was foule and layth to syght, And thou art angeft fayr and bright ;	64	(a good angel to Mary, as a bad angel to Eve)
And hayls that madyn, my lemman, As heyndly as thou can. Of my behalf thou shaft hyr grete, I haue hyr chosen, that madyn swete,	68	and hail her.

¹ The word "said" has been inserted in the MS. by a later hand.

God has
chosen Mary
to conceive
his darling.

She shaH conceyf my derlyng,
ThruGH thy word and hyr heryng.
In hyr body wyH I lyght,
That' is to me clenly dyght'; 72
She shaH of hyr body bere
God and man wythouten) dere.

[Fol. 29, a.
Sig. ff. 3.]

She shaH be blyssyd wythouten ende;
Grayth the gabrieH, and weynd. 76

(2) [Gabriel goes to Mary.]

Gabriel hails
Mary, queen
of virgins.

GabrieH. hayH, mary, gracyouse!
hayH, madyn and godis spouse!
Vnto the I lowte; 79

Of aH vyrgyns thou art' qwene,
That euer' was, or shaH be seyn,
wythouten dowte. 82

(3)

The Lord of
heaven is
with her.

hayH, mary, and weH thou be!
My lord of heuen is wyth the,
wythouten end; 85

hayH, woman most of mede!
Goodly lady, haue thou no drede,
That' I commend; 88

(4)

She shall
conceive a
child of
might.

ffor thou has fonden aH thyn oone,
The grace of god, that' was out gone,
ffor adam plyght. 91

This is the grace that the betydys,
Thou shaH conceyue within thi sydys
A chyld of myght. 94

(5)

He shall be
called Jesus.

When he is comen, that thi son,
he shaH take cyrcumsycyon,
CaH hym ihesum. 97

MightfuH man shaH be he that,
And godys son shaH he hat,
By his day com. 100

(6)

My lord also shaH gyf hym tyH
hys fader sete, dauid, at wyH,

- Therin to sytt : 103 He shall be
 he shaH be kyng in Iacob kyn,
 hys kyngdom shaH neuer blyn,
 lady, weH thou wytt. 106
 (7)
- Maria.* What is thi name ?
Gabriel. gabrieH ;
 godys strengthe and his angeH,
 That comys to the. 109
Maria. fferly gretying thou me gretys ;
 A child to bere thou me hetys,
 how shuld it be ? 112
 (8)
- I cam neuer by man's syde,
 Bot has avowed my madynhede,
 ffrom fleshly gett. 115
 Therfor I wote not how
 That this be brokyn, as a vow
 That I haue hett ; 118
 (9)
- Neuer the les, weH I wote,
 To wyrk thi word and hold thi hote
 MightfuH god is ; 121
 Bot I ne wote of what manere,
 Therfor I pray the, messyngere,
 That thou me wysH. 124
 (10)
- GabrieH.* lady, this is the preuate ;
 The holy gost shaH light in the,
 And his vertue, 127
 he shaH vmshade and fulfyH
 That thi madynhede shaH neuer spyH,
 Bot ay be new. 130
 (11)
- The child that thou shaH bere, madame,
 ShaH godys son be callid by name ;
 And so, mary, 133
 Elesabeth, thi Cosyn, that is cald geld,
 She has conceyffed a son in elde,
 Of zacary ; 136

Mary asks
Gabriel's
name.

How can all
this be ?

She is a
vowed
virgin.

But God is
mighty to
fulfill
Gabriel's
word.

Gabriel says
the Holy
Ghost shall
light in her.

[Fol. 29, b.]

The child
she shall
bear shall be
God's Son.
Her cousin
Elizabeth
also has
conceived
a son.

(12)

And this is, who wyth late,
The sext moneth of hyr conceytate,
That geld is cald. 139

Nothing is
impossible
with God.

No word, lady, that I the bryng,
Is vnmyghtful to heuen kyng,
Bot all shaft hald. 142

(13)

Mary praises
God, &
believes the
angel's
message.

Maria. I lofe my lord all weldand,
I am his madyn at his hand,
And in his wold; 145

I trow bodword that thou me bryng,
Be done to me in all thyng,
As thou has told. 148

(14)

Gabriel
takes leave
of Mary.

Gabriel. Mary, madyn heynd,
me behovys to weynd,
my leyf at the I take. 151

Maria. ffar to my freynd,
Who the can send,
ffor mankynde sake. 154

[*Gabriel retires; Joseph advances.*]

(15)

Joseph
marvels at
the con-
dition in
which he
finds his
wife.

Ioseph. All-myghty god, what may this be!
Of mary my wyfe meruels me,
Alas, what has she wrought? 157

A, hyr body is grete and she with childe!
ffor me was she neuer fylyd,
Therfor myin is it noght. 160

(16)

He bemoans
himself that
ever he
married one
so young.

I irke full sore with my lyfe,
That euer I wed so yong a wyfe,
That bargan may I ban; 163

To me it was a carefull dede,
I myght weith wyt that yowthede
wold haue lykyng of man. 166

(17)

I am old, sothly to say,
passed I am all preuay play,

- The gams fro me ar gane. 169
 It is ih cowplek of youth and elde ;
 I wote weh, for I am vnwelde,
 som othere has she tane. 172
 (18)
- she is *with* chyld, I wote neuer how,
 Now, who wold any woman trow ?
 Certys, no man that can any goode ; 175
 I wote not in the warld what I shuld do,
 Bot now then wyh I weynd hyr to,
 And wytt who owe that foode. 178
 (19)
- hayh, mary, and weh ye be !
 why, bot woman, what chere *with* the ?
Maria. The better, *sir*, for you. 181
Ioseph. So wold I, woman, that ye wore ;
 Bot certys, mary, I rew fuh sore
 It standys so *with* the now. 184
 (20)
- Bot of a thyng frayn the I shaft,
 who owe this child thou gose *with* ah ?
Maria. Syr, ye, and god of heuen). 187
Ioseph. Myne, mary ? do way thi dyn ;
 That I shuld oght haue parte therin
 Thou nedys it not to neuen ; 190
 (21)
- wherto neuyns thou me therto ?
 I had neuer *with* the to do,
 how shuld it then be myne ? 193
 whos is that chyld, so god the spede ?
Maria. Syr, godys and yowrs, *with* outen drede.
Ioseph. That word had thou to tyne, 196
 (22)
- ffor it is right fuh far me fro,
 And I forthynkys thou has done so
 Thise ih dedys bedene ; 199
 And if thou speke thi self to spyh,
 It is fuh sore agans my wyh,
 If better myght haue bene. 202

It is ill to
wed youth
with age.

Joseph
determines
to go to
Mary &
question her.

He greets
her,

[Fol. 30, a.
Sig. ff. 4.]

& asks
whose is
the child ?
She replies
his & the
God of
heaven's.
Joseph
denies any
part therein.

Mary repeats
it is God's
& his,

Joseph has
still mis-
givings.

(23)

Mary denies
knowledge
of any other
man.

Maria. At godys wyH, Ioseph, must it be,
ffor certainly bot god and ye

I know none other man; 205

ffor fleshly was I neuer fylyd.

Ioseph. how shuld thou thus then be *with* chyld?

Excuse the weH thou can; 208

(24)

Joseph does
not blame
her; it is but
the way of
women.

I blame the not, so god me saue,
woman maners if that thou haue,

Bot certys I say the this, 211

weH wote thou, and so do I,

Thi body fames the openly,

That thou has done amys. 214

(25)

Maria. yee, god he knowys aH my doying.

He knows
not what to
do.

Ioseph. we! now, this is a wonder thyng,

I can nocht say therto; 217

Bot in my hart I haue greatt care,

And ay the longer mare and mare;

ffor doyh what shaH I do? 220

(26)

He will not
father the
child, &
thinks of
leaving his
wife.

Godys and myn she says it is;

I wyH not fader it, she says amys;

ffor shame yit shuld she let, 223

To excuse hir velany by me;

with hir I thynk no longer be,

I rew that euer we met. 226

(27)

He describes
the origin
of their
betrothal.

And how we met ye shaH wyt sone;

Men vse yong chyldren for to done

In temple for to lere; 229

Soo dyd thay hir, to she wex more

Then other madyns wyse of lore;

then byshopes sayd to hir, 232

(28)

“ Mary, the behowfys to take

Som yong man to be thi make,

- As thou seys other hanc,
 In the temple which thou wyth neuend;”
 And she sayd, none, bot god of heuen,
 To hym she had hir tane;
 (29)
- She wold none othere for any sagh;
 Thay sayd she must, it was the lagh,
 She was of age thertith.
 To the temple thay somond old and ying,
 Aȝ of Iuda ofspryng,
 The law for to fulfilh.
 (30)
- Thay gaf ich man a white wand,
 And bad vs bere them in oure hande,
 To offre *with* good intent;
 Thay offerd thare yerdys vp in that tyde,
 ffor I was old I stode be syde,
 I wyst not what thay ment;
 (31)
- Thay lakyd oone, thay sayde in hy,
 Aȝ had offerd, thay sayd, bot I,
 ffor I ay *wit/drogħ* me.
 ffurth *with* my wande thay mayd me com,
 In my hand it floryshed *with* blome;
 Then sayde thay aȝ to me,
 (32)
- “ If thou be old merueȝ not the,
 ffor god of heuen thus ordans he,
 Thi wand shewys openly;
 It florishes so, *wit/outen* nay,
 That the behovys wed mary the may;”
 A sory man then was I;
 (33)
- I was fuȝ sory in my thoght,
 I sayde for old I myght nought
 hir haue neuer the wheder;
 I was vnlykely to hir so yong,
 Thay sayde ther helpyd none excusyng,
 And wed vs thus togeder.
- 235 Mary, when pressed to take a young man for her husband, dedicated herself to God.
- 238
- 241 [Fol. 30, b.] She was urged again, & old & young were summoned to the temple.
- 244
- 247 Each man was given a white wand & told to offer it. Joseph stood aside & made no offering because he was old.
- 250
- 253
- 256 He was made to come forth, & his wand blossomed in his hand.
- 259 This showed clearly that he was to marry Mary.
- 262
- 265 He was sad, but no excuses helped him, & they were married.
- 268

(34)

After the
wedding the
maidens,
kings'
daughters,
worked
silks; Mary
alone
wrought
purple.

when I aH thus had wed hir thare,
we and my madyns home can fare,

That' kyngys doghters were ;

271

AH wroght thay sylk to fynd them on,

Marie wroght' purpyH, the oder none

bot' othere colers sere.

274

(35)

Joseph went
into the
country to
work.

I left' thaym in good peasse wenyd I,

Into the contre I went' on hy,

My craft' to vse *with* mayn ;

277

To gett' oure lyfyng I must' nede,

On marie I prayd them take good hede,

To that I cam agane.

280

(36)

After nine
months he
returns &
finds her
with child.
The women
say an angel
visited her,

Neyn ¹ monethes was I fro that myldt ;

when I cam home she was *with* chyldt ;

Alas, I sayd, for shame !

283

I askyd ther women who that had done,

And thay me sayde an angeH sone,

syn that I went from hame ;

286

(37)

An angeH spake *with* that wyght',

And no man els, bi day nor nyght,

"sir, therof be ye boldt."

289

giving this
excuse for
her folly.

Thay excusyd hir thus sothly,

To make hir clene of hir foly,

And babyshedt me that was oldt.

292

(38)

[Fol. 31, a.]

Shuld' an angeH this dede haue wroght ?

Sich excusyng helpys nocht,

ffor no craft that thay can ;

295

It must have
been some
carthly man.

A heuenly thyng, for sothe, is he,

And she is erthly ; this may not be,

It' is som othere man.

298

(39)

Certys, I forthynk sore of hir dede,

Bot it is long of yowth-hede,

¹ MS. ix.

- AH sich wanton playes ;
 ffor yong women wyth nedys play them
 with yong men, if old forsake them,
 Thus it is sene always.
 (40) 301 Young women will needs play with young men.
- Bot' marie and I playd neuer so sam,
 Neuer togeder we vsid that gam,
 I cam hir neuer so nere ;¹
 (41) 304
- she is as clene as cristaH clyfe
 ffor me, and shalbe whyls I lyf,
 The law wyth it be so.
 And then am I cause of hir dede,
 ffor thi then can I now no rede,
 Alas, what I am wo !
 (42) 310 She is clean as crystal for him, and shall be so while he lives.
- And sothly, if it so befaH,
 Godys son that she be with aH,
 If sich grace myght betyde,
 I wote weH that I am not he,
 which that is worthi to be
 That blyssed body besyde,
 (43) 313
- Nor yit to be in company ;
 To wyldernes I wiH for thi
 Enfors me for to fare ;
 And neuer longer with hir dele,
 Bot' stylylly shaft I from hir stele,
 That mete shaft we no mare.
 (44) 316 If it be God's Son she has for her child, then Joseph is not worthy to lie beside her.
- Nor yit to be in company ;
 To wyldernes I wiH for thi
 Enfors me for to fare ;
 And neuer longer with hir dele,
 Bot' stylylly shaft I from hir stele,
 That mete shaft we no mare.
 (44) 319 He will steal away to the wilderness so that they meet no more.
- Angelus.* Do wa, Ioseph, and mend thy thoght,
 I warne the weH, and weynd thou noght,
 To wyldernes so wyld ;
 Turne home to thi spouse agane,
 look thou deme in hir no trane,
 ffor she was neuer ffylde.
 (45) 325
- wyte thou no wyrkyng of Werkys wast,
 She hase consauyd the holy gast,
 (45) 328 An Angel warns him to mend his thoughts and return to his wife.
- wyte thou no wyrkyng of Werkys wast,
 She hase consauyd the holy gast,
 (45) 331

¹ Is half a stanza of the original left out ?

Mary is with
child of the
Holy Ghost.

And she shaH bere godys son) ; 334
ffor thy *with* hir, in thi degre,
Meke and buxom) looke thou be,
And *with* hir dweH and won. 337

(46)

Joseph
praises God
for entrust-
ing him with
the care of
the young
Child.

Ioseph. A, lord, I lofe the aH alon,
That vowches safe that I be oone 340
To tent' that' chyld so ying ;
I that' thus haue vngrathly gone,
And vntruly taken apon
Mary, that' dere darlyng. 343

(47)

He grieves
for his sus-
picions, &
goes to ask
Mary's
forgiveness.
[Fol. 31, b.]

I rewe full'sore that' I haue sayde,
And of hir byrdyng hir vpbrade, 346
And she not gylty is ;
ffor thy to hir now WyH I weynde,
And pray hir for to be my freynde,
And aske hir forgyfnes. 349

(48)

A, mary, wyfe, what' chere ?
Maria. The better, *sir*, that' ye ar here ;
Thus long' where haue ye lent ? 352
Ioseph. *Certys*, walkyd aboute, lyke a fon,
That' wrangwysly hase taken apon ;
I wyst' neuer What' I ment ; 355

(49)

Joseph says
he has
sinned
against God
& her, and
asks forgive-
ness. She
forgives him
freely.

Bot' I wote weH, my lemman fre,
I haue trespass' to god and the ;
fforgyf me, I the pray. 358
Maria. Now aH that euer ye sayde me to,
God forgyf you, and I do,
With aH the myght' I may. 361

(50)

He thanks
her. A man
may be well
content with
a meek wife,
though she
have no
goods.

Ioseph. Gramercy, mary, thi good wyH
So kyndly forgyfys that' I sayde yH,
When I can the vpbrade ; 364
Bot' weH is hym hase sich a fode,
A, meke wyf, *withou*ten goode,
he may weH hold' hym payde. 367

(51)

A, what I am light as lynde!
 he that may both lowse and bynde,
 And euery mys amend,
 leyn me grace, powere, and myght,
 My wyfe and hir swete yong' wight'
 To kepe, to my lyfys ende.

Joseph is
 light of
 heart. He
 prays God
 help him
 keep wife
 and child.

370

373

Explicit Annunciatio beate Marie.

(XI.)

Incipit Salutacio Elezabeth.

[15 six-line stanzas, aab, ccb.]

[*Dramatis Personae.*

Maria. *Elezabeth.*]

Maria. (1)

My lord of heuen, that syttys he,
 And aH thyng seys with ee,
 The safe, Elezabeth. 3
Elezabeth. Welcom, mary, blyssed blome,
 IoyfuH am I of thi com
 To me, from nazareth. 6

Mary salutes
 Elizabeth.

(2)

Maria. how standys it with you, dame, of qwart?
Elezabeth. weH, my doghter and dere hart,
 As can for myn elde. 9

Maria. To speke with you me thoght' fuH lang,
 ffor ye with childe in elde gang,
 And ye be cald' geld'. 12

She has long
 desired to
 speak with
 her.

(3)

Elezabeth. ffuH lang shaH I the better be,
 That I may speke my fyH with the,
 My dere kyns Woman; 15
 To wytt how thi freyndys fare,
 In thi countre where thay ar,
 Therof teH me thou can, 18

Elizabeth is
 glad to hear
 about her
 friends.

(4)

[Fol. 32, a.] And how thou farys, my dere derlyng.

Maria. WeH, dame, gramercy youre askyng,
ffor good I wote ye spyr. 21

Elizabeth
asks after
Mary's
father and
mother.

Elezabeth. And Ioachym, thy fader, at hame,
And anna, my nese, and thi dame,
how standys it *with* hym and hir? 24

(5)

Mary says
they are both
well, &
thanks her.

Maria. Dame, yit' ar thay both on lyfe,
Both ioachym and anna his wyfe. 27
Elezabeth. Els were my hart' full sore.

Maria. Dame, god that aH may,
yeld' you that' ye say,
And' blys you therfore. 30

(6)

Elizabeth
hails Mary
as the
mother of
her Lord.

Elezabeth. Blyssed be thou of aH women,
And the fruyte that' I weH ken,
Within the wombe of the; 33

And this tyme may I blys,
That' my lordys moder is
Comen thus vnto me. 36

(7)

The child in
her own
body makes
joy.

ffor syn that' tyme full weH I wote,
The stevyn of angeH voce it' smote,
And rang now in myñ ere; 39

A selcouth thyng is me betyde,
The chyld makys Ioy, as any byrd,¹
That' I in body bere. 42

(8)

She com-
mends Mary
for believing
the word of
the Lord.

And als, mary, blyssed be thou,
That' stedfastly wold' trow,
The wordys of oure heven kyng; 45

Therfor aH thyng now shaft be kend,
That' vnto the were sayd or send,
By the angeH gretyng. 48

(9)

Maria. Magnificat' anima mea dominum;
My sauH lufys my lord abuf,
And my gost' gladys *with* luf,

¹ The rhyme requires *bryd*.

In god, that is my hele ; ffor he has bene sene agane, The buxumnes of his bane, And kept me madyn lele.	51 54	Mary praises God in the <i>Magnificat.</i>
(10)		
Lo, therof what me shaH betyde— AH nacyons on euery syde, Blyssyd shaH me caH ; ffor he that is fuH of myght, MekyH thyng to me has dyght, his name be blyssed ouer aH ;	57 60	All nations shall call her blessed.
(11)		
And his mercy is also ffrom kynde to kynde, tyH aH tho That ar hym dredand. Myght in his armes he wrought, And dystroed in his thoght, Prowde men and hygH berand.	63 66	God's mercy is on them that dread Him.
(12)		
Myghty men furth of sete he dyd, And he hygtynd in that stede The meke men of hart ; The hungre With aH good he fyld, And left the rich outt shyld, Thaym to Vnquart.	69 72	He hath upraised the meek. [Fol. 32, b.]
(13)		
IsraeH has vnder law, his awne son in his awe, By menys of his mercy ; As he told before by name, To oure fader, abraham, And seyde of his body.	75 78	He fulfilis His promise to Abraham.
(14)		
Elezabeth, myn awnt dere, My lefe I take at you here, ffor I dweH now fuH lang. <i>Elezabeth.</i> wyH thou now go, godys fere ? Com kys me, doghter, with good chere, or thou hens gang ;	81 84	Mary takes leave of Elizabeth.

(15)

Elizabeth
bids Mary
farewell &
sends greet-
ing to her
kinsfolk.

ffareweH now, thou frely foode!
I pray the be of comfortH goode,
ffor thou art' full of grace; 87
Grete weH aH oure kyn of bloode;
That lord, that the with grace infude,
he saue aH in this place. 90

Explicit Salutacio Elezabeth.

(XII.)

Incipit Pagina pastorum.

[54 nine-line stanzas, aaaab cccb, and 1 seven-line (no. 15), aab cccb.
The aaaa lines have central rymes markt by bars.]

[*Dramatis Personae.*

<i>Primus Pastor.</i>		<i>Iak Garcio.</i>		<i>Ihesus.</i>
<i>Secundus Pastor.</i>		<i>Angelus.</i>		<i>Maria.]</i>
<i>Tercius Pastor.</i>				

Primus Pastor. (1)

The 1st
shepherd
envies the
dead who are
now exempt
from
vicissitudes.

LOrd, what' thay ar weyH / that hens ar past!
ffor thay noght' feyH / theym to downe cast.
here is mekyH vnceyH / and long has it' last',
Now in hart', now in heyH / now in weytt', now
in blast',
Now in care, 5
Now in comforth agane,
Now is fayre, now is rane,
Now in hart' full fane,
And after full sare. 9

(2)

[Fol. 33, a.]
In this world
sorrow
comes after
play.

Thus this Warld', as I say / farys on ylk syde,
ffor after oure play / com sorows vnryde;
ffor he that' most' may / When he syttys in pryde,
When it' comys on assay / is kesten downe wyde,

This is seyn ;
 When ryches is he,
 Then comys pouerte,
 hors-man Iak cope
 Walkys then, I weyn.

14 After riches
 comes
 poverty, &
 Jack Cope
 must walk
 instead of
 riding.

18

(3)

I thank it' god / hark ye what I mene,
 ffor euen or for od / I haue mekyH tene ;
 As heuy as a sod / I grete with myn eene,
 When I nap on my cod / for care that' has bene,
 And sorow.

He himself
 has much
 trouble.

23

AH my shepe ar gone,
 I am not' left oone,
 The rott has theym slone ;
 Now beg I and borow.

His sheep
 are slain
 with the rot
 & he must
 beg.

27

(4)

My handys may I wryng / and mowrnyng make,
 Bot' if good wiH spryng / the countre forsake ;
 ffermes thyk ar comyng / my purs is bot' wake,
 I haue nerehand nothyng' / to pay nor to take ;
 I may syng'

Rents are
 due & his
 purse is
 weak.

32

With purs penneles,
 That' makys this heuynes,
 Wo is me this dystres !
 And has no helpyng.

36

(5)

Thus sett' I my mynde / truly to neuen),
 By my wytt to fynde / to cast' the world in seuen) ;
 My shepe haue I tynde / by the moren fuH euen) ;
 Now if hap wiH grynde / god from his heuen)
 Send grace.

He has lost
 his sheep &
 must go to
 the fair to
 buy more.

41

To the fare wiH I me,
 To by shepe, perde,
 And yit' may I multiplye,
 ffor aH this hard case.

45

(6)

Secundus pastor. Benste, benste¹ / be vs emang,
 And saue aH that' I se / here in this thrang,

¹ Benedicite, benedicite !

The 2nd
shepherd
comes in
with a
benison.

he saue you and me / ouertwhart' and endlang,
That' hang on a tre / I say you no wrang ;

Cryst saue vs

50

ffrom aH myschefys,
ffrom robbers and thefys,
ffrom those mens greffys,

That' oft' ar agans vs.

54

(7)

[Fol. 93, b.]
God keep
us from
boasters and
braggers &
their
weapons.
They will
bear no
gainsaying.

Both bosters and braggers / god kepe vs fro,
That *with* thare long daggers / dos mekyH wo ;
ffrom aH byH hagers / *with* colknyffys that go ;
Sich wryers and wragers / gose to and fro
ffor to crak.

59

Who so says hym agane,
were better be slane ;
Both ploghe and wane

Amendys wiH not make.

63

(8)

These
fellows are
as proud as
lords, with a
fine head of
hair and
grim
bearing.

he wiH make it' as prowde / a lord as he were,
With a hede lyke a clowde / ffelterd his here ;
he spekys on lowde / *with* a grym bere,
I wold not haue trowde / so galy in gere
As he glydys.

68

I wote not' the better,
Nor wheder is gretter,
The lad or the master,

So stowtly he strydys.

72

(9)

They will
have what
they want.

If he hask me oght / that' he wold' to his pay,
ffuH dere bese it' boght / if I say nay ;
Bot' god that' aH wrought' / to the now I say,
help that' thay were broght / to a better way
ffor thare sawlys ;

77

May God
mend them
and end
them.

And send theym good mendyng
With a short' endyng,
And *with* the to be lendyng
When that' thou callys.

81

(10)

He calls out
" Good
morning,
Gyb," to
the 1st
shepherd.

how, gyb, goode morne / wheder goys thou ?
Thou goys ouer the corne / gyb, I say, how !

The two
shepherds
call out con-
tradictory
orders to the
imaginary
sheep.

ijus pastor. I say, tyr!

113

primus pastor. I say, tyr, now agane!
I say skyp ouer the plane.

ijus pastor. wold' thou neuer so fane,
Tup, I say, whyr!

117

(14)

primus pastor. What', wyH thou not' yit / I say, let the
shepe go?

Whop!

Secundus pastor. abyde yit. /

Gyb
threatens
to break
Horne's
head.

primus pastor. WiH thou bot' so?
knafe, hens I byd flytt / as good that' thou do,
Or I shaH the hytt / on thi pate, lo,
shaH thou reyH;

122

I say, gyf the shepe space.

ijus pastor. Syr, a letter of youre grace,
here comys slaw-pase
ffro the myln whele.

126

(15)

The 3rd
shepherd,
Slow-pace,
arrives &
asks what is
wrong.
Gyb says
Horne won't
let him drive
his sheep
this way.

Tercius pastor. What a do, what' a do / is this you
betweyn?

A good day, thou, and thou. /

primus pastor. hark what I meyn

You to say :

129

I was bowne to by store,
drofe my shepe me before,
he says not' oone hore

shaH pas by this way;

133

(16)

Slow-pace
asks where
the sheep
are, and
chaffs him.

Bot and hewere wood / this way shaH thay go.

ijus pastor. yey, bot' teH me, good / where ar youre
shepe, lo?

ijus pastor. Now, *sir*, by my hode / yit' se I no mo,
Not' syn I here stode. /

ijus pastor. god gyf you wo
and sorow!

138

ye fysz before the nett,
And stryfe on this bett,
sich folys neuer I mett

Evyn or at' morow.

142

(17)

It is wonder to wyt / where wytt' shuld' be fownde ;
 here ar old' knafys yit / standys on this grownde,
 these wold' by thare wytt / make a shyp be drownde ;
 he were weft' qwytt / had sold' for a pownde

Here are
two old
knaves not
worth a
pound
between
them,

sich two.

147

thay fyght' and thay flyte
 ffor that' at' comys not tyte ;

fighting for
nothing.

It is far to byd hyte

To an eg or it' go.

151

(18)

Tytter want' ye sowH / then sorow I pray ;
 Ye brayde of mowH / that' went' by the way—
 Many shepe can she poH / bot' oone had she ay—
 Bot' she happynyd fuH fowH / hyr pycher, I say,
 Was broken) ;

[Fol. 34, b.]
They are
like Moll
who, while
counting up
many sheep,
broke her
pitcher, and
had but one
sheep all the
time.

156

“ho, god,” she sayde,

bot' oone shepe yit she hade,

The mylk pycher was layde,

The skarthis was the tokyn.

160

(19)

Bot' syn ye ar bare / of wysdom to knawe,¹
 Take hede how I fare / and lere at' my lawe ;
 ye nede not' to care / if ye folow my sawe ;
 hold' ye my mare / this sek thou thrawe

¹ MS. knowe.

He makes
them hold
his mare
while he
shakes his
sack empty,

On my bak,

165

Whylst' I, *with* my hand,

lawse the sek band ;

Com nar and' by stand

Both gyg and Iak ;

169

(20)

Is not' aH shakyn owte / and no meyh is therin ?

primus pastor. yey, that' is no dowte. /

Tercius pastor.

so is youre wyttys thyn.

and then
compares it
to their thin
wits.

And ye look weft' abowte / nawther more nor myn,

So gose youre wyttys owte / evyn as It com In :

Geder vp

174

And seke it' agane.

ijus pastor. May we not be fane !

he has told vs fuH plane

Wysdom to sup.

178

(21)

Jack the boy
comes in.
Save the
men of
Gotham he
thinks they
bear the bell
of all fools
from heaven
unto hell.

Iak garcio. Now god gyf you care / foles aH sam ;
Sagh I neuer none so fare / bot' the foles of gotham.
Wo is hir that' yow bare / youre syre and youre dam,
had she broght' furth an hare / a shepe, or a lam,
had bene weH.

183

Of aH the foles I can teH,
ffrom heuen vnto heH,
ye thre bere the beH ;
God gyf you vnceyH.

187

(22)

Gyb asks
after his
sheep and
then pro-
poses to sit
down &
drink.

primus pastor. how pastures oure fee / say me, good pen.
Garcio. Thay ar gryssed to the kne. /
ijus pastor. fare fath the !
Garcio. Amen !

If ye wiH ye may se / youre bestes ye ken.

primus pastor. Sytt we downe aH thre / and drynk
shaH we then.

Horne asks,
"What is
drink with-
out meat?"

ijus pastor. yey, torde !
I am leuer ete ;
what' is drynk withoute mete ?
Gett' mete, gett',
And sett vs a borde,

192

196

(23)

and wants
dinner.

Then may we go dyne / oure bellys to fyH.

ijus pastor. Abyde vnto syne. /

ijus pastor. be god, sir, I nyH !

I am worthy the wyne / me thynk it' good skyH ;

[Fol. 95, a.
Sig. G. 1.]

My seruyse I tyne / I fare fuH yH,

At' youre mangere.

201

primus pastor. Trus ! go we to mete.

It' is best' that we trete,

I lyst' not' to plete

To stand in thi dangere ;

205

(24)

Thou has euer bene curst / syn we met togeder.¹

ijus pastor. Now in fayth, if I durst / ye ar euen my
broder.

¹ Note the rymes of *-eder, -oder.*

ijus pastor. Syrs, let vs cryb furst / for oone thyng or
oder,

That thise wordis be purst / and let vs go foder

Oure mompyns ;
lay furth of oure store,
lo, here ! browne of a bore.

210 Horne pro-
duces a
Loar's
brawn ;

primus pastor. Set mustard afore,
oure mete now begyns ;

214

(25)

here a foote of a cowe / weH sawsed, I wene,
The pesteh of a sowe / that powderd has bene,
Two blodyngis, I trow / A leueryng betwene ;
Do gladly, syrs, now / my breder hedene,

Gyb, a cow's
foot, a sow's
shank, blood
puddings,
&c.

With more.

219

Both befe, and moton
Of an ewe that was roton,
Good mete for a gloton ;

Ete of this store.

223

(26)

ijus pastor. I haue here in my mayH / sothen and rost,
Euen of an ox tayH / that wold not be lost ;
ha, ha, goderhayH ! / I let for no cost,
A good py or we fayH / this is good for the frost

Horne has
in his bag
an ox tail,
a pie, two
swine's jaws
& part of a
hare.

In a mornyng ;

228

And two swyne gronys,
AH a hare bot the lonys,
we myster no sponys

here, at oure mangyng.

232

(27)

ijus pastor. here is to recorde / the leg of a goys,
with chekyns endorde / pork, partryk, to roys ;
A tart for a lorde / how thynk ye this doys ?
A calf lyuer skorde / with the veryose ;

Slow-pace
contributes
a goose's
leg, pork,
partridge,
tart & calf's
liver.

Good sawse,

237

This is a restorete

To make a good appete.

primus pastor. yee speke aH by clerge[te],

I here by your clause ;

241

(28)

They drink
good whole-
some ale as
a cure for
their ills.
As each
drinks the
others chaff
him.

Cowth̄ ye by youre gramery / reche vs a drynk,
I shuld be more mery / ye wote What I thynk.

ijus pastor. haue good ayH of hely / bewar now, I wyнк,
ffor and thou drynk drely / in thy poH wyH it synk.

primus pastor. A, so ; 246
This is boyte of oure bayH,¹
good holsom ayH.

ijus pastor. ye holdt long the skayH,
Now lett' me go to. 250

(29)

Horne bids
the others
leave him
some.

Secundus pastor. I shrew those lyppys / bot' thou leyff
me som parte.

primus pastor. be god, he bot syppys / begylde thou art ;
[Fol. 35, b.] Beholdt how he kyppys. /

Secundus pastor. I shrew you so smart,
And me on my hyppys / bot' if I gart'
Abate. 255

He will
drink till
his breath
fail.

Be thou wyne, be thou ayH,
bot' if my brethe fayH,
I shaH sett' the on sayH ;
God send the good gayte. 259

(30)

Tercius pastor. Be my dam sauH, alyce / It' was sadly
dronken.

primus pastor. Now, as euer haue I blys / to the
bothom it is sonken.

Another
bottle is
found.

ijus pastor. yit' a boteH here is. /

Tercius pastor. that' is weH spoken !

By my thryft we must kys. /

Secundus pastor. that' had I forgotten.²

Bot' hark ! 264

They sing.

Who so can best' syng
ShaH haue the begynnyng.

primus pastor. Now prays at the partyng
I shaH sett' you on warke ; 268

¹ The MS makes 2 lines of this : 1 A so ; 2 This etc.

² Note the assonance *t* and *k*.

(31)

We haue done oure parte / and songynⁿ right weyH,
I drynk for my parte. /

They drink
again, each
still anxious
for his fair
share.

ijus pastor. Abyde, lett^t cop reyH.

primus pastor. Godys forbot, thou spart^t / and thou
drynk euery deyH.

ijus pastor. Thou has drouken a quart / therfor choke
the the deyH.

primus pastor. Thou rafys ; 273

And it^t were for a sogh

Ther is drynk enogh.

ijus pastor. I shrew the handys it^t drogh!

ve be both knafys. 277

(32)

primus pastor. Nay! we knaues aH / thus thynk me best,
so, sir, shuld^t ye caH. /

ijus pastor. furth let it^t rest ;
we wiH not^t braH. /

primus pastor. then wold I we fest,
This mete Who shaH / into panyere kest.

ijus pastor. syrs, herys ; 282
ffor oure saules lett vs do
Poore men gyf it^t to.

Gill pro-
poses to
collect the
broken
meats for
the poor.

primus pastor. Geder vp, lo, lo!
ye hungre begers ffrerys ! 286

(33)

ijus pastor. It^t draes nere nyght / trus, go we to rest^t ;
I am euen redy dyght^t / I thynk it the best.

They pre-
pare to
sleep.

ijus pastor. ffor ferde we be fryght^t / a crosse lett vs kest,
Cryst^t crosse, benedyght / eest^t and west,
ffor drede. 291

Slow-pace
says a night-
spell.

Ihesus.¹ onazorus,

Crucyefixus,

Morcus, andreus,

God be oure spede ! 295

(34)

[*They sleep.*]

Angelus. herkyn, hyrdes, awake ! / gyf louyng ye shaH,
he is borne for [y]oure² sake / lorde perpetuaH ;

The angels
bid them
awake.

¹ MS. ihc.

² Originally *oure*, the "y" having been added by a later hand.

he is comen to take / and rawnson you aH,
 youre sorowe to slake / kyng emperiaH,
 he behestys ; 300

A child is
 born at
 Bethlehem.

That' chyld is borne
 At' bethelē this morne,
 ye shaH fynde hym beforne
 Betwix two bestys. 304

(35)

[Fol. 36, a.
 Sig. G. 2.]

Gyb
 wonders
 what the
 song was.
 He supposes
 it was a
 cloud
 whistling in
 his ear.

Primus Pastor. A, godys dere dominus! / What was
 that' sang?

It' was wonder curiose / with smaH noytys emang ;
 I pray to god saue vs / now in this thrang ;
 I am ferd, by ihesus¹ / somewhat' be wrang ;
 Me thoght', 309

Oone scremyd on lowde ;
 I suppose it was a clowde,
 In myn erys it sowde,
 By hym that' me boght! 313

(36)

Horne is
 sure it was
 an angel,
 speaking of
 a child.

Secundus pastor. Nay, that' may not be / I say you
 certan,

ffor he spake to vs thre / as he had bene a man ;
 When he lemyd on this lee / my hart' shakyd than,
 An angeH was he / teH you I can,
 No dowte. 318

he spake of a barne,
 We must seke hym, I you warne,
 That' betekyns yond starne,
 That' standys yonder owte. 322

Yon star
 betekens it.

(37)

Slow-pace
 remembers
 the angel
 bade them
 go to
 Bethlehem
 to worship.

Tercius pastor. It' was merueH to se / so bright as it
 shone,

I wold haue trowyd, veraly / it' had bene thoner flone,
 Bot' I sagH with myn ee / as I lenyd to this stone ;
 It' was a mery gle / sich hard I neuer none,
 I recorde. 327

As he sayde in a skreme,
 Or els that' I dreme,
 we shuld go to bedleme,
 To wyrship that' lorde. 331

¹ MS. ike.

(38)

primus pastor. That same childe is he / that prophetys
of told,

They recall
the words
of the
prophets,

Shuld make them fre / that adam had sold.

ijus pastor. Take tent vnto me / this is inrold,
By the wordys of Isae / a prynce most bold
shaH he be,

336

And kyng *with* crowne,

of a king
who shall sit
on David's
throne,

Sett on dauid trone,

Sich was neuer none,

Seyn *with* oure ee.

340

(39)

ijus pastor. Also Isay says / oure faders vs told

born of a
virgin of the
root of Jesse.

That a vyrgyn shuld pas / of Iesse, that wold

Bryng furth, by grace / a floure so bold ;

That vyrgyn now has / these wordys vphold

As ye se ;

345

Trust it now we may,

he is borne this day,

Exiet virga

De radice iesse.

349

(40)

primus pastor. Of hym spake more / SybyH as I weyn,

Sybyl &
Nebuchad-
nezzar spake
of Him.
He it was
who was
with the
Three
Children in
the Fire.
[Fol. 36, b.]

And nabugodhonor / from oure faythe alyene,

In the fornace where thay wore / thre childre sene,

The fourt stode before / godys son lyke to bene.

ijus pastor. That figure

354

Was gyffen by reualacyon

That god wold haue a son) ;

This is a good lesson,

Vs to consydure.

358

(41)

Tercius pastor. Of hym spake Ierony / and moyses also,

Of Him
spake
Jeremiah &
Moses.

Where he sagH hym by / a bushe burnand, lo !

when he cam to aspy / if it were so,

Vnburnyd was it truly / at commyng therto,

A wonder.

363

primus pastor. That was for to se

hir holy vyrgynyte,

That she vnflyd shuld be,

Thus can I ponder,

367

(42)

And shuld haue a chyld / sich was neuer sene.

They marvel
how a virgin
may bear a
son,*ijus pastor.* pese, man, thou art begyld / thou shaft se
hym with eene,Of a madyn so myld / greatt merueH I mene ;
yee, and she vnfyld / a virgyn clene,

So soyne. 372

primus pastor. Nothyng is inpossybyH
sothly, that god wyH ;

It shalbe stabyH

That god wyH haue done. 376

(43)

and recall
more pro-
phcies.*ijus pastor.* Abacuc and ely / prophesyde so,
Elezabeth and zachare / and many other mo,
And dauid as veraly / is witnes therto,
Ioĥn Baptyste sewrly / and daniel also.*ijus pastor.* So sayng,
he is godys son alon,
without hym shalbe none,
his sete and his trone

ShaH euer be lastyng ; 381

(44)

Gyb quotes
Virgil's
Eclogue,*primus pastor.* VirgiH in his poetre / sayde in his verse,
Even thus by gramere / as I shaft rehearse ;" Iam noua progenies celo demittitur alto,
Iam rediet virgo, redeunt saturnia regna."and is
chaffed by
Horne on
his Latin.
He has
learnt his
'Cato.'*ijus pastor.* weme ! tord ! what speke ye / here in myn
eeres ?TeH vs no clerge / I hold you of the freres,
ye preche ; 390It semys by youre laton
ye haue lerd youre caton.*primus pastor.* herk, syrs, ye fon,
I shaft you teche ; 394

(45)

Gyb
expounds
Virgil's text.he sayde from heuen / a new kynde is send,
whom a vyrgyn to neuene, oure mys to amend,
ShaH conceyue fuH euen / thus make I an end ;
And yit more to neuene / that samyne shaft bend ¹[Fol. 37, a.
Sig. G. 3.]¹ The first five lines on this leaf having become indistinct, have apparently been touched up by a later hand

- vnto vs, 399 Peace and plenty, love and charity shall come among us.
 With peasse and plente,
 with ryches and menee,
 Good luf and charyte
 Blendyd amanges vs 403
- (46)
- Tercius pastor.* And I hold it' trew / ffor ther shuld be,
 When that kyng commys new / peasse by land and se.
ijus pastor. Now brethere, adew ! / take tent vnto me ; Horne has made out that the angel was sent from heaven.
 I wold' that' we knew / of this song so fre 408
 Of the angeH ;
 I hard by hys steuen,
 he was send downe ffro heuen.
primus pastor. It' is trouth̄ that ye neuen,
 I hard hym weH speH. 412
- (47)
- ijus pastor.* Now, by god that me boght / it' was a He brought 24 short notes to a long.
 mery song ;
 I dar say that' he broght / foure & twenty to a long.
ijus pastor. I wold' it were soght / that' same vs emong.
primus pastor. In fayth I trow nocht / so many he Gyb could not count them, but they were gentle and well toned.
 throng 417
 On a heppe ;
 Thay were gentyH and smaH,
 And weH tonyd with aH.
ijus pastor. yee, bot I can thaym aH,
 Now lyst I lepe. 421
- (48)
- primus pastor.* Brek outt youre voce / let se as ye yelp.
ijus pastor. I may not for the pose / bot I haue help.
secundus pastor. A, thy hart is in thy hose ! /
primus pastor. now, in payn of a skelp
 This sang thou not lose. /
ijus pastor. thou art an yH awelp
 ffor angre ! 426
secundus pastor. Go to now, begyn !
primus pastor. he lyst not weH ryn.
ijus pastor. God lett vs neuer blyn ;
 Take at' my sangre. 430

(49)

When the
song is done,
they think
of starting
off, though
there is no
moon.

primus pastor. Now an ende haue we doyn / of oure
song this tyde.

ijus pastor. ffayr faH thi growne / weH has thou hyde.

ijus pastor. Then furth lett vs ron / I wyH not abyde.

primus pastor. No lyght makethe mone / that haue
I asspyde ;

Neuer the les 435

lett vs hold oure beheste.

ijus pastor. That hold I best.

ijus pastor. Then must we go eest,

After my ges. 439

(50)

They pray
that they
may see this
Babe, whom
prophets &
saints have
desired to
see.
[Fol. 37, b.]

primus pastor. wold god that we myght / this yong'
bab see !

ijus pastor. Many prophetys that syght / desyryd veralee
to haue seen that bright. /

ijus pastor. and god so hee

wold shew vs that Wyght / we myght say, perde,

We had sene 444

That many sant desyryd,

with prophetys inspyryd,

If thay hym requyryd,

yit I-closyd ar thare eene. 448

(51)

A star
appears to
guide them.

ijus pastor. God graunt vs that grace. /

Tercius pastor. god so do.

primus pastor. Abyde, syrs, a space / lo, yonder, lo !

It commys on a rase / yond sterne vs to.

ijus pastor. It is a grete blase / oure gate let vs go,

here he is ! [They go to Bethlehem.] 453

ijus pastor. Who shaH go in before ?

Gyb is sent
in first.

primus pastor. I ne rek, by my hore.

ijus pastor. ye ar of the old store,

It semys you, Iwys. [They enter the stable.] 457

(52)

primus pastor. hayH, kyng I the caH ! / hayH, most of
myght !

hayH, the worthyst of aH ! / hayH, duke ! hayH, knyght !

- Of greatt and smaH / thou art lorde by right ;
 hayH, perpetuaH ! / hayH, faryst wyght !
 here I offer ! 462 He worships
 the Holy
 Child &
 offers a little
 spruce
 coffer.
- I pray the to take—
 If thou wold, for my sake,
 with this may thou lake,—
 This lytyH spruse cofer. 466
- (53)
- Secundus pastor.* hayH, lytyH tyn) mop / rewarder of
 mede ! Horne offers
 a ball for
 Him to play
 with.
- hayH, bot' oone drop / of grace at' my nede ;
 hayH, lytyH mylk sop ! / hayH, dauid sede !
 Of oure crede thou art crop / hayH, in god hede !
 This baH 471
- That' thou wold resauē,—
 lytyH is that' I haue,
 This wyH I vowche saue,—
 To play the with aH. 475
- (54)
- ijus pastor.* hayH, maker of man / hayH, swetyng !
 hayH, so as I can / hayH, praty mytyng !
 I cowche to the than / for fayn nere gretyng ;
 hayH, lord ! here I ordan / now at' oure metyng,
 This boteH— 480
- It' is an old by-worde,
 It' is a good bowrde,
 for to drynk of a gowrde,—
 It' holdys a mett' poteH. 484
- (55)
- Maria.* he that aH myghtys may / the makere of heuen,
 That is for to say / my son that I neuē,
 Rewarde you this day / as he sett aH on seuen ;
 he graunt' you for ay / his blys fuH euen
 Contynuyng ; 489
- He gyf you good grace,
 TeH furth of this case,
 he spede youre pasc,
 And graunt you good endyng. 493
- [Fol. 38, a.
 Sig. G. 4.]

(56)

The shep-
herds take
their leave,
singing the
laud of this
Lamb.

primus pastor. fare weH, fare lorde! / with thy moder
also.

ijus pastor. we shaH this recorde / where as we go.

ijus pastor. we mon aH be restorde / god graunt' it be so!

primus pastor. Amen, to that' worde / syng we therto

On hight ;

498

To Ioy aH sam,

With myrth and gam,

To the lawde of this lam

Syng we in syght.

502

Explicit Vna pagina pastorum.

(XIII.)

Incipit Alia eorundem.

[83 nine-line stanzas, aaaab, cccb, and 1 seven-line (No. 30), aab, cccb.

The aaaa lines have central rymes markt by bars.]

[*Dramatis Personae.*

Primus Pastor.

Mak.

Angelus.

Secundus Pastor.

GyH, uxor ejus.

Jesus.

Tercius Pastor.

Maria.]

Primus Pastor.

(1)

The first
shepherd
comes on,
complaining
of the cold
& bitter
weather

Lord, what' these weders ar cold! / and I am yH
happyd ;

I am nere hande dold' / so long haue I nappyd ;

My legys thay fold' / my fyngers ar chappyd,

It' is not' as I wold' / for I am al lappyd'

In sorow.

5

In stormes and tempest,

Now in the eest', now in the west,

wo is hym has neuer rest

Myd day nor morow !

9

(2)

Bot' we sely shepardes ¹ / that' walkys on the moore,

In fayth we are nere handys / outt' of the doore ;

¹ assonant to handys, &c.

- No wonder as it standys / if we be poore,
 ffor the tylthe of oure landys / lyys falow as the floore,
 As ye ken. 14 [Fol. 38, b.]
 we ar so hamyd,
 ffor-taxed and ramyd,
 We ar mayde hand tamyd,
 with thyse gentlery men). 18
 (3)
 Thus thay refe vs oure rest / oure lady theym wary !
 These men that ar lord fest / thay cause the ploghe tary.
 That men say is for the best / we fynde it contrary ;
 Thus ar husbandys opprest / in po[i]nte to myscary,
 On lyfe. 23
 Thus holdt thay vs hunder,
 Thus thay bryng vs in blonder ;
 It were greatte wonder,
 And euer shuld we thryfe. 27
 (4)¹ [1 Stanzas 4
 and 5 should
 be trans-
 posed, as sug-
 gested by
 Prof.
 Kölbinger.]
 ffor may he gett a paynt slefe / or a broche now on dayes,
 wo is hym that hym grefe / or onys agane says !
 Dar noman hym represe / what mastery he mays,
 And yit may noman lefe / oone word that he says,
 No letter. 32
 he can make purveance,
 with boste and bragance,
 And all is through maintenance
 Of men that are gretter. 36
 (5)¹
 Ther shall com a swane / as prowde as a po,
 he must borow my wane / my ploghe also,
 Then I am full fane / to graunt or he go.
 Thus lyf we in payne / Anger, and wo,
 By nyght and day ; 41
 he must haue if he langyd,
 If I shuld forgang it,
 I were better be hangyd
 Then oones say hym nay. 45
 (6)
 It dos me good, as I walk / thus by myn oone,
 Of this world for to talk / in maner of mone.

Refreshed
by this
grumble he
goes to look
after his
sheep till
his fellows
arrive.

To my shepe wyH I stalk / and herkyn anone,
Ther abyde on a balk / or sytt on a stone
ffull soyne.

50

ffor I trowe, perde,
trew men if thay be,
we gett more compane
Or it be noyne.

54

(7)

The second
shepherd
complains
of the
weather.

Secundus pastor. Benste and dominus! / what may this
bemeyne?

why, fares this warld thus / oft haue we not sene?
lord, thyse weders ar spytus / and the weders full kene.

[Fol. 39, a.]

And the frostys so hydus / thay water myn eeyne,
No ly.

59

Now in dry, now in wete,
Now in snaw, now in slete,
When my shone freys to my fete,
It is not aH esy.

63

(8)

There is
mickle woe
for wedded
men. Capel,
their hen,
cackles to &
fro; when
she croaks,
the cock
is in the
shackles.

Bot as far as I ken / or yit as I go,
we sely wedmen / dre mekyH wo;
We haue sorow then and then / it fallys oft so;
Sely capyle, oure hen / both to and fro
She kakyls;

68

Bot begyn she to crok,
To groyne or [to clo]k,
Wo is hym is of oure cok,
ffor he is in the shekyls.

72

(9)

A wedded
man has not
all his will,
& must keep
his sighs to
himself.

These men that ar wed / haue not aH thare wyH,
when they ar full hard sted / thay sygh full styH;
God wayte thay ar led / full hard and full yH;
In bower nor in bed / thay say nocht ther tyH,
This tyde.

77

The shep-
herd has
learnt his
lesson: he
that is
bound must
abide so.

My parte haue I fun,
I know my lesson.
wo is hym that is bun,
ffor he must abyde.

81

(10)

Bot now late in oure lyfys / a merueH to me,
 That I thynk my hart ryfys / sich wonders to see.
 what that destany dryfys / it shuld so be ;
 Som men wyH have two wyfys / and som men thre,
 In store ;
 Som ar wo that has any,
 Bot so far can I,
 wo is hym that has many,
 ffor he felys sore.

Yet some men will have two wives & some three: some are woe that they have any.

86

90

(11)

Bot yong men of wowyng / for god that you boght,
 Be weH war of wedyng / and thynk in youre thoght,
 " had I wyst " is a thyng / it seruys of noght ;
 MekyH styH mowrnyng / has wedyng home broght,
 And grefys ;
with many a sharp showre,
 ffor thou may cach in an owre
 That shaH [savour]¹ fulle sowre
 As long as thou lyffys.

Young men must beware of wedding ; for " had I wist " serves nought.

95.

99

(12)

ffor, as euer red I pystyH / I haue oone to my fere,
 As sharp as a thystyH / as rugh as a brere ;
 She is browyd lyke a brystyH / *with* a sowre loten chere ;
 had She oones Wett Hyr Whystyll / She couth Syng full
 clere
 Hyr pater noster.
 She is as greatt as a whaH,
 She has a galon of gaH :
 By hym that dyed for vs aH,
 I wald I had ryn to I had lost hir.

The shepherd has a wife as sharp as thistle.

[Fol. 39, b.]

104

108

She is great as a whale with a gallon of gall.

He wishes he had run till he lost her.

(13)

primus pastor. God looke ouer the raw / ffuH defly ye
 stand.
ijus pastor. yee, the dewiH in thi maw / so tariand.
 sagh thou awro of daw ? /
primus pastor. yee, on a ley land
 hard I hym blaw / he commys here at hand,
 Not far ;

The first shepherd greets him, & says he has heard the third, Daw, blowing his pipe: he is near at hand.

113

¹ The word in brackets is illegible in the MS.

Stand styH.

Daw will
make them
some lie,
unless they
beware.

ijus pastor. qwhy?

primus pastor. ffor he commys, hope I.

ijus pastor. he wyH make vs both a ly

Bot if we be war.

117

(14)

Daw invokes
Christ's
cross & S.
Nicholas, &
complains of
the world's
brittleness.

Tercius pastor. Crystys crosse me spede / and sant
nycholas!

Ther of had I nede / it is wars then it was.

Whoso couthe take hede / and lett the world pas,

It is euer in drede / and brekyH as glas,

And slythys.

122

This world fowre neuer so,

With meruels mo and mo,

Now in weyH, now in wo,

And aH thyng wrythys.

126

(15)

The floods
now are
worse than
ever before.

Was neuer syn noe floode / sich floodys seyn ;

Wyndys and ranys so rude / and stormes so keyn ;

Som stamerd, som stod / in dowte, as I weyn ;

Now god turne aH to good / I say as I mene,

ffor ponder.

131

These floodys so thay drowne,

Both in feyldys and in towne,

And berys aH downe,

And that is a wonder.

135

(16)

They that
walk at
night see
strange
sights. He
spies shrews
peeping.

We that walk on the nyghtys / oure cateH to kepe,

We se sodan syghtys / when othere men slepe.¹

yit me thynk my hart lyghtys / I se shrewys pepe ;

ye ar two aH wyghtys / I wyH gyf my shepe

A turne.

140

Bot fuH yH haue I ment,

As I walk on this bent,

I may lyghtly repent,

My toes if I spurne.

144

(17)

He greets
the shep-
herds &
wants meat
& drink.

A, *sir*, god you saue / and master myne !

A drynk fayn wold I haue / and somewhat to dyne.

¹ Originally "slepys" ; altered in red ink.

primus pastor. Crystys curs, my knaue / thou art a
ledyr hyne!

They up-
braid him
as a sluggish
hind, who
comes late
& talks
about
dinner.

ijus pastor. What! the boy lyst' rave; / abyde vnto syne;
We haue mayde it. 149

yH thryft' on thy pate!
Thoughh the shrew cam late,
yit is he in state

[Fol. 40, a.]

To dyne, if he had it. 153

(18)

Tercius pastor. Sich seruandys as I / that' swettys and
swynkys,

Daw says
servants
sweat &
swink, but
they eat
their bread
dry, & their
master &
dame nip at
their hire.

Etys oure brede full dry / and that me forthynkys;
We ar oft' weytt' and wery / when master-men wynkys,
yit' commys full lately / both dyners and drynkys,
Bot' nately. 158

Both oure dame and oure syre,
when we haue ryn in the myre,
Thay can nyp at' oure hyre,
And pay vs full lately. 162

(19)

Bot' here my trouthe, master / for the fayr that' ye make,
I shaH do thereafter / wyrk as I take;
I shaH do a lytyH, sir / and emang euer lake,
ffor yit' lay my soper / neuer on my stomake
In feyldys. 167

He tells
them he will
work as he
is paid, for
a cheap
bargain
yields but
poorly.

Wherto shuld' I threpe?
with my staf can I lepe,
And men say "lyght' chepe
letherly for-yeldys." 171

(20)

primus pastor. Thou were an yH lad / to ryde on
wowyng

The first
shepherd
says Daw
would be an
ill lad to go
a-woeing
with a poor
master.

With a man that' had / bot' lytyH of spendyng.
ijus pastor. Peasse, boy, I bad / no more Iangling,
Or I shaH make the full rad / by the heuen's kyng!
with thy gawdys; 176

wher ar oure shepe, boy, we skorne?

The shep-
herds ask
after their
sheep.

ijus pastor. Sir, this same day at' morne
I thaym left' in the corne,
when thay rang lawdys; 180

(21)

The three
shepherds
sing a song,
taking tenor,
treble, &
mean.

They haue pasture good / thay can not go wrong.
primus pastor. That is right, by the roode! / thyse
 nyghtys ar long,
 yit I wold, or we yode / oone gaf vs a song.
ijus pastor. So I thocht as I stode / to myrth vs emong.
ijus pastor. I grauntt. 185
primus pastor. lett me syng the tenory.
ijus pastor. And I the tryble so hye.
ijus pastor. Then the meyne fallys to me ;
 lett se how ye chauntt. 189

Tunc intrat mak, in clamide se super togam vestitus.

(22)

Mak comes
on, wishing
he were in
heaven,
where no
bairns weep.

[Fol. 40, b.]

Mak. Now lord, for thy naymes sewyn¹ / that made
 both moyn & starnes
 WeH mo then I can neuen / thi wiH, lorde, of me
 tharnys ;
 I am aH vneuen / that moves oft my harnes,
 Now Wold god I were in heuen / for there² wepe no barnes
 So styH. 194
primus pastor. Who is that pypys so poore ?
Mak. wold god ye wylt how I foore !
 lo, a man that walkys on the moore,
 And has not aH his wyH ! 198

(23)

The 2nd
shepherd
asks the
news. Daw
bids each
man look to
his goods.

secundus pastor. Mak, where has thou gon³? / teH
 vs tythyng.
Tercius pastor. Is he comen? then ylkon / take hede
 to his thyng.

& accipit clamidem ab ipso.

Mak says he
is the king's
yeoman, &
must have
reverence.

Mak. what! ich be a yoman / I teH you, of the king ;
 The self and the same / sond from a greatt lordyng,
 And sich. 203
 ffy on you! goyth hence
 Out of my presence !
 I must haue reuerence ;
 why, who be ich? 207

¹ MS. vij.

² MS. the.

³ MS. gom.

(24)

primus pastor. Why make ye it so qwaynt? / mak, ye
do wrang.

ijus pastor. Bot, mak, lyst ye saynt? / I trow that ye
lang.

ijus pastor. I trow the shrew can paynt, / the dewyH
myght hym hang!

Mak. Ich shaH make complaynt / and make you aH to
thwang

At a worde, 212

And teH euyne how ye doth.

primus pastor. Bot, Mak, is that sothe?

Now take outt that sothren tothe,

And sett in a torde! 216

(25)

ijus pastor. Mak, the dewiH in youre ee / a stroke wold
I leyne you.

ijus pastor. Mak, know ye not me? / by god I couthe
teyn¹ you.

Mak. God looke you aH thre! / me thoght I had sene
you,

ye ar a fare compane. /

primus pastor. can ye now mene you?

secundus pastor. Shrew, Iape! 221

Thus late as thou goys,

what wyH men suppos?

And thou has an yH noys

of stelyng of shepe. 225

(26)

Mak. And I am trew as steyH / aH men waytt,

Bot a sekenes I feyH / that haldys me fuH haytt,

My belly farys not weyH / it is out of astate.

ijus pastor. Seldom lyys the dewyH / dede by the gate.

Mak. Therfor 230

fuH sore am I and yH,

If I stande stone styH;

I ete not an nedyH

Thys moneth and more. 234

In spite of the shepherds' comments Mak continues to boast.

The 1st shepherd bids him take out his southern tooth.

Under threats Mak recognizes the shepherds as a fair company.

The 2nd shepherd hints that Mak is out so late with a view to sheep-stealing.

Mak says all men know he is true as steel, but his belly is ill at ease & he has no appetite.

¹ MS. *teyle*; but the letters "le" have been written over the original by a later hand.

(27)

Asked after
his wife,
Mak says
she does
nought but
[Fol. 41, a.]
eat & drink
& bear
children.

primus pastor. how farys thi wyff? by my hoode /
how farys sho?

Mak. lyys walteryng, by the roode / by the fyere, lo!

And a howse full of brude / she drynkys weH to ;
yH spede othere good / that she wyH do!

Bot so

239

Etys as fast as she can,

And ilk yere that' commys to man

She bryngys furth a lakan,

And som yeres two.

243

(28)

However
rich he were
she would
eat him out
of house &
home.

Bot' were I not' more gracyus / and rychere befar,

I were eten outt of howse / and of harbar ;

Yit' is she a fowH dowse / if ye com nar :

Ther is none that' trowse / nor knowys a war,

Then ken I.

248

He would
give all he
has would
she but need
a mass-
penny.

Now wyH ye se what' I profer,

To gyf aH in my cofer

To morne at next to offer

hyr hed mas penny.

252

(29)

The shep-
herds are
tired and lie
down to
sleep.

Secundus pastor. I wote so forwakyd / is none in this
shyre :

I wold slepe if I takyd / les to my hyere.

ijus pastor. I am cold^t and nakyd / and wold haue a
fyere.

primus pastor. I am wery, for-rakyd / and run in the
myre.

wake thou!

257

ijus pastor. Nay, I wyH lyg downe by,
ffor I must slepe truly.

ijus pastor. As good a man's son was I

As any of you.

261

(30)

They make
Mak lie
between
them.

Bot, mak, com heder! betwene / shaft thou lyg downe.

Mak. Then myght I lett you bedene / of that' ye wold^t
rowne,¹

¹ Possibly 2 lines in *-owne* are missing in this couplet. But see the like, stanza 15 in the first Shepherds' Play, p. 104.

- No drede. 264 Mak says
a mock
night-spell.
- ffro my top to my too,
Manus tuas commendo,
poncio pilato,
 Cryst crosse me spede ! 268
- Tunc surgit, pastoribus dormientibus, & dicit ;*
(31)
- Now were tyme for a man / that lakkys what' he wold,
To stalk preuely than / vnto a fold,
And neemly to wyrk than / and be not' to bold,
ffor he might aby the bargan / if it' were told
 At' the endyng. 273
- Now were tyme for to reyH ;
Bot he nedys good counseH
That' fayn wold' fare weyH,
 And has bot' lytyH spendyng. 277
- (32)
- Bot' abowte you a serkyH / as rownde as a moyn,
To I haue done that I wyH / tyH that it be noyn,
That ye lyg stone styH / to that' I haue doyne,
And I shall say thertyH / of good wordys a foyne.
 On hight 282
- Ouer youre heydys my hand I lyft,
Outt' go youre een, fordo your syght,
Bot' yit' I must make better shyft,
 And it' be right. 286
- (33)
- lord ! what' thay slepe hard ! / that' may ye aH here ;
was I neuer a shepard / bot' now wyH I lere.
If the flok be skard / yit' shaH I nyp nere,
how ! drawes hederward ! / now mendys oure chere
 ffrom sorow : [MS. ffron.] 291
- A fatt' shepe I dar say,
A good flese dar I lay,
Eft whyte when I may,
 Bot' this wiH I borow. [Mak goes home.] 295
- (34)
- how, gyH, art' thou In ? / gett vs som lyght.
 Vxor eius. Who makys sich dyn / this tyme of the
 nyght ?
- He sees a
chance of
stealing a
sheep.
- He uses a
spell to
make the
shepherds
sleep till
noon.
- [Fol. 41, b.]
- When he
finds by
their snoring
that they are
sleeping
hard he
"borrows"
a sheep &
carries it
home.
- He knocks,
& his wife
Gyll asks
"Who is it ?"

Gyll says she
is spinning
& can't be
interrupted
for nothing.

I am sett' for to spyn / I hope not I myght'
Ryse a penny to wyn, / I shrew them on hight!
So farys 300

A huswyff that has bene
To be rasyd thus betwene :
here may no note be sene
ffor sich smaH charys. 304

(35)

When she
recognizes
Mak's voice
she let's him
in; "his
sheep-
stealing will
end in his
being
hanged."

Mak. Good wyff, open the hek! / seys thou not what
I bryng?

Vxor. I may thole the dray the snek. / A, com in,
my swetyng!

Mak. yee, thou thar not' rek / of my long standyng.

Vxor. By the nakyd nek / art' thou lyke for to hyng.

Mak. Do way : 309

I am worthy my mete,
ffor in a strate can I gett
More then thay that' swynke and swette
Añ the long day, 313

(36)

Mak has
done it
before, but
"so long
goes the pot
to the water
that it is
broken at
last!"

Thus it' feH to my lott / gyH, I had sich grace.

Vxor. It' were a fowH blott / to be hanged for the case.

Mak. I haue skapyd, Ielott / oft' as hard a glase.

Vxor. Bot' so long goys the pott / to the water, men says,

At last 318

Comys it' home broken.

Mak. weH knowe I the token,

Bot let' it' neuer be spoken ;

Bot' com and help fast. 322

(37)

Mak wants
a dinner off
the sheep at
once, but
they are
afraid the
shepherds

[Fol. 42, a.]

may follow
him.

I wold' he were slayn / I lyst weH ete :

This twelmothe was I not' so fayn / of oone shepe mete.

Vxor. Com thay or he be slayn / and here the shepe blete!

Mak. Then myght I be tane, / that' were a cold' swette!

Go spar 327

The gaytt doore.

Vxor. Yis, Mak,

ffor and thay com at thy bak,

Mak. Then myght I by, for aH the pak,

The dewiH of the war. 331

(38)

vxor. A good bowrde haue I spied / syn thou can none. Gyll will put
here shaft we hym hyde / to thay be gone ; the sheep in
In my credyH abyde / lett me alone, a cradle &
And I shaft lyg besyde / in chylbed, and grone. pretend it is
a new-born
child.

Mak. Thou red ; 336

And I shaft say thou was lyght
Of a knaue childe this nyght.

Vxor. Now weH is me day bright,
That euer was I bred. 340

(39)

This is a good gyse / and a far cast ; Mak must go
Yit a woman avyse / helpys at the last. back to the
I wote neuer who spyse, / agane go thou fast. shepherds,
or there will
be an ill
wind.

Mak. Bot I com or thay ryse / els blowes a cold blast !
I wyH go slepe. [*Mak returns to the shepherds,*
yit slepys at this meneye, and resumes his place.]

And I shaft go stalk preuely,
As it had neuer bene I He finds
That caryed thare shepe. 349 them still
sleeping.

(40)

primus pastor. Resurrex a mortruis ! / haue hald my hand. The 1st
Iudas carnas dominus ! / I may not weH stand : shepherd
wakes. He
had dreamed
he was near
England.

My foytt slepys, by *ihesus*¹ / and I water fastand.
I thoght that we layd vs / fuH nere yngland. 354 The 2nd
shepherd
has slept
well.

Secundus pastor. A ye !
lord ! what I haue slept weyH ;
As fresh as an eyH,
As lyght I me feyH
As leyfe on a tre. 358

(41)

Tercius pastor. Benste be here in ! / so my [hart?] qwakys, Daw wakes
My hart is outt of skyn / what so it makys. uneasily, &
Who makys at this dyn ? / so my browes blakys, asks where
To the dowore wyH I wyn / harke felows, wakys ! Mak is.

We were fowre : 363
se ye awre of mak now ?

primus pastor. we were vp or thou.

ijus pastor. Man, I gyf god a vowe,
yit yede he nawre. 367 The 2nd
shepherd
says he has
gone
nowhere.

¹ MS. *ihc.*

(42)

Daw had
dreaded
Mak had
trapped one
of the sheep,
but he is

ijus pastor. Me thocht he was lapt / in a wolfe skyn.
primus pastor. So are many hapt / now namely within.
ijus pastor. When we had long napt / me thocht with
a gyn

[Fol. 42, b.]

reassured by
the others.

A fatt shepe he trapt / bot he mayde no dyn.

Tercius pastor. Be styH :

372

Thi dreme makys the woode :

It is bot fantom, by the roode.

primus pastor. Now god turne aH to good,

If it be his wyH.

376

(43)

They wake
Mak, who
pretends to
have a stiff
neck, and to
have been
frightened
by a dream.

ijus pastor. Ryse, mak, for shame ! / thou lygys right
lang.

Mak. Now crystys holy name / be vs emang !

what is this ? for sant Iame / I may not weH gang !

I trow I be the same / A ! my nek, has lygen wrang

Enoghe ;

381

MekiH thank, syn yister euen,

Now, by sant strevyn,

I was flayd with a swevyn,

My hart out of sloghe.

385

(44)

He dreant
his wife had
another boy !
Wo is him
that has
many bairns
and little
bread.

I thocht gyH began to crok / and traueH fuH sad,

welner at the fyrst' cok / of a yong lad,

ffor to mend oure flok / then be I neuer glad.

I haue tow on my rok / more then euer I had.

A, my heede !

390

A house fuH of yong tharmes,

The dewiH knock outt thare harnes !

wo is hym has many barnes,

And therto lytyH brede !

394

(45)

He must go
home to
Gyll, but
first bids
them see he
has stolen
nought.

I must' go home, by youre lefe / to gyH as I thocht.

I pray you looke my slefe / that I steyH nought :

I am loth you to grefe / or from you take oght.

ijus pastor. Go furth, yH myght thou chefe ! / now
wold I we soght,

This morne, 399 The shep-
 That we had aH oure store. herds
primus pastor. Bot I wiH go before, separate to
 let vs mete. count their
 sheep.

ijus pastor. where?
ijus pastor. At the crokyd thorne. 403

(46)

Mak. Vndo this doore ! who is here ? / how long shaft
 I stand ? Mak comes
 home & is
 welcomed
 by Gyll with
 some
 grumbling.
Vxor eius. Who makys sich a bere ? / now walk in the
 Wenyand.

Mak. A, gyH, what chere ? / it is I, mak, youre husbnde,
Vxor. Then may we be here / the dewiH in a bande,
 Syr gyle ; 408

lo, he commys *with* a lote
 As he were holden in the throte.
 I may not syt at my note,
 A hand lang while. 412

(47)

Mak. wyH ye here what fare she makys / to gett hir a
 glose,
 And des nocht bot lakys / and clowse hir toose.

Vxor. why, who wanders, who wakys / who commys,
 who gose ? It is the
 woman does
 all the work,
 & woful is
 the house-
 hold that
 lacks one.
 who brewys, who bakys ? / what makys me thus hose ?
 And than, 417

It is rewthe to beholde,
 Now in hote, now in colde,
 ffuH wofuH is the householde
 That wantys a woman. 421

(48)

Bot what ende has thou mayde / *with* the hyrdys,
 mak ? [Fol. 43, a.]

Mak. The last worde that thay sayde / when I turnyd
 my bak,
 Thay wold looke that thay hade / thare shepe aH the pak.
 I hope thay wyH nott be weH payde / when thay thare
 shepe lak,
 Perde. 426

Mak tells
 Gyll the
 shepherds
 are counting
 their sheep.

The shep-
herds are
sure to sus-
pect him.

Bot' how so the gam gose,
To me thay wyH suppose,
And make a fowH noyse,

And cry outt' apon me.

430

(49)

The sheep is
swaddled in
a cradle, &
Gyll lies
down.

Bot' thou must do as thou hyght' /

Vxor.

I accorde me thertyH.

I shall swedyH hymd right / In my credyH ;

If it' were a gretter slyght / yit' couthe I help tyH.

I wyH lyg downe stright ; / com hap me ;

Mak.

I wyH.

Vxor. Behynde.

435

Com coff and his maroo,

Thay wiH nyp vs fuH naroo.

Mak. Bot' I may cry out' 'haroo,'

The shepe if thay fynde.

439

(50)

Mak must
sing a
lullaby,
while she
groans.

Vxor. harken ay when thay caH / thay wiH com onone.

Com and make redy aH / and syng by thyn oone ;

Syng lullay thou shaft / for I must' grone,

And cry outt' by the waH / on mary and Iohn,
ffor sore.

444

Syng lullay on fast'

when thou heris at' the last' ;

And bot' I play a fals cast,

Trust' me no more.

448

(51)

The shep-
herds meet
again.

The 1st
shepherd
has lost a
fat wether, &
has searched
"all horbery
shrogys" in
vain.

Tercius pastor. A, coff, goode morne / why slepys thou
nott' ?

primus pastor. Alas, that euer was I borne ! / we haue
a fowH blott.

A fat wedir haue we lorne. /

Tercius pastor. mary, godys forbott !

ijus pastor. who shuld do vs that' skorne ?

that' were a fowH spott.

primus pastor. Som shrewe.

453

I haue soght' with my dogys

AH horbery shrogys,

And of fefteyn¹ hogys

ffond I bot oone ewe.

457

¹ MS. xv.

(52)

- ijus pastor.* Now trow me, if ye wiþ / by sant thomas
of kent, Daw sus-
pects either
Mak or Gyll.
- Ayther mak or gyH / was at that assent.
primus pastor. peasse, man, be stiH ! / I sagH when he
went ;
- Thou sklanders hym yH / thou aght to repent,
Goode spede. 462
- ijus pastor.* Now as euer myght I the,
If I shuld' cuyn here de,
I wold say it' were he,
That' dyd that same dede. 466

(53)

- ijus pastor.* Go we theder, I rede / and ryn on oure
feete. The shep-
herds start
off for Mak's
house.
- ShaH I neuer ete brede / the sothe to I wytt.
- primus pastor.* Nor drynk in my heede / with hym tyH
I mete.
- Secundus pastor.* I wyH rest' in no stede / tyH that I [Fol. 43, b.]
hym grete,
My brothere. 471
- Oone I wiH hight :
TyH I se hym in sight'
shaH I neuer slepe one nyght'
Ther I do another. 475

(54)

- Tercius pastor.* wiH ye here how thay hak ? / oure syre,
lyst', croyne. They hear
noises
within, and
Mak bids
them speak
softly.
- primus pastor.* hard I neuer none crak / so clere out of
toyne ;
- CaH on hym.
- ijus pastor.* mak ! / vndo youre doore soyne.
Mak. Who is that' spak, / as it were noyne,
On loft' ? 480
- Who is that' I say ?
ijus pastor. Goode felowse, were it day.
Mak. As far as ye may,
Good, spekys soft', 484

(55)

Every foot-
step goes
through
Gyll's nose.

Ouer a seke woman's heede / that' is at mayH easse ;
I had leuer be dede / or she had any dyseasse.

Vxor. Go to an othere stede / I may not weH qweasse.
Ich fote that' ye trede / goys thorow my nese.

So hee !

489

primus pastor. TeH vs, mak, if ye may,
how fare ye, I say?

Mak. Bot' ar ye in this towne to day?

Now how fare ye?

493

(56)

Mak bids the
shepherds
sit down.
His dream
has come
true.

ye haue ryn in the myre / and ar weytt yit' :

I shaft make you a fyre / if ye wiH syt.

A nores wold I hyre / thynk ye on yit,
weH qwytt is my hyre / my dreame this is itt,

A seson.

498

I haue barnes, if ye knew,

weH mo then enewe,

Bot' we must' drynk as we brew,

And that' is bot' reson.

502

(57)

The shep-
herds de-
cline his
hospitality,
& hint that
he has stolen
their sheep.

I wold ye dynyd or ye yode / me thynk that' ye swette.

Secundus pastor. Nay, nawther mendys oure mode /
drynke nor mette.

Mak. why, sir, alys you oght' bot goode? /

Tercius pastor. yee, oure shepe that we gett,

Ar stollyn as thay yode / oure los is grette.

Mak. Syrs, drynkys!

507

had I bene thore,

Som shuld haue boght' it fuH sore.

primus pastor. Mary, som men trowes that' ye wore,

And that vs forthynkys.

511

(58)

Mak bids
them search
the house.

ijus pastor. Mak, som men trowys / that' it shuld be ye.

ijus pastor. Ayther ye or youre spouse / so say we.

Mak. Now if ye haue suspowse / to giH or to me,

Com and rype oure howse / and then may ye se

who had hir, 516 As for Gyll,
 If I any shepe fott, she has not
 Aythor cow or stott; left her bed.
 And gyH, my wyfe, rose nott
 here syn she lade hir. 520

(59)

As I am true and lele / to god here I pray, [Fol. 44, a.
 That' this be the fyrst mele / that' I shaH ete this day. Sig. H. 2.]
primus pastor. Mak, as haue I ceyH, / Avyse the, I say ;
 he lernyd tymely to steyh / that' couth not' say nay.

Vxor. I swelt ! 525 Gyll cries
 Outt, thefys, fro my wonys ! out on them
 ye com to rob vs for the nonys. for thieves.
Mak. here ye not how she gronys ?
 youre hartys shuld melt. 529

(60)

Vxor. Outt, thefys, fro my barne ! / negh hym not
 thor'.
Mak. wyst ye how she had farne / youre hartys wold
 be sore. Mak re-
 ye do wrang, I you warne / that' thus commys before proaches the
 To a woman that' has farne / bot' I say no more. shepherds
 for disturb-
 ing her.

Vxor. A, my medyH ! 534 Gyll will eat
 I pray to god so mylde, the child in
 If euer I you begyld', the cradle
 That' I ete this chylde if ever she
 cheated
 them.
 That lygys in this credyH. 538

(61)

Mak. peasse, woman, for godys payn / and cry not' so : The shep-
 Thou spyllys thy brane / and makys me fuH wo. herds can
 find nothing
 in the house
 but two
 empty
 platters.
Secundus pastor. I trow oure shepe be slayn / what
 finde ye two ?
ijus pastor. AH wyrk we in vayn / as weH may we go.
 Bot hatters, 543
 I can fynde no flesh,
 hard nor nesh,
 Salt nor fresh,
 Bot' two tome platers. 547

(62)

Whik cateH bot' this / tame nor wylde,
None, as haue I blys / as lowde as he smylde.

The 1st
shepherd
thinks they
have made
a mistake.
They talk of
Gyll's child.

Vxor. No, so god me blys / and gyf me Ioy of my chylde!
primus pastor. We haue merkyd amys / I hold vs begyld.
ijus pastor. Syr don, 552

Syr, oure lady hym saue!
Is youre chyld a knaue?

Mak. Any lord myght' hym haue
This chyld to his son. 556

(63)

Parkyn and
Gybon
Waller and
gentle John
Horne are
his gossips.

when he wakyns he kyppys / that' ioy is to se.
ijus pastor. In good tyme to hys hyppys / and in cele.
Bot who was his gossyppys / so sone rede?

Mak. So fare faH thare lyppys! /
primus pastor. hark now, a le!

Mak. So god thaym thank, 561

[Fol. 44, b.]

Parkyn, and gybon waller, I say,
And gentiH Iohn horne, in good fay,
he made aH the garray,
With the greatt' shank. 565

(64)

The shep-
herds take
a friendly
farewell.
Mak pre-
tends to
sulk.

ijus pastor. Mak, freyndys wiH we be / ffor we ar aH oone.
Mak. we! now I hald for me / for mendys gett I none.
ffare weH all thre / aH glad were ye gone.

[The shepherds leave.]

ijus pastor. ffare wordys may ther be / bot' luf is ther
none

this yere. 570

Daw goes
back to give
the child a
sixpence.

primus pastor. Gaf ye the chylk' any thyng?

ijus pastor. I trow not' oone farthyng.

ijus pastor, ffast' agane wiH I flyng,

Abyde ye me there. [Goes back to the house.]

(65)

Mak tries to
keep him
away from
the cradle.

Mak, take it to no grefe / if I com to thi barne.

Mak. Nay, thou dos me greatt reprefe / and fowH has
thou farne.

ijus pastor. The child wiH it' not' grefe / that lytyH
day starne.

Mak, with youre leyfe / let me gyf youre barne,

Bot sex ¹ pence. 579

Mak. Nay, do way : he slepys.

Daw gets near,

ijus pastor. Me thynk he pepys.

Mak. when he wakyns he wepys.

I pray you go hence. [*The other shepherds come back.*]

(66)

ijus pastor. Gyf me lefe hym to kys / and lyft^t vp the
clowtt. [*Seeing the sheep.*]

lifts the coverlet to kiss the child, & exclaims at its long snout. The others think it may take after Mak, but soon discover the fraud.

what^t the dewi^{tt} is this? / he has a long snowte.

primus pastor. he is merkyd amys. / we wate i^{tt} abowte.

ijus pastor. I^{tt} spon weft, Iwys / ay commys fou^{tt}
owte.

Ay, so!

588

he is lyke to oure shepe!

ijus pastor. how, gyb! may I pepe?

primus pastor. I trow, kynde wi^{tt} crepe

where it may not go.

592

(67)

ijus pastor. This was a qwantt^t gawde / and a far cast.
It was a hee frawde. /

The shepherds are furious, but can't help seeing the joke.

ijus pastor. yee, syrs, wast.

lett bren this bawde / and bynd hir fast.

A fals skawde / hang at^t the last ;

So sha^{tt} thou.

597

wy^{tt} ye se how thay swedy^{tt}

his foure fey^{tt} in the medy^{tt}?

Sagh I neuer in a credy^{tt}

A hornyd lad or now.

601

(68)

Mak. Peasse byd I : what^t! / lett^t be youre fare ;

I am he that hym gatt / and yond woman hym bare.

[Fol. 45, a. Sig. H. 3.]

primus pastor. What^t dewi^{tt} sha^{tt} he hatt? / Mak, lo
god makys ayre.

Mak and Gyll maintain that the sheep is their child.

ijus pastor. lett^t be a^{tt} that. / now god gyf hym care,

I sag^h.

606

Vxor. A pratty child is he

As syttys on a waman's kne ;

A dyllydowne, perde,

To gar a man laghe.

610

¹ MS. vj.

(69)

A clerk had
told Mak the
child was
forspoken, &
Gyll saw an
elf change
him as the
clock struck
twelve.

ijus pastor. I know hym by the eere marke / that is
a good tokyn.

Mak. I teH you, syrs, hark ! / hys noyse was brokyn.
Sythen told me a clerk / that he was forspokyn.

primus pastor. This is a fals wark / I wold fayn be
wrokyn :

Gett wepyn. 615

Vxor. he was takyn with an elfe,
I saw it myself.

when the klok stroke twelf
was he forshapyn. 619

(70)

But Mak
pleads
guilty, and
the shep-
herds let
him off with
a good
blanketing.

ijus pastor. ye two ar weH feft / sam in a stede.

ijus pastor. Syn thay manteyn thare theft / let do
thaym to dede.

Mak. If I trespas eft / gyrd of my heede.
with you wiH I be left. /

primus pastor. syrs, do my reede.
ffor this trespas, 624

we wiH nawther ban ne flyte,
ffyght nor chyte,
Bot haue done as tyte,

And cast hym in canvas. [*They toss Mak in a sheet.*]

(71)

They toss
him till they
are tired, &
then lie
down to
rest.

lord ! what I am sore / in poynt for to bryst.

In fayth I may no more / therfor wyH I ryst.

ijus pastor. As a shepe of sevyn¹ skore / he weyd in
my fyst.

ffor to slepe ay whore / me thynk that I lyst.

ijus pastor. Now I pray you, 633

lyg downe on this grene.

primus pastor. On these thefys yit I mene.

ijus pastor. wherto shuld ye tene

So, as I say you ? 637

Angelus cantat " gloria in exelsis : " postea dicat :

(72)

An angel
bids them
rise.

Angelus. Ryse, hyrd men heynd ! / for now is he borne
That shaH take fro the feynd / that adam had lorne :

¹ MS. vij.

That warloo to sheynd / this nyght is he borne.
 God is made youre freynd / now at this morne.
 he behestys, 642

The Redeemer is born, & they must go to Bethlehem to see Him.

At bedlem go se,
 Ther lygys that fre
 In a cryb fuH poorely,
 Betwyx two bestys. 646

(73)

primus pastor. This was a qwant stevyn / that euer yit
 I hard.¹ [Fol. 45, b.]

It is a merueH to neuyn / thus to be skard.
ijus pastor. Of godys son of heuyn / he spak vpward.
 AH the wod on a leuyn / me thoght that he gard

The shepherds talk of the angel's message, & see a guiding star.

Appere. 651

ijus pastor. he spake of a barne
 In bedlem, I you warne.

primus pastor. That betokyns yond starne.
 let vs seke hym there, 655

(74)

ijus pastor. Say, what was his song? / hard ye not
 how he crakyd it?

They discuss the angel's music, & try to imitate it.

Thre brefes to a long. /

ijus pastor. yee, mary, he hakt it.

was no crochett wrong / nor no thyng that lakt it.

primus pastor. ffor to syng vs emong / right as he
 knakt it,

I can. 660

ijus pastor. let se how ye croyne.²

Can ye bark at the mone?

ijus pastor. hold youre tonges, haue done!

primus pastor. hark after, than. 664

(75)

ijus pastor. To bedlem he bad / that we shuld gang :
 I am fuH fard / that we tary to lang.

But they must hasten to Bethlehem.

ijus pastor. Be mery and not sad / of myrth is oure
 sang,

Euer lastyng glad / to mede may we fang,

¹ 'That euer yit I hard' was originally "he spake vpward," from l. 649, but this has been crossed out with red ink.

² 'Croyne' for 'crone'

Though they
be wet &
weary, they
must see
that child &
that lady.

Withoutt noyse. 669
primus pastor. hy we theder for thy ;
 If we be wete and wery,
 To that chylde and that lady
 we haue it not to lose. 673

(76)

The 2nd
shepherd
recalls the
prophecies
of David and
Isaiah.

ijus pastor. we fynde by the prophecy— / let be youre
 dyn—
 Of dauid and Isay / and mo then I myn,
 Thay prophecyed by clergy / that in a vyrgyn
 shuld he lyght and ly / to slokyn oure syn
 And slake it, 678
 Oure kynde from wo ;
 ffor Isay sayd so,

[¹ This is of
course for
'Eccc.']

Cite¹ virgo 682
 Concipiet a chylde that is nakyd.

(77)

If Daw could
once kneel
before that
child it
would ever
be well with
him.

ij pastor. ffuH glad may we be / and abyde that day
 That lufly to se / that all myghtys may.
 lord weH were me / for ones and for ay,
 Myght I knele on my kne / som word for to say
 To that chylde. 687

Bot the angeH sayd,
 In a cryb wos he layde ;
 he was poorly arayd
 Both mener and mylde. 691

(78)

The 1st
shepherd
remembers
that
patriarchs
& prophets
have desired
to see this
sight.

primus pastor. patryarkes that has bene / and prophetys
 before,
 Thay desyryd to haue sene / this chylde that is borne.
 Thay ar gone fuH clene / that haue thay lorne.
 We shaH se hym, I weyn / or it be morne,
 To tokyn. 696

[Fol. 46, a.
Sig. H. 4.]

When I se hym and fele,
 Then wote I fuH weyH
 It is true as steyH
 That prophetys haue spokyn. 700

(79)

'Twas pro-
mised He
should
appear to
the poor.

To so poore as we ar / that he wold appere,
 ffyrst fynd, and declare / by his messyngere.

ijus pastor. Go we now, let vs fare / the place is vs nere. They pray
ijus pastor. I am redy and yare / go we in fere God they
 To that bright. 705 glee to
 comfort His
 wight.

Lord, if thi wylles be,
 we ar lewde aH thre,

Thou grauntt vs somkyns gle

To comfortH thi wight. [They enter the stable.]

(80)

primus pastor. hayH, comly and clene! / hayH, yong The 1st
 child! shepherd
 bids the
 young child

hayH, maker, as I meyne, / of a madyn so mylde!

Thou has waryd, I weyne / the warlo so wylde;

The fals gyler of teyn / now goys he begylde.

lo, he merys; 714

lo, he laghys, my swetyng,

A welfare metyng,

I haue holden my hetyng;

haue a bob of cherys. 718

(81)

ijus pastor. hayH, sufferan sauyoure! / ffor thou has vs The 2nd
 soght: shepherd
 brings Him
 a bird.

hayH, frely foyde and floure / that' aH thyng has wrought!

hayH, fuH of faouere / that' made aH of noght!

hayH! I kneyh and I cowre. / A byrd haue I broght

To my barne. 723

hayH, lytyH tyné mop!

of oure crede thou art crop:

I wold drynk on thy cop,

LytyH day starne. 727

(82)

ijus pastor. hayH, derlyng dere / fuH of godhede!

I pray the be nere / when that' I haue nede.

hayH! swete is thy chere! / my hart' wold blede

To se the sytt here / in so poore wede,

With no pennys. 732

hayH! put furth thy daH!

I bryng the bot' a baH:

haue and play the with aH,

And go to the tenys. 736

Daw's heart
 bleeds to see
 Him so
 poorly clad.
 He offers
 Him a ball.

(83)

Mary pro-
mises to
pray her Son
to keep them
from woe.

Mariu. The fader of heuen / god omnypotent.
That sett aH on seuen, / his son has he sent.
My name couth he neuen / and lyght or he went.
I conceyuyd hym full euen / through myght as he ment,
And now is he borne. 741
he kepe you fro wo!
I shaft pray hym so;
TeH furth as ye go,
And myn on this morne. 745

(84)

[Fol. 46, b]
The shep-
herds go
their way
singing.

primus pastor. ffareweH, lady / so fare to beholde,
with thy childe on thi kne! /
ijus pastor. bot he lygys full cold.
lord, weH is me / now we go, thou behold.
ijus pastor. ffor sothe aH redy / it semys to be told
full oft. 750
primus pastor. what grace we haue fun.
ijus pastor. Com furth, now ar we won.
ijus pastor. To syng ar we bun):
let take on loft. 754

Explicit pagina Pastorum.

XIV.

Incipit oblatio magorum.

[Dramatis Personae.

<i>Herodes.</i>		<i>Primus Rex, Jaspas.</i>		<i>Tercius Rex,</i>
<i>Nuncius.</i>		<i>Secundus Rex, Melchior.</i>		<i>Balthesar.]</i>

[One 12-line stanza (no. 100), ab ab ab abc ddc; 105 six-line stanzas, aaab ab, except stanza 72, ab ab ab, and one 4-line stanza 22, aaab.

herodes. (1)

Herod calls
for silence.

PEasse, I byd, both far and nere,
I warne you leyf youre sawes sere;
who that makys noyse whyls I am here,
I say, shaft dy. 4
Of aH this world, sooth, far & nere,
The lord am I. 9

(2)

Lord am I of eucry land,
 Of towre and towne, of se and sand ;
 Agans me dar noman stand,
 That berys lyfe ;
 Aĥ erthly thyng bowes to my hand,
 Both man and wyfe.

He is lord of
 every land.

10

12

(3)

Man and wyfe, that warne I you,
 That in this world is lyfand now,
 To mahowne & me aĥ shaĥ bow,
 Both old and ying ;
 On hym wyĥ I ich man trow,
 ffor any thyng.

All shall
 bow to
 Mahound &
 himself.

16

18

(4)

ffor any thyng it shaĥ be so ;
 lord ouer aĥ where I go,
 who so says agane, I shaĥ hym slo,
 where so he dweĥ ;
 The feynd, if he were my fo,
 I shuld hym feĥ.

He would
 slay the
 fiend if he
 opposed
 him.

22

24

(5)

To feĥ those fatures I am bowne,
 And dystroy those dogys in feyld and towne
 That wiĥ not trow on sant Mahowne,
 Oure god so swete ;
 Those fals faturs I shaĥ feĥ downe
 Vnder my fecte.

[Fol. 47, a.]
 He will lay
 low all who
 won't
 believe in
 Mahound.

28

30

(6)

Vnder my fecte I shaĥ thaym fare,
 Those ladys that wiĥ [not] lere my lare,
 ffor I am myghty man ay whare,
 Of ilk a pak ;
 Clenly shapen, hyde and hare,
 withoutten lak.

He is a
 mighty man,
 clean
 shapen, hide
 & hair.

34

36

(7)

The myght of me may no man mene,
 ffor aĥ [that] dos me any teyn,

- He will ding
down all
who give
him trouble.
- I shaſt dyng thaym downe bydeyn,
And wyrk thaym wo ; 40
And on assay it' shaſt be seyn,
Or I go. 42
(8)
- So he will
send to see
if there be
any traitors
in the land.
- And therfor wiſt I send and se
In aſt this land, full hastely,
To looke if any dwelland be
In towre or towne, 46
That' wyſt not holdt holly on me,
And on mahowne. 48
(9)
- He bids his
messenger
go
- If ther be fonden any of tho,
with bytter payn I shaſt theym slo ; [To the messenger.]
My messynger, swyth looke thou go¹
Through ilk countre, 52
In aſt this land, both to and fro,
I commaunde the ; 54
(10)
- & spy if
there be any
who trow
not on
Mahound.
- And truly looke thou spyr and spy,—
In euery stede ther thou commys by,—
who trowes not' ou mahowne most myghty,
Oure god se fre ; 58
And looke thou bryng theym hastely
heder vnto me. 60
(11)
- If there be,
he will flay
them.
- And I shaſt fowndt thaym for to flay,
Those laddys that' wiſt not' lede oure lay ;
Therfor, boy, now I the pray
That' thou go tytt. 64
Nuncius. It' shal be done, lord, if I may,
withoutten lett : 66
(12)
- The messen-
ger offers to
kill them,
but Herod
bids him
bring them
to him.
- And certys, if I may any fynde,
I shaſt not' leyfe oone of them behynde.
herodes. No, bot' boldly thou thaym bynde
And with the leyde : 70
Mahowne, that weldys water and wynde,
The wiſh and spede ! 72

¹ In the MS. this line reads "My messynger [lord] swyth looke thou go."

(13)

Nuncius. Ah peasse, lordyngys, and holdt you styH,
To I haue sayde what I wiH ;
Take goode hede Vnto my skyH,
Both oldt and ying ;

The messenger cries
silence for
the king's
message.
[Fol. 47, b.]

76

In message what is comen you tyH
ffrom herode, the kyng.

78

(14)

he commaundys you, euerilkon,
To hold no kyng bot hym alon,
And othere god ye worship none
Bot mahowne so fre ;
And if ye do, ye mon be slone ;
Thus toldt he me.

Herod is the
only king, &
Mahound
the only god
to be wor-
shipped.

82

84

Tunc venit primus rex equitans ; & respiciens stellam dicit,

(15)

primus rex. Lord, of whom this light is lent,
And vnto me this sight has sent,
I pray to the, with good intent,
ffrom shame me shelde ;
So that I no harmes hent
By way[e]s wylde.

The first
king prays
God shield
him from
harm,

88

90

(16)

Also I pray the specyally,
Thou graunt me grace of company,
That I may haue som beyldyng by,
In my trauayH :
And, certys, for to lyf or dy
I shaH not fayH,

& give him
grace of
company

94

96

(17)

To that I in som land haue bene,
To wyt what this starne may mene,
That has me led, with benys shene,
ffro my cuntre ;
Now weynd I wiH, withoutten weyn,
The sothe to se.

till he has
found the
meaning of
this guiding
star.

100

102

(18)

Secundus rex. A ! lord, that is withoutten ende !
whens euer this selcouth light dyscende,

- The 2nd king
wonders
what the
light may
mean.
- That thus kyndly has me kende
Oute of my land, 106
And shewyd to me ther I can leynd,
thus bright^t shynand? 108
- (19)
- He will
never rest
till he know
whence it
comes.
- Certys, I sagh neuer none so bright;
I shaft neuer ryst by day nor nyght,
To I wyt whens may com this lyght,
And from what^t place; 112
he that it^t send vnto my sight
leyne me that^t grace! 114
- (20)
- The kings
accost each
other. The
2nd king has
come from
Araby, and
is called
Melchior.
- primus rex.* A, sir, wheder ar ye away?
Teth me, good sir, I you pray.
Secundus rex. Certys, I trow, the sothe to say,
None wote bot^t I; 118
I haue folowed yond^t starne, veray,
ffrom araby; 120
- (21)
- ffor I am kyng of that cuntre,
And melchor ther' call men me.
- The 1st is
Jaspar, king
of Tars.
- primus rex.* And kyng, sir, was I wont^t to be,
In tars, at hame, 124
Both of towne and cyte;
Iaspar is my name; 126
- (22)
- [Fol. 48, a.]
They praise
God for the
star.
- The light^t of yond starne sagh I thedyr.
Secundus rex. That lord be louyd that^t send me hedyr!
ffor it^t will grathly ken vs whedyr,
that^t we shall weynd; 130
we owe to loue hym both togedyr,
That^t it^t to vs wold send. 132
- (23)
- The 3rd king
comes on,
wondering
at the star's
brightness.
- Tercius rex.* A, lord! in land what^t may this mene?
So selcouth sight^t was neuer sene,
Sich a starne, shynand so shene,
Sagh I neuer none; 136
It^t gyffys lyght^t ouer all, bedene,
By hym alone. 138

(24)

What it may mene, that know I noght;
 Bot yonder ar two, me thynk, in thoght,
 I thank hym that thaym heder has broght

He sees the
other kings

Thus vnto me;

142

I shaH assay if thay wote oght
 what it may be.

144

(25)

[Turns to the Magi.]

lordyngys, that ar leyf and dere,
 I pray you teH me *with* good chere
 wheder ye weynd, on this manere,

& asks them
the meaning
of the star.

And where that ye haue bene;

148

And of this starne, that shynys thus clere,
 what it may mene.

150

(26)

primus rex. Syr, I say you certanly,
 ffrom tars for yond starne soght haue I.

They say
they have
come from
Tars and
Araby to
seek it.

ijus rex. To seke yond light from araby,
sir, haue I went.

154

ijus rex. Now hertely I thank hym for-thy,
 That it has sent.

156

(27)

primus rex. Good *sir*, what cuntre cam ye fra?

The third
king is
named Bal-
thasar and
comes from
Saba.

ijus rex. This light has led me fro saba;
 And balthesar, my name to say,

The sothe to teH.

160

ijus rex. And kyngis, *sir*, are we twa,
 Ther as we dweH.

162

(28)

ijus rex. Now, syrs, syn we ar semled here,
 I rede we ryde togeder, in fere,
 vnto we wytt, on aH manere,

He proposes
that they
shall all ride
together.

ffor good or yH,

166

what it may mene, this sterne so clere
 Shynand vs tyH.

168

(29)

primus rex. A, lordyngys! behold the lyght
 Of yond starne, *with* bemys bright!

Jaspar is
amazed at

the star's
brightness.

ffor sothe I sagh neuer sich a sight
In no-kyns land ;

172

A starne thus, aboute mydnyght,
so bright' shynand.

174

(30)

It' gyfys more light it' self alone

[Fol. 48, b.]

The star is
brighter
than the sun
or moon.

Then any son that' euer shone,
Or mone, when he of son has ton
his light' so cleyn ;

178

Sich selcouth' sight' haue I sene none,
what so euer it' meyn.

180

(31)

Melchior
notes its
nearness to
the earth.

Secundus rex. Behold, lordyngys, vnto his pase,

And se how nygh the ert' hit gase ;

It' is a tokyn that' it mase

Of nouelry ;

184

A merue' it is, good tent' who tase,

Now here in hy.

186

(32)

He marvels
what it may
mean.

ffor sich a starne was neuer ere seyn,

As wyde in warld as we haue beyn,

ffor blasyng bemys, shynand full sheyn,

ffrom hit ar' sent' ;

190

Merue' I haue what' it' may meyn

In myn intent.

192

(33)

Balthasar re-
members
that this has
been fore-
told.

Tercius rex. Certys, syrs, the sothe to say,

I sha' dyscry now, if I may,

what' it' may meyn, yond starne veray,

Shynand ty' vs ;

196

It' has bene sayde syn many a day

It' shuld' be thus.

198

(34)

The star be-
tokens the
birth of a
prince, un-
less the rules
of astronomy
deceive him.

yond starne betokyns, we' wote I,

The byrth of a prynce, syrs, securly,

That' shewys we' the prophecy

That it so be ;

202

Or els the rewlys of astronomy

Dyssauys me.

204

(35)

primus rex. Certan, balaam spekys of this thyng,
That of Iacob a starne shaH spryng
That shaH ouercom kasar and kyng,
 Withoutten stryfe ;

Jaspar re-
calls the pro-
phesy of
Balaam.

208

AH folk shalbe to hym obeyng
 That berys the lyfe.

All folk shall
obey the star
of Jacob.

210

(36)

Now wote I weH this is the same,
In euery place he shaH haue hame,
AH shaH hym bowe that berys name,
 In ilk cuntre ;
who trowys it not, thay ar to blame,
 what so thay be.

Doubtless
this is He,
and all shall
bow before
Him.

214

216

(37)

ijus rex. Certys, lordyngys, fuH weH wote I,
ffullyllyd is now the prophecy ;
That prynce that shaH ouer com in hy
 kasar and kyng,
This starne berith witnes, wytterly,
 Of his beryng.

Melchior
recognizes
that the pro-
phesy is ful-
filled.

220

222

(38)

ijus rex. Now is fulfyllid here in this land
That balaam sayd, I vnderstand ;
Now is he borne that se and sand
 ShaH weylid at wyH :
That shewys this starne, so bright shynand,
 vs thre vntyH.

So also Bal-
thasar.

[Fol. 49, a.]

226

228

(39)

primus rex. Lordyngys, I rede we weynd aH thre
ffor to wyrship that chyld so fre,
In tokyn that he kyng shalbe
 Of alkyn thyng ;
This gold¹ now wyH I bere with me,
 To myn offeryng.

Jaspar pro-
poses that
they all
three go &
worship the
child. His
own offering
shall be
gold.

232

234

(40)

ijus rex. Go we fast, syrs, I you pray,
To worship hym if that we may ;

¹ The word "gold" is omitted, by mistake of the original copier, probably.

- Melchior is bringing incense in token that the child is very God.
- I bryng rekyls, the sothe to say,
here in myn hende, 238
In tokyn that he [is] god veray,
Withoutten ende. 240
(41)
- Balthasar is bringing myrrh as a token of the child's death.
- ijus rex.* Syrs, as ye say right so I red ;
hast' we tytt vnto that sted
To wirship hym, as for oure hed,
with oure offeryng ; 244
In tokyn that' he shalbe ded,
This Myrr I bryng. 246
(42)
- Jaspar asks where the king is to be found.
- primus rex.* where is that' kyng of Iues land,
That' shalbe lord' of se and sand,
And folk shaft bow vnto his hand
Both more and myn ? 250
To wyrship hym with oure offerand
we wyH not blyn. 252
(43)
- Balthasar counsels following the star.
- ijus rex.* ffolowe this light', els be we lorne,
ffor sothe, I trowe, 256
That' frely to we com before ;
Syr, go we now. 258
[*The kings retire. Herod and his messenger advance.*]
(44)
- Herod's messenger is reproached for his long absence.
- Nuncius.* Mahowne, that' is of greatt' pausty,
My lord, sir herode, the saue and se !
herodes. where has þou bene so long fro me,
Vyle stynkand lad ? 262
Nuncius. Lord, gone youre herand' in this cuntre,
As ye me bad. 264
(45)
- His tidings are good & ill, mingled together.
- Herod.* Thou lyys, lurdan, the dewiH the hang !
why has thou dwelt' away so lang ?
Nuncius. lord' ye wyte me aH with wrang.
Herodes. what tythyngys ? say ! 268
Nuncius. Som good, som yH, mengyd emang.
herod. how ? I the pray. 270

(46)

Do tell me fast how thou has farne ;
 Thy waryson shaft thou not tharne. [Fol. 49, b.]
Nuncius. As I cam walkand, I you warne,
 Lord, by the way, 274 He has met
 I met thre¹ kyngis sekeand a barne, three kings
 Thus can thay say. 276 seeking a
 child,

(47)

Herodes. To seke a barne! for what thyng?
 Tokt thay any new tythyng?
Nuncius. yey, lord! thay saykt he shuld be kyng
 Of towne and towre ; 280 who, they
 ffor thy thay went, with thare offeryng, said, should
 hym to honoure. 282 be a king.

(48)

herock. Kyng! the dewiht! bot of what empyre?
 Of what land shuld that lakt be syre?
 Nay, I shaft with that trature tyre ;
 Sore shaft he rewe! 286 Herod will
 make the
 child rue.
Nuncius. lord, by a starne as bright as fyre
 This kyng thay knew ; 288 The mes-
 senger tells
 of the star.

(49)

It led thaym outt of thare cuntre.
Herock. we, fy! fy! dewyls on thame aht thre!
 he shaft neuer haue myght to me,
 That new borne lad ; 292 Herod
 thinks the
 three kings
 mad.
 when thare wytt in a starne shuld be,
 I holdt thaym mad. 294

(50)

Those lurdans wote not what thay² say ;
 Thay ryfe my hede, that dar I lay ;
 Ther dyd no tythyngis many a day,
 Sich harme me to ; 298 Nevertheless
 he is greatly
 troubled,
 ffor wo my wytt is aht away ;
 what shaft I do? 300

¹ MS. iij.² "Thay" is overlined, but the original word "I" remains unaltered.

(51)

and would
fain find out
the truth
about this
new king.

why, what the dewyH is in thare harnes ?
Is thare wytt' aH in the starnes ?
These tythyngis mar my mode in ernes ;
And of this thyng 304
To wytt the sothe, fuH sore me yarnes,
Of this new kyng. 306

(52)

Herod won-
ders, if the
child is to be
king so soon,
who the
devil made
him knight.

Kyng ? what' the dewyH, other then I !
we, fy on dewyls ! fy, fy !
Certys, that' boy shaH dere aby !
his ded is dight ! 310
ShaH he be kyng thus hastely ?
who the dewiH made hym knyght ? 312

(53)

He con-
tinues to
rage,

Alas, for shame ! this is a skorne !
Thay fynde no reson thaym beforen ;
Shuld' that' brodeH, that' late is borne,
Be most' of mayn ? 316
Nay, if the dewyH of heH had sworne,
he shaH agane. 318

(54)

[Fol. 50, a.]

Alas, alas ! for doyH and' care !
So mekyH sorow had I neuer are ;
If it' be sothe, for euer mare
I am vndoyn ; 322
At' good clerkys and wyse of lare
I wyH wyt soyn. 324

(55)

but first will
send for the
three kings
& question
them.

Bot' fyrst' yit' wiH I send' and se
The answer of those lurdans thre. [*Calls to messenger.*]
Messyngere, tytt hy thou the,
And make the yare ; 328
Go, byd those kyngys com speke with me,
That' told' thou of are. 330

(56)

The messen-
ger is sent
off.

Say I haue greatt' herand thaym tyH.
Nuncius. It' shalbe done, lord', at' youre wyH,

youre byddyng shaH I soyn fulfyH

In ilk cuntre. 334

Herod. Mahowne the shelde from aH kyns yH,

ffor his pauste. 336

[*The messenger goes to where the kings stand.*]

(57)

Nuncius. Mahowne you saue, *sir* kyngys thre,

I haue message to you preuè,

ffrom herode, kyng of this cuntre,

That is oure chefe ; 340

And lo, syrs, if ye trow not me,

ye rede this brefe. 342

(58)

primus rex. welcom be thou, belamy !

what is his wyH ? teH vs in hy.

Nuncius. Certys, *sir*, that wote not I,

Bot thus he sayde to me, 346

That ye shuld com fuH hastely

To hym aH thre, 348

(59)

ffor nede herand, he sayd me so.

Secundus rex. Messynger, before thou go,

And teH thi lord we ar aH thro

his wyH to do ; 352

Both I and my felose two

ShaH com hym to. [*The messenger returns to Herod.*]

(60)

Nuncius. Mahowne you looke, my lord so dere.

herod. welcom be thou, messyngere !

how has thou farne syn thou was here ?

Thou teH me tytt. 358

Nuncius. lord, I haue trauekd far and nere

withoutten lett, 360

(61)

And done youre herand, *sir*, sothely ;

Thre kyngis *with* me broght haue I,

ffro saba, tars, and araby,

Then haue thay soght. 364

herodes. Thi waryson shaH thou haue for thy,

By hym me boght ; 366

He hails the
kings in
Herod's
name,

and exhibits
his "brief."

The kings
are to come
to Herod at
once.

Melchior
bids the
messenger
return &
announce
their
approach.

Herod wel-
comes the
messenger,

who an-
nounces his
success, &
is promised
a reward.

(62)

And, certainly, that is good skyH,
And syrs, ye ar welcom me tyH.

Balthasar
announces
the readiness
of the kings
to obey
Herod.

ijus rex. Lord, thi bydyng to fulfyH

[*The three kings come to Herod.*]

Are we fuH thro.

370

herodes. A, mekyH thank of youre good wyH

That ye wyH so.

372

(63)

[Fol. 50, b.]

Herod ques-
tions them
concerning
the token in
the sky.

ffor, certys, I haue couett greatly

To speke *with* you, and here now why :

TelH me, I pray you specyally,

ffor any thyng,

376

what tokynyng saw ye on the sky

Of this new kyng?

378

(64)

Jaspar re-
counts the
rising of the
star in the
East.

primus rex. we sagH his starne ryse in the eest,

That shaH be kyng of man and best,

ffor thy, lord, we haue not cest,

Syn that we wyst,

382

with oure gyftys, riche and honest,

To bere that blyst.

384

(65)

Melchior
says that by
the star they
knew of the
child's birth.

ijus rex. lord, when that starne rose vs before,

Ther by we knew that chylde was borne.

herodes. Out, alas, I am forlorne

ffor euer mare!

388

I wold be rent and al to-torne

ffor doyH and care!

390

(66)

Herod
laments &
desires his
learned men

Alas, alas, I am fuH wo!

Syr kyngys, syt downe, & rest you so.

By scrypture, syrs, what say ye two?

[*To the doctors.*]

withoutten lytt;

394

what ye can say ther to

let se now tytt.

396

(67)

to search
their books

These kyngys do me to vnderstand,

That borne is newly, in this land,

- A kyng that shaH weld se and sand ;
 Thay tell me so ; 400
 And therfor, syrs, I you commaunde
 youre bookys go to, 402
 (68)
- And looke grathly, for any thyng,
 If ye fynd oght of sich a kyng. for a prophecy of any such king.
primus consultus & doctor. It shaH be done at youre
 bydyng,
 By hym me boght, 406 They promise a speedy answer,
 And soyn we shaH you tythyngys bryng
 If we fynd oght. 408
 (69)
- ijus consultus & doctor.* Soyn shaH we wyt, lord, if I may,
 If oght be wretyn in oure lay.
herock. Now, masters, therof I you pray
 On aH manere. 412
- primus consultus.* Com furth, let vs assay
 Oure bookys both in fere. 414 & consult their books together.
 (70)
- ijus consultus.* Certys, sir, lo, here fynd I
 weH wretyn in a prophecy,
 how that profett Isay,
 That neuer begyld,
 418 The 2nd doctor finds a prophecy in Isaiah of a virgin bearing a son.
 Tellys that a madyn of hir body
 ShaH bere a chylde. 420
 (71)
- primus consultus.* And also, sir, to you I tell
 The meruellest thyng that euer feH,
 Hyr madynhede with hir shaH dweH,
 As dyd before ; 424 The 1st doctor says He shall be called Eminentuel. [Fol. 51, a. Sig. I. i.]
- That child shaH hight ' emanueH '
 when he is borne. 426
 (72)
- ijus consultus.* lord, this is sothe, securely,
 wytnes the profett Isay.¹
herock. Outt, alas ! for doyh I dy,
 long or my day ! 430 Herod laments.
- ShaH he haue more pauste then I ?
 A, waloway ! 432

¹ The expected ryme *aaa* is turnd into *aba*.

(73)

Alas, alas, I am forlorne !
 I wold^t be rent^t and aH to torne ;
 Bot^t looke yit^t, as ye dyd^t beforen,
 ffor luf of me ; 436
 And tesh me where that^t boy is borne ;
 Onone lett se. 438

He bids
 them look
 where the
 boy shall be
 born.

(74)

primus consultus. AH redy, lord, with mayn & mode.
herod^t. haue done belyf^t, or I go wode ;
 And, certys, that^t gadlyng wer^t as good
 haue greuyd me noght^t ; 442
 I shaH se that^t brodeH bloode,
 By hym that^t me has boght^t ! 444

The doctors
 must be
 quick or
 Herod will
 go mad.

(75)

ijus consultus. Micheas the prophett, withoutten nay,
 how that he tellys I shaH you say ;
 In bedlem, land of Iuda,
 As I say you, 448
 Out of it^t a duke shaH spra ;
 Thus fynd we now. 450

They say
 that accord-
 ing to the
 prophet
 Micah a
 duke shall
 come forth
 from Beth-
 lehem.

(76)

primus consultus. Syr, thus we rynd^t in prophecy :
 Therfor we say you, securely,
 In bedlem, we say you truly,
 Borne is that^t kyng. 454
herod^t. The dewiH hang you high to dry,
 ffor this tythyng ! 456

Therefore in
 Bethlehem
 is the king
 born.

Herod curses
 them for
 their news.

(77)

And certys ye ly ! it may not be !
ijus consultus. lord, we wytnes it truly ;
 here the sothe youre self may se,
 If ye can rede. 460
herod^t. A, waloway ! fuH wo is me !
 The dewiH you spede ! 462

They bid him
 read for him-
 self.

(78)

primus consultus. lord, it^t is sothe, aH that we say,
 We fynde it wretyn in oure lay.

It is so
 written
 down.

- herod. Go hens, harlottys, in twenty¹ dewiH way,
 ffast^t and belyfe! 466 Herod curses
 all the more
- Mighty mahowne, as he weH may,
 lett you neuer thryfe! 468
- (79)
- Alas, wherto were I a crowne?
 Or is cald of greatt renowne?
 I am the fowlest borne downe
 That euer was man; 472 He laments
 his fate.
- And namely with a fowH swalchon,
 That no good can. 474
- (80) [Fol. 51, b.]
- Alas, that euer I shuld be knyght,
 Or holdyn man of mekyH myght,
 If a lad shuld^t reyfe me my right
 AH thus me fro; 478
 Myn dede ere shuld I dyght,
 Or it^t were so. 480
- (81) [Turns to the kings.]
- ye nobyH kyngys, harkyns as heynd!
 ye shaH haue saue condyth to weynd;
 Bot^t com agane *with* me to leynd,
 Syrs, I you pray; 484
 ye shaH me fynd a faythfuH freynd,
 If ye do swa. 486
- (82)
- If it^t be sothe; this new tythyng,
 Som worship wold I do that kyng,
 Therfor I pray you that ye bryng
 Me tythyngys soyn. 490
- primus rex.* AH redy, lord, at youre bydyng
 It shalbe doyn. [The kings mount their horses.]
 (83) Jaspar pro-
 mises to do
 his bidding.
- ijus rex.* Alas, in warlk^t how haue we sped!
 where is the lyght that vs has led?
 Som clowde, for sothe, that^t starne has cled
 ffrom vs away; 496
 In strong stowre now ar we sted;
 what^t may we say? 498

¹ MS. xx.

(84)

Melchior
curses
Herod,
through
whose guile
they have
lost sight of
the star.

ijus rex. wo worth herode, that' cursyd wyght!

wo worth that tyrant' day and nyght!

ffor through hym haue we lost' that' sight,

And for his gyle,

502

That' shoyñ to vs *with* bemys bright

within a whyle.

504

here lyghtys the kyngys of thare horses.

(85)

Jaspar sug-
gests that
they pray to
the lord
whose birth
the star be-
tokens, that
he show it to
them again.

primus rex. lordyngys, I red' we pray aH thre

To that' lord, whose natyuyte

The starne betokyned that we can se,

AH *with* his wyH ;

508

pray we specyally that' he

wold' show it vs vntyH

510

*here knele aH thre kyngys downe.*¹

(86)

Melchior's
prayer.

ijus rex. Thou chyld', whose myght' no tong may tell,

As thou art lord of heuen and heH,

Thy nobyH starne, emanueH,

Thou send vs yare ;

514

That' we may wytt' by fyrthli and feH

how we shaH fare.

516

(87)

Balthasar's
prayer.

ijus rex. A, to that chyld be euer honoure,

That in this tyd has stynt oure stoure,

And lent vs lyght to oure socoure,

On this manere ;

520

we loue the, lord of towne and towre,

holly in fere.

522

here ryse thay aH vp.

(88)

[Fol. 52, a.
Sig. I. ij.]
The star re-
appears, &
he expresses
his love &
hope.

we owe to loue hym ouer aH thyng,

That thus has send vs oure askyng ;

Behold', yond starne has made stynyng,

Syrs, securly ;

526

Of this chyld' shaH we haue knowyng,

I hope, in hy.

528

¹ "the" has been inserted in the MS, after "all" by a later hand, but seems unnecessary.

(89)

ijus rex. lordyngys dere, drede thar vs nocht,
 Oure greatt traueH tyll end is broght ;
 yond is the place that we haue soght
 ffrom far cuntre ;
 yond is the chyld that aH has wroght,
 Behold and se !

Melchior re-
 cognizes
 that their
 travel is at
 an end & the
 child near at
 hand.

532

534

(90)

ijus rex. I red we make offeryng, aH thre,
 vnto this chyld of greatt pauste,
 And worship hym with gyftys fre
 That we haue broght ;
 Oure boytt of bayH ay wyH he be,
 weH haue we soght.

Balthasar
 proposes to
 make their
 offerings at
 once.

538

540

(91) [*They enter the house.*]

primus rex. hayH be thou, maker of aH kyn thyng !
 That boytt of aH oure bayH may bryng !
 In tokyn that thou art oure kyng,
 And shalbe ay,
 Resayf this gold to myn offeryng,
 prynee, I the pray.

Jaspar offers
 the child
 gold in token
 of his king-
 ship.

544

546

(92)

ijus rex. hayH, ouercomer of kyng and of knyght !
 That fourmed fysh, and fowyH in flyght !
 ffor thou art godis son most of myght,
 And aH weldand,
 I bryng the rekyls, as is right,
 To myn offerand.

Melchior
 offers in-
 cense in
 token of his
 godhead.

550

552

(93)

ijus rex. hayH, kyng in kyth, cowrand on kne !
 hayH, oone-fold god in persons thre !
 In tokyn that thou dede shalbe,
 By kyndly skyH,
 To thy grauyng this myr of me
 Resaue the tyH.

Balthasar
 offers myrrh
 in token of
 his death.

556

558

(94)

Maria. Syr kyngys, make comforth you betweyn,
 And merueH not what it may mene ;

Mary tells
 them of her
 child's

might. She
is his mother
& yet a clean
maid.

This chyld, that on me borne has bene,

AH bayH may blyn ;

562

I am his moder, and madyn clene

withoutten syn.

564

(95)

Therfor, lordyngys, where so ye fare,

Boldly looke ye tell ay whare

how I this blyst' of bcsom bare,

That' best' shalbe ;

568

And madyn cleyn, as I was are,

Thrugħ his pauste.

570

(96)

[Fol. 52, b.]

And truly, syrs, looke that' ye trow

She blesses
the kings.

That' othere lord is none at-lowe ;

Both man and beest' to hym shaft bowe,

In towne and feyld ;

574

My blyssyng, syrs, be now *with* you

where so ye beyld.

576

(97)

Jaspar says
they have
made a good
journey.

primus rex. A, lordyngys dere ! the sothe to say,

we haue made a good Iornay ;

we loue this lord, that' shaft last ay

with outten ende ;

580

he is oure beyld', both nyght' and day,

where so we weynd.

582

(98)

Melchior
says they
have rested
little, let
them take
a sleep be-
fore they go.

ijus rex. lordyngys, we haue traueld' lang,

And restyd haue we lytyH emang,

ffor-thi I red now, or we gang,

with aH oure mayn

586

et vs fownde a slepe to fang ;

Then were I fayn ;

588

(99)

Here is a
litter ready
for them.

ffor in greatt' stowres we haue ben sted.

lo, here a lytter redy cled.

ijus rex. I loue my lord ! we haue weH sped',

To rest' *with* wyn ;

592

Balthasar
bids the
others get to
bed first.

lordyngys, syn we shaft go to bed,

ye shaft begyn. [*They sleep: an angel appears above.*]

(100)

Angelus. Syr curtes kyngys, to me take tent,
And turne by tyme or ye be tenyd ;
ffrom god his self thus am I sent

An angel
warns the
kings of
Herod's evil
designs.

To warne you, as youre faythfuH freynd,
how herode kyng has malyce ment,

598

And shapys *with* shame you for to sheynd ;
And so that ye no harmes hent,

By othere ways god wyH ye weynd

602

Into youre awne cuntre ;

And if ye ask hym boyn,

ffor this dede that ye haue done,

youre beyldt ay wyH he be.

[*Exit.*]

606

He bids
them return
home by
another way.

(101)

primus rex. wakyns, wakyns, lordyngys dere !

Oure dwellyng is no longer here ;

An angeH spake tyH vs in fere ;

Bad vs, as heynd,

610

That we ne shuld, on no manere,

home by herode weynd.

612

Jaspar
wakes the
others &
tells them
the angel's
message.

(102)

ijus rex. AH myghty god in trynyte,

with hart' enterely thank I the,

That' thyn angeH send tyH vs thre,

And kend vs so,

616

Oure fals fo man for to fle,

That' woldt vs slo.

618

Melchior
thanks the
Trinity for
this warn-
ing.

[Fol. 53, a.
Sig. I. iij.]

(103)

ijus rex. We aght' to loue hym more and myn,

That' comly kyng of aH man-kyn ;

I rew fuH sore that' we shaH twyn

On this manere ;

622

ffor *commen* we haue, *with* mekyH wyn,

By wayes sere.

624

Balthasar
is sorry they
must part.

(104)

primus rex. Twyn must vs nedys, syrs, *permafay*,

And ilk on weyndt by dyuers way ;

Jaspar says
they must
take their

N

divers ways,
& bids the
others fare-
well.

This wyH me lede, the sothe to say,
To¹ my cuntre ; 628
ffor-thy, lordyngys, now haue good day !
God *with* you be ! 630

(105)

Melchior
finds his
road & com-
mends the
other kings
to heaven.

ijus rex. Certys, I must pas by se and sand ;
This is the gate, I vnderstand,
That wyH me lede vnto my land
The right way ; 634
To god of heuen I you commaunde,
And haue good day ! 636

(106)

Balthasar
also departs,
praying
God's help
against the
fiend.

ijus rex. This is the way that I must weynd ;
Now god tiff vs his socoure send,
And he, that is withoutten end
And ay shalbe, 640
Saue vs from fowndyng of the feynd,
ffor his pauste. 642

Explicit oblatio trium Magorum.

XV.

Incipit fugacio Iosep & Marie in egiptum.

[13 stanzas of 13 lines, abab aab aab, cbc ; 1 of 12 lines abab aab
aa cbc.]

[*Dramatis Personae :*

Angelus. Josephus. Maria. Jesus.]

Angelus. (1)

An angel
bids Joseph
awake, &
warns him
to flee from
danger.

[Fol. 53, b.]

Awake, Ioseph, and take intent !
Thou ryse, and slepe nomare !
If thou WyH saue thy self vnshent'
ffownde the fast' to fare ; 4
I am an angeH to the sent',
ffor thou shaft no harmes hent',
To cach the outt' of care. 7
If thou here longer lent,
ffor rewth thou mon repent,

¹ MS. ty.

And rew it wonder sare.	10	Joseph wonders at this sound so sweet of tune,
<i>Ioseph.</i> A! myghtful god, what' euer this ment, so swete of toyn ¹ ?	13	
(2)		
<i>Angelus.</i> lo, Ioseph, it' is I, An angeH send to the.		& why an angel is sent to him.
<i>Ioseph.</i> we! leyf, I pray the why? what' is thy wyH with me?	17	
<i>Angelus.</i> hens behufys the hy, And take with the mary, Also hir chyld so fre; ffor herode dos to dy A ^H knaue chyldren, securly, with in two yere that' be Of eld.	20	The angel bids him flee, with Mary and her child, for Herod will kill all knave-children under two years.
<i>Ioseph.</i> Alas, fuH wo is me! where may we beyld?	23	
(3)		
<i>Angelus.</i> TyH egypp shaH thou fare with aH the myght' thou may; And, Ioseph, hold' the thare, tyH I wyll the at' say.	26	
<i>Ioseph.</i> This is a febyH fare, A seke man and a sare To here of sich a fray; My bonys ar: bursyd and' bare ffor to do; I wold' it' ware Comen my last' day TyH ende; I ne wote which is the way; how shaH we weynde?	30	He is to go to Egypt and stay there till warned to return.
	33	Joseph grumbles, he is old and knows not the way.
	36	
	39	
(4)		
<i>Angelus.</i> Ther of haue thou no drede; weynd furth, & leyf thi dyn; The way he shaH you lede, the kyng of aH man-kyn.	43	The angel says the king of all mankind shall lead him, but Joseph still

¹ Note the absence of ryme.

thinks on his
age and
febleness.

Ioseph. That' heynd til vs take hede,
ffor I had lytyH nede

Sich bargans to begyn ;

46

No wonder if I wede,
I that' may do no dede ;

how shuld I theder wyn
ffor eld ?

49

I am full bare and thyn,
And aH vnweld ;

52

(5)

Joseph is
grieved for
Mary. He
tells her they
must flee.

My fors me faly's to fare,¹ [*Mary with her Babe advances.*]
and sight' that' I shuld se.

Mary, my darlyng dere,

I am full wo for the !

56

Maria. A, leyf Ioseph, what' chere ?
youre sorow on this manere

It' mekiH meruels me.

59

Ioseph. Oure noyes ar neghand' nere
If we dwelt longer here ;

ffor-thi behofes vs fle,

62

And flytt.

Maria. Alas ! how may this be ?

what' euer menys it' ?

65

(6)

[Fol. 54, a.
Sig. I. 4.]

Ioseph. It menys of sorow enoghe.

Maria. A, dere Ioseph, how so ?

An angel has
warned him
that Herod
would slay
her son.

Ioseph. As I lay in a swogh,

ffull sad slepand and thro,

69

An angeH to me drogh,

As blossom bright' on bogh,

And told betwix vs two,

72

That' herode wroght' greatt' wogh,

And aH knaue children slogh

In land that' he myght' to,

75

That' feynd !

And he thy son wold' slo

And shamely sheynd.

78

¹ The ryme needs ' fere.'

(7)

<i>Maria.</i> My son ? alas, for care !		
who may my doylls dyH ?		Mary is aghast at Herod's wickedness.
wo worth fals herode are !		
my son why shuld he spyH ?	82	
Alas ! I lurk and dare !		
To slo this barne I bare,		
what' wight' in wark' had wyH ?	85	
his hart' shuld be fuH sare		
Sichon for to fare,		
That' neuer yit' dyd yH,	88	
Ne thoght'.		
<i>Ioseph.</i> Now leyfe mary, be styH !		Joseph says this helps nought.
This helpys noght ;	91	

(8)

It' is no boytt to grete,		
truly withoutten trayn ;		
Oure bayH it' may not boytt ¹		
bot weH more make oure payn.	95	
<i>Maria.</i> Alas ! how shuld I lete ?		Mary asks his counsel.
My son that' is so swete		
Is soght for to be slayn ;	98	
ffuH gryle may I grete,		
My fomen and I mete ;		
TeH me, Ioseph, with mayn,	101	
youre red.		
<i>Ioseph.</i> Shortly swedyH vs this swayn,		Joseph bids her swaddle the child and flee.
And fle hys dede.	104	

(9)

<i>Maria.</i> his ded wold I not se,		
ffor aH this warld' to wyn ;		
Alas ! fuH wo were me,		
In two if we shuld' twyn ;	108	
My chyld' so bright of ble,		
To slo hym were pyte,		
And a fuH hedus syn.	111	
Dere Ioseph, what' red ye ?		
<i>Ioseph.</i> TyH egyp weynd shaft we ;		

¹ The ryme needs 'bete' or 'beytt,' remedy.

- They are to
go to Egypt. ffor-thi let be thi dyn 114
And cry.
Maria. how shaft we theder wyn?
Ioseph. ffulle weft wote I; 117
(10)
- There is
nothing to
say, but pack
up quickly. The best wyse that we may
hast vs outt' of this here.
Ther is nocht els to say
bot' tytt' pak vp oure gere; 121
[Fol. 54, b.] ffor ferd of this affray,
lett vs weynd hens away,
Or' any do vs dere. 124
- Mary calls to
God to pro-
tect them. *Maria.* Greatt god, as he weft may,
That' shope both nyght' and day,
ffrom wandreth he vs were, 127
And shame;
My chyld' how shuld' I bere
So far from hame? 130
(11)
- She is full of
woe. Alas! I am fuH wo!
was neuer wyght' so wyH!
Ioseph. God wote I may say so,
I haue mater ther tyH; 134
Why will not
death slay
him? ffor I may vnyth go
To lede of land sich two;
No wonder if I bē wyH, 137
And sythen has many a fo.
A, why wyH no ded me slo?
My lyfe I lyke yH 140
And sare;
he that' aH doyls may dyH,
he keyH my care! 143
(12)
- Young men
should be-
ware, for
wedding is
making him
all wan. So wyH a wyght as I,
In world' was neuer man;
howsehold' and husbandry
ffuH sore I may it' ban; 147
That' bargan dere I by.
yong men, bewar, red I:
wedyng makys me aH wan. 150

Take me thi brydyH, mary ;
 Tent' thou to that page grathly
 with aH the craft' thou can ; 153
 And may
 he that this warld' began,¹
 wysH vs the way ! 156
 (13)

Maria. Alas, fuH wo is me !
 Is none so wyH as I !
 My hart' wold breke in thre,
 My son to se hym dy. 160
Ioseph. we ! leyf mary, lett' be,
 And nothyng drede thou the,
 Bot' hard' hens lett vs hy ; 163
 To saue thi foode so fre,
 ffast' furth' now lett vs fle,
 Dere leyf ; 166
 To mete with his enmy,
 It' were a greatt' myschefe, 168
 (14)

And that' wold' I not wore,²
 Away if we myght wyn ;
 My hart' wold' be fuH sore,³
 In two to se you twyn. 172
 TyH egypp lett' vs fare ;
 This pak, tyH I com thare,
 To bere I shaH not' blyn : 175
 ffor-thi haue thou no care ;
 If I may help the mare,
 Thou fyndys no fawte me in, 178
 I say.
 God blys you more and myn,
 And haue now aH good day ! 181

Mary's heart
 would break
 in thre to
 see her son
 die.

Joseph com-
 forts her, but
 they must
 flee quickly.

He will bear
 the pack and
 help her all
 he can.

Explicit fugacio Iosep & marie in egiptum. [Fol. 55, a.]

¹ MS. beban.

[² ? wold'...ware,]

[³ ? wold'...sare.]

(XVI.)

Incipit magnus Herodes.

[57 nine-lined stanzas, aaaab cccb, (no. 6, has aaaaa ccca) with central rymes markt by bars.]

[Dramatis Personae.]

Nuncius.
Herodes.
Primus Miles.
Secundus Miles.

Tercius Miles.
Primus Consultus.
Secundus Consultus.

Prima Mulier.
Secunda Mulier.
Tercia Mulier.]

(1)

Nuncius.

Herod's messenger begins a ranting speech to the people.

They must attend to him or they will take harm.

Moste myghty mahowne / meng you *with* myrth !
Both of burgh and of towne / by fellys and by
fyrth,
Both kyng *with* crowne / and barons of brith,
That' radly wyth rowne / many greatt' grith
Shaft be happ. 5
Take tenderly intent'
what' sondys ar sent,
Els harmes shaft ye hent,
And lothes you to lap. 9

(2)

Herod sends them greeting and commands them to be obedient to him.

Herode, the heyndt kyng / by grace of mahowne,
Of Iury, Iourmontyng / sternly *with* crowne,
On lyfe that' ar lyfyng / in towre andt in towne,
Gracyus you gretyng / commaundys you be bowne
At his bydyng ; 14
luf hym *with* lewte,
drede hym, that' doughty !
he chargys you be redy
lowly at' his lykyng. 18

(3)

Any treason shall be paid for twelve thousand fold. He is now abashed

What' man apon moldt / menys hym agane,
Tytt teyn shaft be toldt, knyght', sqwyere, or swayn ;
Be he neuer so boldt / byes he that bargan,
Twelf thowsand foldt / more then I sayn

- May ye trast ; 23 about a new
 he is worthy wonderly, born boy,
 Selcouthly sorry ;
 ffor a boy that is borne her by
 Standys he abast. 27
- (4)
- A kyng thay hym call / and that we deny ;
 how shuld it so fall / greatt merueh haue I ;
 Therfor ouer all / ShaH I make a cry,
 That ye busk not to brast / nor lyke not to ly
 This tyde ; 32
 Carpys of no kyng
 Bot herode, that lordyng,
 Or busk to youre beyldyng,
 youre heedys for to hyde. 36
- (5)
- He is Kyng of Kyngys / Kyndly I Knowe, [Fol. 55, b.]
 Chefe lord of lordyngys / chefe leder of law,
 Ther watys on his wyngys / that boldt bostt wyH blaw,
 Greatt dukys downe dyngys / ffor his greatt aw,
 And hym lowtys. 41
 Tuskane and turky,
 All Inde and Italy,
 CecyH and surry,
 Drede hym and dowyntys. 45
- (6)
- ffrom paradyse to padwa / to mownt flascon ;
 ffrom egypt to mantua / vnto kemp towne ;
 ffrom sarceny to susa / to grece it abowne ;
 Both normondy and norwa / lowtys to his crowne ;
 his renowne 50
 Can no tong tell,
 ffrom heuen vnto hell ;
 Of hym can none speH
 Bot his cosyn mahowne. 54
- (7)
- he is the worthyest of all / barnes that are borne ;
 ffree men ar his thraH / full teynfully torne ;
 Begyn he to brast / many men each skorne ;
 Obey must we all / or els be ye lorne
 All men
 must obey
 him or be
 lost.

- Att' onys. 59
- Downe dyng of youre knees,
 Aĥ that' hym seys,
 Dysplesyd he beys,
 And byrkyn many bonys. 63
- (8)
- He is now coming and must be welcomed worshipfully. here he commys now, I cry / that lord I of spake ;
 ffast' afore wyĥ I hy / radly on a rake,
 And welcom hym worshipfully / laghyng with lake,
 As he is most worthy / and knele for his sake
 So low ; 68
- Downe dernly to faĥ,
 as renk most' ryah :
 hayĥ, the worthyest' of aĥ !
 to the must' I bow ! [Herod advances.] 72
- (9)
- He greets Herod, and says he has called for silence for him. The people talk of a king and won't cease chattering. hayĥ, luf lord ! lo / thi letters haue I layde ;
 I haue done I couth do / and peasse haue I prayd ;
 Mekyĥ more therto / opynly dysplayd ;
 Bot' romoure is rasyd so / that' boldly thay brade
 Emangis thame ; 77
- Herod says he will tame their talking. Thay carp of a kyng,
 thay seasse not' sich chaterying.
herodes. Bot' I shaĥ tame thare talkyng,
 And let' thame go hang thame : 81
- (10)
- Stynt', brodels, youre dyn / yei, euerychon !
 I red that' ye harkyn / to I be gone,
 ffor if I begyn / I breke ilka bone,
 And puĥ fro the skyn / the carcas anone,
 yei, perde ! 86
- [Fol. 56, a.] He begins to rant, and bids them hearken on pain of broken bones and skinning. Sesse aĥ this wonder,
 and make vs no blonder,
 ffor I ryfe you in sonder,
 Be ye so hardy. 90
- (11)
- They are not to speak or stir, till he has said his say. Peasse both yong and old / at' my bydyng, I red,
 ffor I haue aĥ in wold' / in me standys lyfe and dede ;
 who that' is so bold / I brane hym through the hede ;
 Speke not' or I haue told' / what' I wiĥ in this stede ;

ye wote nott 95
 Aȝ that I wiȝt mefe ;
 Styr not bot ye haue lefe,
 ffor if ye do, I clefe
 you smaȝ as flesh to pott. 99

(12)

My myrthes ar turned to teyn / my mekenes into Ire,
 And aȝ for oone I weyn / *with-in* I fare as fyre.
 May I se hym *with* eyn / I shaȝ gyf hym his hyre ;
 Bot I do as I meyn / I were a fuȝ lewde syre
 In wonys ; 104
 had I that lad in hand,
 As I am kyng in land,
 I shuld *with* this steyȝ brand
 Byrkyn aȝ his bonys. 108

His mirth is turned to grief because of a boy whose bones he would break if he could catch him.

(13)

My name spryngys far and nere / the doughtyest, men me
 caȝ,
 That euer ran *with* spere / A lord and kyng ryȝ ;
 what ioy is me to here / A lad to sesse my staȝ !
 If I this crowne may bere / that boy shaȝ by for aȝ.
 I anger ; 113
 I wote not what dewiȝt me alys,
 Thay teyn me so *with* talys,
 That by gottys dere nalys,
 I wyȝ peasse no langer. 117

He is so teased with tales that "by God's dear nails" he will hold peace no longer.

(14)

what dewiȝt ! me thynk I brast / ffor anger and for teyn ;
 I trow thyse kyngys be past / that here *with* me has beyn ;
 Thay promysed me fuȝ fast / or now here to be seyn,
 ffor els I shuld haue cast / an othere sleght, I weyn ;
 I teȝ you, 122
 A boy thay sayd thay soght,
with offeryng that thay broght ;
 It mefys my hart right noght
 To breke his nek in two. 126

He fears that the kings are going to break their promise of returning.

(15)

Bot be thay past me by / by mahowne in heuen,
 I shaȝ, and that in hy / set aȝ on sex and seuen ;

If they have passed by

- him, he will
set all things
at sixes and
sevens.
- Trow ye a kyng as I / wiþ suffre thaym to neuen
Any to haue mastry / bot^t my self full euen ?
Nay, leyfe ! 131
- [Fol. 56, b.] The dewiþ me hang and draw,
If I that loseþ know,
Bot^t I gyf hym a blaw,
That lyfe I shaþ hym reyfe. 135
- (16)
- If any one
hears tell of
them, Herod
prays him to
report to
him.
- ffor parels yit^t I wold^t / wyst^t if thay were gone ;
And ye therof her told / I pray you say anone,
ffor and thay be so bold^t / by god that syttys in trone,
The payn can not^t be told^t / that^t thay shaþ haue ilkon,
ffor Ire ; 140
- Sich panys hard^t neuer man teþ,
ffor vgly and for feþ,
That^t lucyfere in heþ
Thare bonys shaþ aþ to-tyre. 144
- (17)
- The first
knight tells
him that the
kings have
passed by
another way.
- primus Miles.* Lord, thynk not^t iþ if I / teþ you how
thay ar past^t ;
I kepe not^t layn, truly / Syn thay cam by you last^t,
An othere way in hy / thay soght^t, & that^t full fast.
Herodes. why, and ar thay past^t me by ? / we ! outt^t ! for
teyn I brast^t !
we ! fy ! 149
- Herod
blames his
knights for
not having
spied them.
- ffy on the dewiþ ! where may I byde ?
Bot^t fyght^t for teyn and al to-chyde¹ !
Thefys, I say ye shuld^t haue spyde
And told^t when thay went^t by ; 153
- (18)
- ye ar knyghtys to trust^t ! / nay, losels ye ar, and thefys ;
I wote I yelde my gast / so sore my hart^t it^t grefys.
Secundus Miles. what nede you be abast^t ? / ther ar no
greatt^t myschefys
ffor these maters to gnast. /
Tercius Miles. why put ye sich reprefys
- They
grumble at
his threats.

¹ MS. alto chyde.

withoutt' cause ? 158

Thus shuld ye not' thrett vs,
vngaynly to bete vs,
ye shuld not' rehet' vs,
withoutt' othere sawes.

162

(19)

herod. ffy, losels and lyars ! / lurdans ilkon !
Tratoures and weH wars ! / knafys, bot' knyghtys none !
had ye bene woth youre eres / thus had thay not' gone ;
Gett' I those land lepars / I breke ilka bone ;

Herod still
abuses them.

ffyrst' vengeance

167

ShaH I se on thare bonys ;
If ye byde in these wonys
I shaH dyng you with stonys,
yei, ditizance doutance.

If they con-
tinue like
this he will
ding them
with stones,
"ditizance
doutance."

171

(20)

I wote not where I may sytt' / for anger & for teyn ;
we haue not done aH yit' / if it' be as I weyn ;
ffy ! dewiH ! now how is it ? / as long as I haue eyn
I think not' for to flytt / bot' kyng I wiH be seyn
ffor euer.

176

He does not
mean to flit
himself, but
will make
men see that
he is king.

Bot' stand I to quart,
I teH you my hart,
I shaH gar thaym start,

Or els trust' me neuer.

180

(21)

primus Miles. Syr, thay went sodanly / or any man wyst,
Els had mett' we, yei, perdy / and may ye tryst'.

[Fol. 57, a.]

Secundus Miles. So bold' nor so hardy / agans oure lyst,
was none of that' company / durst' mete me with fyst

The knights
boast what
they would
have done
had they met
the kings.

ffor ferd'.

185

Tercius Miles. IH durst' thay abyde,

Bot' ran thame to hyde ;

Might I thaym haue spyde,

I had made thaym a herd.

189

(22)

what couth we more do / to saue youre honoure ?

primus Miles. we were redy therto / and shal be ilk howre.

herod. Now syn it' is so / ye shaH haue faouure ;

Go where ye wyH, go / by towne and by towre,

What could
they do more
to saue
Herod's
honour ?

- He forgives
them ;
- Goys hens ! [The Soldiers retire.] 194
I haue maters to meH
- and calls his
privy
council.
- with my preuey counseH ; [The Council advance.]
Clerkys, ye bere the beH,
ye must me encense. 198
- (23)
- Oone spake in myne eere / A wonderfuH talkyng,
And sayde a madyn shukH bere / anothere to be kyng ;
Syr, I pray you inquire / in aH wrytyng,
In vyrgyH, in homere / And aH other thyng
Bot legende ; [They look at their books.] 203
Sekys poece tayllys ;
lefe pystyls and grales ;
Mes, matyns, noght avalys,
AH these I defende ; 207
- (24)
- I pray you teH heyndly / now what ye fynde.
primus consultus. Truly, sir, prophecy / It is not blynd ;
we rede thus by Isay / he shalbe so kynde,
That a madyn, sothely / which neuer synde,
ShaH hym bere : 212
“ virgo concipiet,
Natumque pariet ; ”
“ EmanueH ” is hete,
his name for to lere, 216
- (25)
- “ God is with vs, ” that is forto say.
Secundus consultus. And othere says thus / tryst me ye
may :
“ Of bedlem a gracyus / lord shaH spray,
That of Iury myghtyus / kyng shalbe ay,
lord myghty ; 221
And hym shaH honoure
both kyng and emperoure.”
herodes. why, and shuld I to hym cowre ?
Nay, ther thou lyys lyghtly ! 225
- (26)
- Herod rages
at them, and
- ffy ! the dewiH the spede / and me, bot I drynk onys !
This has thou done in dede / to anger me for the nonys ;

And thou, knafe, thou thy mede / shaft haue, by cokys [Fol. 57, b.]
dere bonys !

Thou can not half thi crede ! / outt, thefys, fro my wonys !
ffy, knafys ! 230

ffy, dotty-pols, with youre bookys !

Go kast thaym in the brookys !

with sich wylys and crokys

My wytt away rafys ! 234

(27)

hard I neuer sich a trant / that a knafe so sleght

Shuld com lyke a sant / and refe me my right ;

Nay, he shaft on slant / I shaft kyH hym downe stryght ;

war ! I say, lett me pant / now thynk I to fyght

ffor anger ; 239

My guttys with outt thryng

Bot I this lad hyng ;

withoutt I haue a vengyng,

I may lyf no langer. 243

(28)

Shuld a carH in a kafe / bot of oone yere age,

Thus make me to rafe ? /

primus consultus. Syr, peasse this outrage !

A-way let ye wafe / aH sich langage,

youre worship to safe / is he oght bot a page

Of a yere ? 248

we two shaft hym teyn

with oure wyttys betweyn,

That, if ye do as I meyn,

he shaft dy on a spere. 252

(29)

Secundus consultus. ffor drede that he reyn / do as we red ;

Thrug outt bedlem ¹ / and ilk othere stede,

Make knyghtys ordeyn / and put vnto dede

AH knaue chyldren / of two yerys brede,

And with-in ; 257

This chyld may ye spyH

Thus at youre awne wiH.

Herodes. Now thou says here tyH

A right nobyH gyn ! 261

¹ Assonant to 'reyne,' 'chyldren.'

bids the
"dottypols"
fly and throw
their books
into the
water.

Unless he
have ven-
geance on
this lad he
can live no
longer.

The council-
lors bid him
put away all
such lan-
guage, and
they shall
find him a
remedy.

Let him bid
his knights
slay all chil-
dren at Beth-
lehem and
elsewhere
under two
years old and
this child
must die.

(30)

Herod
thinks this a
right noble
gin; if he
lives he will
make the
Councillor
Pope; mean-
while he
shall have
castles and
lands.

If I lyf in land / good lyfe, as I hope,
This dar I the warand / to make the Pope.¹
O, my hart is rysand / now in a glope!
ffor this nobyH tythand / thou shaH haue a drope
Of my good grace; 266
Markys, rentys, and powndys,
Greatt' castels & groundys;
ThruGH aH sees and sandys
I gyf the the chace. [*The Council retires.*] 270

(31)

Herod bids
his messen-
ger call the
flower of his
knights.

Now wyH I procede / and take veniance;
AH the flowre of knyghthede / caH to legeance;
Bewshere, I the byd² / it' may the avance.
Nuncius. lord, I shaH me spede / and bryng, perchaunce,
To thy syght. [*Herod retires. Knights advance.*]

[Fol. 58, a.]

The messen-
ger bids the
knights
hasten to
Herod,

hark, knyghtys, I you bryng
here new tythyng;
vnto herode kyng
hast with aH youre myght! 279

(32)

armed and in
their best
array.

In aH the hast' that' ye may / in armowre full bright',
In youre best aray / looke that' ye be dight'.
primus Miles. why shuld we fray? /
Secundus Miles. this is not' aH right.
Tercius Miles. Syrs, withoutten delay I drede that' we
fight.

Nuncius. I pray you, 284
As fast' as ye may,
com to hym this day.

primus Miles. what', in oure best' aray?

Nuncius. yei, syrs, I say you. 288

(33)

ijus Miles. Somwhat is in hand / what euer it meyn.
ij Miles. Tarry not for to stand / ther or we haue beyn.
[*Herod advances.*]

Nuncius. kyng herode aH weldand / weH be ye seyn!
youre knyghtys ar comand / in armoure full sheyn,

¹ This word is erased in the MS.

² The ryme needs 'bede.'

- At youre wyH. 293
- primus Miles.* hayH, dughtyest^t of aH !
we are comen at' youre caH
ffor to do what we shaH,
 youre lust to fullfyH. 297
- (34)
- herod.* welcom, lordyngys, Iwys / bothi greatt and smaH !
The cause now is this / that I send for you aH :
A lad, a knafe, borne is / that' shuld^t be kyng ryah ;
Bot' I kyH hym and his / I wote I brast my gaH ;
 Therfor, Syrs, 302
Veniance shaH ye take,
AH for that lack sake,
And men I shaH you make
 where ye com ay where, syrs. 306
- (35)
- To bedlem loke ye go / And aH the coste aboute,
AH knaue chyl dren ye slo / and lordys, ye shalbe stoute ;
Of yeres if they be two / and within, of aH that' rowte
On lyfe lyefe none of tho / that' lygys in swedyH clowte,
 I red you ; 311
Spare no kyns bloode,
lett aH ryn on floode,
If women wax woode ;
 I warn you, syrs, to spede you ; 315
- (36)
- hens ! now go youre way / that ye were thore.
ijus Miles. I wote we make a fray / bot' I wyH go before.
ijus Miles. A, thynk, syrs, I say / I mon whett lyke a bore.
primus Miles. Sett' me before ay / good enogh for a skore ;
 hayH heyndly ! 320
we shaH for youre sake
make a dulfuH lake.
herodes. Now if ye me weH wrake
 ye shaH fynd me freyndly. [Exit Herod.] 324
- (37)
- ijus Miles.* Go ye now tyH oure noytt / and handyH
 thaym weyH.
ijus Miles. I shaH pay thaym on the cote / begyn I to
 reyH. [First Woman and Child advance.]

The first
knight hails
Herod.

Herod tells
them of the
boy who
must be
killed.

The knights
are to go to
Bethlehem
and there-
abouts and
slay all
knave-child-
ren under
two years of
age.

The knights
promise
obedience.

[Fol. 58, b.] *primus Miles.* hark, felose, ye dote / yonder commys
vnceyH ;

They see a
woman
coming. The
first knight
tells her not
to take it ill
if he kill her
child.

I hold here a grote / she lykys me not weyH

Be we parte ;

[To the Woman.]

329

Dame, think it not yH,

thy knafe if I kyH.

prima Mulier. what, thefe ! agans my wyH ?

lord, kepe hym in qwarte !

333

(38)

primus Miles. Abyde now, abyde / no farther thou gose.

The woman
remon-
strates.

prima Mulier. Peasse, thefe ! shaft I chyde / and make
here a nose ?

primus Miles. I shaft reyfe the thy pryde / kyH we
these boyse !

She attacks
the knight,
but her boy
is slain.

prima Mulier. Tyd may betyde / kepe weH thy nose,
ffals thefe !

338

haue on loft on thy hode.

primus Miles. what, hoore, art thou woode ?

[Kills the Child.]

prima Mulier. Outt, alas, my chyldys bloode !

Outt, for reprefe !

342

(39)

She laments
over him and
calls for
vengeance.

Alas for shame and syn / alas that I was borne !

Of wepyng who may blyn / to se hir chylde forlorne ?

My comforth and my kyn / my son thus alto torne !

veniance for this syn / I cry, both eyn and morne.

Secundus Miles. weH done !

347

[Second Woman and Child advance.]

Com hedyr, thou old stry !

that lad of thyne shaft dy.

Secunda Mulier. Mercy, lord, I cry !

It is myn awne dere son.

351

(40)

The same
scene is gone
through be-
tween a
second
woman and
the second
knight.

ijus Miles. No mercy thou mefe / it mendys the not, mawd !

Secunda Mulier. Then thi skalp shaft I clefe ! / lyst
thou be clawd ?

lefe, lefe, now by lefe ! /

Secundus Miles. peasse, byd I, bawd !

Secunda Mulier. ffy, fy, for reprefe ! fy, full of frawde !

No man! 356

haue at thy tabard,
harlot and holard!

Thou shaft not be sparde!

I cry and I ban! [He kills the boy.] 360

(41)

Outt! morder! man, I say / strang tratoure & thefe!

Out! alas! and waloway! / my child that was me lefe!

My luf, my blood, my play / that neuer dyd man grese!

Alas, alas, this day! / I wold my hart shuld clefe

In sonder! 365

veniance I cry and caH,

on herode and his knyghtys aH!

veniance, lord, apon thaym faH,

And mekyH warldys wonder! 369

(42)

Tercius Miles. This is weH wrought gere / that euer
may be; [Third woman and child advance.]

Comys hederward here! / ye nede not to fle!

Tercia Mulier. wyH ye do any dere / to my chyld and me?

iijus Miles. he shaft dy, I the swere / his hart blood shaft
thou se.

iija mulier. God for-bede! 374

Thefe! thou shedys my chyldys blood! [He kills the boy.] She laments

Out, I cry! I go near wood!

Alas! my hart is aH on flood,

To se my chyld thus blede! 378

(43)

By god, thou shaft aby this dede that thou has done.

Tercius Miles. I red the not stry / by son and by moyn.

iija Mulier. haue at the, say I! / take the ther a foyn!

Out on the I cry / haue at thi groyn

An othere! 383

This kepe I in store.

Tercius Miles. Peasse now, no more!

Tercia Mulier. I cry and I rore,

Out on the, mans morder! 387

(44)

Alas! my bab, myn Innocent / my fleshly get! for sorow
That god me derly sent / of bales who may me borow?

She cries for
vengeance.

The third
knight kills
the child of
a third
mother.

[Fol. 59, a.
Sig. K. 1.]

and attacks
him till he
cries "Peace
now, no
more."

Thy body is aH to-rent' / I cry both euen and morow,
veniance for thi blod' thus spent' / out! I cry, and horow!

The first
knight bids
the women
go off.

primus Miles. Go lightly! 392

Gett' out' of these wonys!

ye trattys, aH at' onys,—

Or by cokys dere bonys

I make you go wyghtly! [The mothers retire.]

(45)

Thay ar flayd now, I wote, thay wiH not' abyde. 397

They are
frightened
now, says
the second
knight.
The third
knight pro-
poses to tell
their ex-
ploits to
Herod.

Secundus Miles. lett vs ryn fote hote / now wold' I we hyde,
And teH of this lott / how we haue betyde.

Tercius Miles. Thou can do thi note / that' haue I aspyde;

Go furth now, 401

TeH thou herode oure tayH!

ffor aH oure awayH,

I teH you, saunce fayH,

he wyH vs alow. 405

(46)

The first
claims to
have done
the best.

primus Miles. I am best' of you aH / and euer has bene;

The deuyH haue my sauh' / bot' I be fyrst' sene;

It' fyttys me to caH' / my lord, as I wene.

ijus Miles. what' nedys the to braH' / be not so kene

In this anger; 410

I shaH say thou dyd best,

saue myself, as I gest.

primus Miles. we! that' is most' honest.

Tercius Miles. go, tary no langer! 414

(47) [They approach Herod.]

They boast
to Herod of
having mur-
dered many
thousands,

primus Miles. hayH herode, oure kyng / fuH glad may ye be!

Good tythyng we bryng / harkyn now to me;

we haue mayde rydyng / thugh outt Iure:

welH wyt ye oone thyng / that' morderd' haue we

Many thowsandys. 419

ijus Miles. I held' thaym fuH hote,

I payd them on the cote;

Thare dammys, I wote,

Neuer bynde them in bandys. 423

(48)

they are
worthy a
reward.

ijus Miles. had ye sene how I fard / when I cam emang them!

Ther was none that' I spard / bot lade on and dang them.

I am worthy a rewarde / where I was emangys them. [Fol. 59, b.]
 I stud and I stard / no pyte to hang them
 had I. 428

herodes. Now, by myghty mahowne,
 That is good of renowne !
 If I bere this crowne
 ye shaH haue a lady 432

(49)

Ilkon to nym layd, and wed at his wyH. Herod pro-
primus Miles. So haue ye lang sayde / do somewhat thertyH ! mises them
ijus Miles. And I was neuer flayde / for good ne for yH. each a lady
ijus Miles. ye might hold you weH payde / oure lust to wed at his
 fulfyH, will.

Thus thynk me, 437
 with tresure vntold,
 If it lyke that ye wold,
 Both syluer and gold,
 To gyf vs greatt plente. 441

The third
 knight sug-
 gests a gift
 of gold and
 silver.

(50)

herodes. As I am kyng crownde / I thynk it good right ! Herod says a
 Ther goys none on grownde / that has sich a wyght ; hundred
 A hundreth thowsand pownde / is good wage for a knyght, thousand
 Of pennys good and rownde / now may ye go light pounds is
 with store ; 446 good wage
 And ye knyghtys of oures for a knight,
 ShaH haue castels and towres, and pro-
 Both to you and to youres, mises castles
 ffor now and euer more. 450 and towers
 as well as
 money.

(51)

primus Miles. was neuer none borne / by downes ne by The knights
 dalys, reioice at
 their wealth

Nor yit vs before / that had sich avalys.
ijus Miles. we haue castels and corne / mych gold in
 oure malys.
ijus Miles. It wyH neuer be worne / withoutt any talys ;
 hayH heyndly ! 455

hayH lord ! hayH kyng !
 we ar furth foundyng !
herod. Now mahowne he you bryng
 where he is lord freyndly ; 459

(52)

Herod
thanks
Mahound
that he may
stand in
peace.
Each of the
knights shall
have a thou-
sand marks
—next time
he comes.

Now in peasse may I stand / I thank the, mahowne !
And gyf of my lande / that longys to my crowne ;
Draw therfor nerehande / both of burgh and of towne ;
Markys ilkon a thowsande / when I am bowne,
ShaH ye haue. 464
I shalbe full fayn
To gyf that I sayn !
wate when I com agayn,
And then may ye craue. 468

(53)

He is not
troubled by
the blood he
has shed.

I sett' by no good' / now my hart' is at easse,
That I shed so mekyH blode / pes aH my ryches !
ffor to se this flode / from the fote to the nese
Mefys nothing my mode / I lagH that I whese ;
A, mahowne ! 473
So light is my sauH,

His gall now
is all of
sugar.

that aH of Sugar is my gaH ;
I may do what I shaH,
And bere vp my crowne. 477

(54)

[Fol. 60, a.
Sig. K. 2.]

He need not
despair now,
for the boy
must be
killed.

I was castyn in care / so frightly afrayd,
Bot I thar not dyspare / for low is he layd
That I most dred are / so haue I hym flayd ;
And els wonder ware / and so many strayd
In the strete, 482
That oone shuld be harmeles,
and skape away hafles,
where so many chyldes
Thare balys can not' bete. 486

(55)

144,000 have
been slain :
never was
there such a
murder.

A hundreth thowsand, I watt' / and fourty ar slayn,
And four thowsand ; ther-at / mē aght to be fayn ;
Sich a morder on a flat / shaH neuer be agayn.
had I had bot oone bat' / at' that lurdan
So yong, 491
It' shuld' haue bene spokyn
how I had me wrokyn,
were I dede and rotyn,
with many a tong. 495

(56)

Thus shaft I tech knauys / ensampyH to take,
 In thare wyttys that' rauys / sich mastre to make ;
 AH wantones wafys / no langage ye crak !
 No sufferan you sauys / youre nekkys shaft I shak
 In sonder ;

Let knaves
 take ex-
 ample by it,
 and call no
 man king
 but Herod.

500

No kyng ye on caH
 Bot on herode the ryah,
 Or els many oone shaft

 Apon youre bodys wonder.

504

(57)

ffor if I here it' spokyn / when I com agayn,
 youre bransy bese brokyn / therfor be ye bayn ;
 Nothyng bese vnlokyn / it' shalbe so playn ;
 Begyn I to rekyn / I thynk aH dysdayn
 ffor daunche.

If he hear
 them speak
 of any other
 he will
 knock their
 brains out.
 But now he
 "can no
 more
 French."

509

Syrs, this is my counseH—
 Bese not to crueH,
 Bot adew!—to the deuyH !
 I can nomore fraunch !

513

Explicit Magnus Herodes.

(XVII.)

Incipit Purificacio marie.

[Fol. 60, b.]

[10 eight-line stanzas aaab cccb ; 10 six-line aab ccb ; and one line.]

[*Dramatis Personae.*

<i>Symeon.</i>		<i>Secundus Angelus.</i>		<i>Maria.</i>
<i>Primus Angelus.</i>		<i>Josephus.</i>		<i>Jesus.</i>

Symeon. (1)

MIghtfuH god, thou vs glad !
 That' heuen and erthe and aH has mayde ;
 Bryng vs to blys that' neuer shaft fade,
 As thou weH may ;
 And thynk on me that' is vnweld—

Simeon
 prays to God
 to remember
 him in his
 old age.

4

lo ! so I hobyH aH on heldt,
 That' vnethes may I walk for eld—
 Now help, lord, adonay !

8

(2)

He wonders
whether the
good men of
old be safe or
lost.

Bot yit I merueH, both euyn and morne,
Of oldt elders that were beforne,
wheder thay be safe or lorne,
where thay may be ;

12

AbeH, noye, and abraham,
Dauid, danieH, and balaam,
And aH othere mo by name,
Of sere degre.

16

(3)

He thanks
God for
giving him
so long a
life.

I thank the, lord, with good intent,
Of aH thy sond thou has me sent,
That thus long tyme my lyfe has lent,

20

Now many a yere ;
ffor aH ar past now oonly bot I ;
I thank the, lord god almyghty !
ffor so oldt know I none, sothly,
Now lyfyng here.

24

(4)

He knows no
man so old
as himself :
no wonder if
he be feeble.

ffor I am old symeon :
So old on lyfe know I none,
That is mayde on flesh and bone,
In aH medyH-erkt.

28

No wonder if I go on held :
The feuyrs, the flyx, make me vnweld ;
Myn armes, my lymmes, ar stark for ekkt,
And aH gray is my berkt.

32

(5)

Myn ees are woren both marke and blynd ;
Myn and is short, I want wyndkt ;
Thus has age dystroed my kynd,
And reft myghtis aH ;

36

His own
time to go
away will
soon come.

Bot shortly mon I weynd away ;
what tyme ne when, I can not say,
ffor it is gone fuH many a day
Syn dede began to caH.

40

(6)

[Fol. 61, a.
Sig. K. 3.]

Ther is no warke that I may wyrk,
Bot oneths craH I to the kyrk ;
Be I com home I am so irk

That farther may I noght ;
 Bot settys me downe, and grankys, and gronys,
 And lygys and restys my wery bonys,
 And aH nyght after grankys and goonys,
 On slepe tyH I be broght.

44 He can do
 no work save
 church-
 going, and
 when he
 comes back
 from that all
 his bones
 ache.
 48

(7)

Bot neuer the les, the sothe to say,
 If I may nather, by nyght ne day,
 ffor age nather styr ne play,
 Nor make no chere,

Yet feeble as
 age has made
 him, he re-
 members the
 words of the
 dead pro-
 phets,
 52

yit if I be neuer so old,
 I myn fuH weH that' prophetys told,
 That now ar dede and layde fuH cold,
 Sythen gone many a yere.

56

(8)

Thay sayde that god, fuH of myght,
 Shuld send his son from heuen bright,
 In a madyn for to light,

who foretold
 the birth of
 God's Son for
 man's re-
 demption.

Commen of dauid kyn ;
 fflesh and bloode on hyr to take,
 And becom man for oure sake,
 Our redempcyon for to make,
 That' slayn were through syn.

60

64

(9)

Bot, lord, that vs thy grace has hight,
 Send me thy sond, both day and nyght,
 And graunt me grace of lyfys light,
 And let' me neuer de,

He prays
 God that he
 may not die
 till he has
 held this
 Child in his
 hand.
 68

To thou sich grace to me send,
 That' I may handyH hym in my hend,
 That' shaH cum oure mys to amend,
 And se hym with myn ee.

72

(10)

primus angelus. Thou, symeon, drede the noght !
 My lord, that thou has long besoght,
 ffor *thou* has rightwys beyn,

An angel
 announces
 the granting
 of his
 prayer.
 75

Thyn askyng has he grauntyd the,
 with outhen dede on lyfe to be
 To thou thy cryst' haue seyn.

78

(11)

A second
angel tells
him he shall
find God's
Son in the
Temple.

Secundus angelus. Than symeon, harkyn a space !

I bryng the tythyngys of solace ;

ffor-thy, ryse vp and gang

81

To the temple ; thou shaft fynd thore

Godys son the before,

That thou has yernyd lang.

84

(12)

Symeon
praises God
for His
goodness

Symeon. Louyd be my lord in wyH and thoght,

That his seruant forgettys noght,

when that he seys tyme !

87

weH is me that I shaft dre

TyH I haue sene hym with myn ee,

And no longer hyne.

90

(13)

[Fol. 61, b.]

Louyd be my lord in heuen,

That thus has by his angeH steuen

warnyd me of his commyng !

93

He will put
on his vest-
ment in
honour of
that king,

Therfor wiH I with intent

putt on me my vestment,

In worship of that kyng.

96

(14)

for welcome
shall that
Lord be to
him, who
shall make
men free.

he shalbe welcom vnto me :

That lord shaft make vs alle fre,

kyng of aH man-kyn ;

99

ffor with his blood he shaft vs boroo

Both fro catyfdam & from soroo,

That was slayn through syn.

102

Tunc pulsabunt.

(15)

The bells
ring so
solemnly he
thinks it
must be for
the coming
of the Lord.

A, dere god ! what may this be ?

Oure bellys ryng so solemply,

ffor whom soeuer it is ;

105

Now certys, I can not vnderstand,

Bot if my lord god aH weldand

Be commen, that aH shaft wyse.

108

(16)

This noyse lyghtyns fuH weH myn hart !

ShaH I neuer rest, and I haue quart,

Or I com ther onone ;

111

Now weſt were I and it ſo were,
ffor ſich noyſe hard I neuer ere ;

The bells are
ringing of
themſelves.

Oure bellys ryng by thare oone ! 114

[*Joſeph, with two doves, and Mary, with her baby, advance.*]

(17)

Ioſeph. Mary, it' begynnys to paſ,
ffourty dayes ſyn that' thou waſ

Joſeph bids
Mary draw
near the
Temple,

Delyuer of thy ſon ; 117

To the temple I red we draw,

To clenſ the, and fulfyſt the law,

As oure elders were won. 120

(18)

Therfor, mary, madyn heynd,
Take thi chyld and let vs weynd

taking her
Child with
her, and they
will bring
two doves for
an offering.

The tempyſt vntyſt ; 123

And we ſhaſt *with* vs bryng

Thiſe turtyls two to oure offryng,

The law we wiſt fulfyſt. 126

(19)

Maria. Ioſeph, that wyſt I fuſt weſt,

Mary is well
pleaſed to
fulfil all the
Law.

That' the law euery deyſt

Be fulfylyd in me. 129

Lord, that' aſt myghtys may,

Gyf vs grace to do this day

That' it be pleaſyng to the ! 132

Angeli cantant ; ſimeon. . . . [the reſt is illegible].

(20)

primus angelus. Thou, ſymeon, rightwys and trew,

The firſt
Angel an-
nounces to
Simeon that
this is the
Child whom
he longed to
ſee.

Thou haſ deſyred both old and new,

To haue a ſight of cryſt ihesu

As prophecy haſ told ! 136

Oft haſ thou prayd to haue a ſight

Of hym that' in a madyn light ;

here is that chyld of mekyſt myght,

Now haſ thou that thou wold. 140

(21)

Secundus angelus. Thou haſ deſyryd it moſt of aſt.¹

* * * * *

¹ The end of this Play, and the beginning of the next, are wanting, two leaves of the manuscript being lost.

(XVIII.)

[17 eight-line stanzas *ab ab ab ab* ; 33 four-line *ab ab* ; 2 couplets ;
and one line of Latin.]

[*Dramatis Personae.*

<i>Primus Magister.</i>	<i>Tercius Magister.</i>	<i>Maria.</i>
<i>Secundus Magister.</i>	<i>Jesus.</i>	<i>Josephus.</i>

[Fol. 62, a.]

* * * * * *

(1)

The Doctors
talk of the
prophecy of
Emmanuel.

[*Secundus Magister.*] That a madyn a barn shuld bere ;
And his name thus can thay tel,
ffro the tyme that he born were,
he shalbe callyd emanueH ;

4

(2)

Counselloure, and god of strengthe,
And wonderfuH also
ShaH he be callyd, of brede and lengthe
As far as any man may go.

8

(3)

ijus magister. Masters, youre resons ar right good,
And wonderfuH to neuen,
yit fynde I more by abacuk ;
Syr, lysten a whyle vnto my steuen.

12

(4)

Oure bayH, he says, shaH turn to boytt,
her-afterward som day ;
A wande shaH spryng fro Iesse roytt,—
The certan sothe thus can he say,—

16

(5)

And of that wande shaH spryng a floure,
that shaH spryng vp fuH hight :
Ther of shaH com fuH swete odowre,
And therapon shaH rest and lyght

20

(6)

The holy gost, fuH mych of myght ;
The goost of wysdom and of wyt,
ShaH beyld his nest, with mekyH right,
And in it brede and sytt.

24

Habakkuk
had foretold
the rod that
should
spring from
the root of
Jesse.

- (7)
primus magister. Bot when trow ye this prophecy
 Shalbe fulfyllid in dede,
 That here is told so openly,
 As we in scripture rede? 28
 The first Doctor wonders when this shall be fulfilled.
- (8)
ijus magister. A greatt merueH for sothe it is,
 To vs to here of sich mastery;
 A madyn to bere a chyld, I wys,
 without mans seyde, that were ferly. 32
 They discuss the conception by the Holy Ghost.
- (9)
ijus magister. The holy gost shaH in hyr lyght,
 And kepe hir madynhede fuH clene;
 whoso may byde to se that sight
 Thay ther not drede, I wene. 36
- (10)
primus magister. Of aH thise prophetys wyse of lore
 That knew the prophecy, more and les,
 was none that told the tyme before,
 when he shuld com to by vs peasse. 40
 None of the propiets were told the time of these things.
- (11)
Secundus magister. wheder he be comen or not
 No knowlege haue we in certayn;
 Bot he shaH com, that dowt we not;
 ffuH prophetys haue prechyd it fuH playn. 44
 He may be come or not, but of His coming they have no doubt.
- (12)
ijus magister. MekyH I thynk that these prophetys
 Ar holden to god, that is on hight,
 That haue knowyng of his behetys,
 And for to teH of his mekyH myght. 48
- Tunc venit ihesus.¹*
- (13)
Ihesus. Masters, luf be with you lent,
 And mensk be vnto this meneze!
primus magister. Son, hens away I wold thou went,
 ffor othere haft in hand haue we. 52
 Jesus greets them.
 The first doctor says they are busy.

¹ MS. ihc : as it rymes with 'thus,' 'vs,' it is always expanded as *ihesus*.

(14)

The second
Doctor says
they have
other things
to do than
to play with
children.

ijus magister. Son, whosoer the hyder sent,
Thay were not wyse, thus teH I the ;
ffor we haue othere tayllys to tent
Then now with barnes bowrdand to be.

56

(15)

[Fol. 62, b.]
But the third
bids Jesus
listen to
their speech,
that He may
learn by it.

Tercius magister. Son, thou lyst oght lere / To lyf by
moyses lay ;
Com heder, and thou shaH here / The sawes that we wyH
say ;

58

(16)

ffor in som mynde it may the bryng
To here oure sawes red by rawes.

Jesus says
He has no
need to learn
of them.

Ihesus. To lere of you nedys me no thyng,
ffor I know both youre dedys & sawes.

62

The first
Doctor
thinks He is
too young to
know their
laws "by
clergy."

primus magister. hark, yonder barn with his bowrdyng !
he wenys he kens more then he knowys ;
Nay, certys, son, thou art ouer ying
By clergy yit to know oure lawes.

66

(17)

Ihesus. I wote as weH as ye / how that youre lawes was
wroght.

They bid
Him sit to be
examined.

Secundus magister. Com sytt! soyn shaH we se, / ffor
certys so semys it nocht.

68

(18)

Tercius magister. It were wonder if any wyght
vntiH oure resons right shuld reche ;
And thou says thou has in sight
Oure lawes truly to teH and teche.

72

Jesus says
the Holy
Ghost has
given Him
power to
teach.

Ihesus. The holy gost has on me lyght,
And anoynt me lyke a leche,
And gyffen to me powere and myght
The kyngdom of heuen to preche.

76

(19)

Secundus magister. whens euer this barne may be
That shewys thise novels new ?

Ihesus. Certan, syrs, I was or ye,
And shaH be after you.

80

(20)

primus magister. Son, of thi sawes, as we haue ceyH,
 And of thi wytt is wonder thyng ;
 Bot neuer the les fully I feyH
 That it may fayH in wykyng ;
 ffor dauid demys euer ilk deyH,
 And thus he says of chylder ying,

The first
 Doctor re-
 members the
 text, "Out of
 the mouths
 of babes and
 sucklings
 hast thou
 perfected
 praise,"

84

"Ex ore infancium & lactencium, perfecisti laudem."

Of thare mowthes, sayth dauid, wele,
 Oure lord he has perfourmed louyng.

88

(21)

Neuer the les, son, yit shuld thou lett
 her for to speke in large ;
 ffor where masters ar mett,
 Chylder wordys ar not to charge.

yet thinks
 Jesus should
 not speak
 so boldly
 before
 masters,

92

(22)

ffor, certys, if thou wold neuer so fayn
 Gyf all thi lyst to lere the law,
 Thou art nawther of myght ne mayn
 To know it, as a clerk may knaw.

for it is im-
 possible for
 Him to know
 the Law like
 a clerk.

96

Ihesus. Syrs, I say you in certan,
 That sothfast shaH be aH my saw ;
 And powere haue I plene and playn,
 To say and answeere as me aw.

Jesus says
 He has
 power to
 answer as
 He ought.

100

(23)

primus magister. Masters, what may this mene ?
 MerueH, methynk, haue I
 where euer this barne has bene
 That carpys thus conandyly.

[Fol. 63, a.]
 The Doctors
 are astonish-
 ed at His
 words.

104

(24)

Secundus magister. In warld as wyde as we haue went
 ffind we neuer sich ferly fare ;
 Certys, I trow the barn be sent
 Sufferanly to salfe our sare.

108

Ihesus. Syrs, I shaH preue in youre present
 AH the sawes that I sayde are.

The third
 Doctor ask
 Him which
 is the first
 commande-
 ment, and
 the chief, in
 Moses' Law.

Tercius magister. which callys thou the fyrst commaunde-
 ment

And the most, in moyses lare ?

112

(25)

Jesus bids
them read
from their
books.

Ihesus. Syrs, synthen ye syt on raw,
And hafe youre bookys on brede,
let se, syrs, in youre saw
how right that ye can rede.

116

(26)

The first
Doctor says
that the first
command-
ment is to
honour God.

primus magister. I rede that this is the fyrst bydyng
That moyses tolkt vs here vntyH ;
honoure thi god ouer ilka thyng,
with aH thi wyt and aH thi wyH ;
And aH thi hart in hym shaft hyng,
Erly and late, both lowde and styH.

120

Ihesus. ye nede none othere bookys to bryng,
Bot fownd this to fulfyH ;

124

(27)

Jesus says
that the
second is to
love your
neighbour.

The seconde may men profe
And clergy know therby ;
youre neyghburs shaft ye lofe
Right as youre self truly.

128

(28)

¹ *Illegible.*

[These] ¹ commaunded moyses tyH aH men
In his commaundes clere ;

On these two
biddings
hang all the
law.

In these two bydyngys, shaft ye ken,
hyngys aH the law we aght to lere.
who so fulfylles these two then

132

with mayn and mode and good manere,
he fulfylls truly aH ten

That after thaym folows in fere.

136

(29)

Then shuld we god honowre
with aH oure myght and mayn,
And luf weH ilk neghbour
Right as oure self certayn.

140

(30)

The Doctor
asks, What
are the other
eight?

primus magister. Now, son, synthen thou has told vs two,
which ar the aght,² can thou oght say ?

² MS. viii.

Ihesus. The thyrd bydys, " where so ye go,
That ye shaft halow the holy day ;

144

- (31)
 from bodely wark ye take youre rest ;
 youre household, looke the same thay do,
 Both wyfe, chyld, seruande, and beest."
 The fourt^t is then in wey^h and wo 148
- [Fol. 63, b.]
 Jesus answers (3) to
 keep the
 holy day
 hallowed,
- (32)
 " Thi fader, thi moder, thou shaft honowre,
 Not^t only *wit*h thi reuerence,
 Bot^t in thare nede thou thaym socoure,
 And kepe ay good obedyence." 152
- (4) honour
 and succour
 father and
 mother,
- (33)
 The fyft bydys the " no man slo,
 Ne harme hym neuer in word ne dede,
 Ne suffre hym not^t to be in wo
 If thou may help hym in his nede." 156
- (5) kill nor
 harm no
 man,
- (34)
 The sext bydys the " thi wyfe to take,
 Bot^t none othere lawfully ;
 lust^t of lechery thou fle and fast forsake,
 And drede ay god where so thou be." 160
- (6) take thy
 own wife,
 but none
 other,
- (35)
 The seuen¹ bydys the " be no thefe feyr,
 Ne nothyng wyn *wit*h trechery ;
 Oker, ne symony, thou com not^t nere,
 Bot^t conscyence clere ay kepe truly." 164
- ¹ MS. vii.
 (7) to win
 nothing by
 theft, treach-
 ery, usury
 or simony,
- (36)
 The aght² byddys the " be true in dede,
 And fals wytnes looke thou none bere ;
 looke thou not ly for freynd ne syb,
 lest^t to thi sau^h that it do dere." 168
- ² MS. viij.
 (8) bear no
 false wit-
 ness,
- (37)
 The neyn³ byddys the " not^t desyre
 Thi neighbors wyfe ne his women,
 Bot^t as holy kyrk wold it were,
 Right so thi purpose sett it^t in." 172
- ³ MS. ix.
 (9) desire no
 man's wife,
- (38)
 The ten⁴ byddys the " for nothyng
 Thi neighbors goodys yerne wrongwysly ;
 his house, his rent, ne his hafyng,
 And crysten fayth trow stedfastly." 176
- ⁴ MS. x.
 (10) covet no
 man's goods.

(39)

These are
the ten
command-
ments.1 *overlined*
later.

Thus in tabyls, shaft ye ken,
Oure lord¹ to moyses wrate ;
Thise ar the commaundmentys ten,
who so wiH lely layt.

180

(40)

The second
Doctor won-
ders at the
knowledge
of Jesus.

Secundus magister. Behald how he lege oure lawes,
And leryd neuer on booke to rede !
ffuH soteH sawes, me thynk, he says,
And also true, if we take hede.

184

The third
fears the
people will
praise Him
more than
themselves ;

Tercius magister. yei, lett hym furth on his wayes,
ffor if he dweH, withoutten drede
The pepyH wiH ful soyn hym prayse
weH more then vs, for aH oure dede.

188

(41)

but is re-
buked by
the first.

primus magister. Nay, nay, then wyrk we wrang !
sich spekyng wiH we spare ;
As he cam let hym gang,
And mefe vs, not no mare.

192

Tunc venient Ioseph et maria, & dicet Maria ;

(42)

Mary is in
great
trouble :
they have
sought Jesus
everywhere,
but cannot
find Him.

Maria. A, dere Ioseph ! what is youre red ?
Of oure greatt bayH no boytt may be ;
My hart is heuy as any lede,
My semely son to I hym se.
Now haue we soght in euery sted,
Both vp and downe, thise dayes thre ;
And wheder he be whik or dede
yit wote we not ; so wo is me !

196

200

(43)

Ioseph. Sorow had neuer man mare !
Bot mowr[n]yng, mary, may not amend ;
ffarther do I red we fare,
To god som socoure send.

204

(44)

[Fol. 64, a.]
Joseph
would fain
know if He
is about the
Temple.

Abowtt the tempyH if he be oght,
That wold I that we wyst this nyght.
Maria. A, certys, I se that we have soght !
In warld was neuer so semely a sight ;

208

- lo, where he syttys! se ye hym noght
 Amangys yond masters mekyH of myght?
Ioseph. Blyssyd be he vs heder broght!
 In land now lyfys there none so light. 212
 (45)
- Maria.* Now dere Icseph, as haue ye seyH,
 Go furth and fetche youre son and myne;
 This day is goyn nere ilka deyH,
 And we haue nede for to go lien. 216
Ioseph. with men of myght can I not meH,
 Then aH my traueH mon I tyne;
 I can not with thaym, that wote ye weH,
 They are so gay in furrys fyne. 220
 (46)
- Maria.* To thaym youre erand forto say,
 Surely that thar ye drede no deyH!
 Thay wiH take hede to you alway
 Be cause of ek, this wote I weyH. 224
Ioseph. when I com ther what shaH I say?
 ffor I wote not, as haue I ceyH;
 Bot thou wiH haue me shamyd for ay,
 ffor I can nawthere crowke ne knele. 228
 (47)
- Maria.* Go we togeder, I hold it best,
 Vnto yond worthy wyghtys in wede;
 And if I se, as haue I rest,
 That ye wiH not, then must I nede. 232
Ioseph. Go thou and teH thi tayH fyrst,
 Thi son to se wiH take good hede;
 weynd furth, mary, and do thi best,
 I com behynd, as god me spede. 236
 (48)
- Maria.* A, dere son, Ihesus!¹
 sythen we luf the alone,¹
 whi dos thou tyH vs thus,
 And gars vs make this mone? 240
 (49)
- Thi fader and I betwix vs two,
 Son, for thi luf has lykyd yH,

Joseph
 blesses God
 for enabling
 them to find
 Jesus.

Mary bids
 Joseph fetch
 Jesus, but
 he is afraid
 of meddling
 with men of
 might, gay
 in fine furs.

Mary says
 they will
 respect his
 age.

Joseph asks
 what he is to
 say.

Mary will go
 with him
 and speak,
 if he won't.

Joseph
 makes her
 go first.

Mary asks
 Jesus why
 He has done
 thus to
 them?

¹ Written as one line with central ryme in MS., and so to end of Play.

- [Fol. 64, b.] we haue the soght both to and fro
 His father and she wepeand sore, as wyghtis wyH. 244
 have sought Him weep-
 ing. *Ihesus.* wherto shuld ye, moder, seke me so ?
 Jesus says He must, fulfil His Father's works. Oft tymes it has bene told ye tyH
 My fader warkys, for wele or wo,
 Thus am I sent for to fulfyH. 248
 (50)
- [Mary ?] will think well on all these saws. ¹ Thise sawes, as haue I ceyH,
 I can weH vnderstonde,
 I shaH thynk on them weyH
 To fownd what is folowand. 252
 (51)
- Joseph bids Jesus come home with them. *Ioseph.* Now sothly, son, the sight of the
 has comforthed vs of aH oure care ;
 Com furth, now, with thi moder and me !
 At nazareth I wold we ware. 256
- He bids farewell to the Doctors, who bless Him, *Ihesus.* Be leyf then, ye lordyngys fre!
 ffor with my freyndys now wyH I fare.
primus magister. Son, where so thou shaH abyde or be
 God make the good man euer mare. 260
 (52)
- predict that He shall prove a good swain, *Secundus magister.* No wonder if thou, wife,
 Of his fyndyng be fayn ;
 he shaH, if he haue lyfe,
 prefe to a fuH good swayn. 264
 (53)
- and welcome Him to live with them. *Tercius magister.* Son, looke thou layn, for good or yH,
 The noyttys that we haue nevened now ;
 And if thou lyke to abyde here styH,
 And with vs won, welcom art thou. 268
- Jesus says He must obey His friends. *Ihesus.* Gramercy, syrs, of youre good wyH !
 No longer lyst I byde with you,
 My freyndys thoght I shaH fulfyH,
 And to thare bydyng baynly bow. 272
 (54)
- Maria.* ffuH weH is me this tyde,
 Now may we make good chere.
Ioseph. No longer wyH we byde ;
 ffar weH aH folk in fere. 276

*Expl[i]cit Pagina Doctorum.*¹ This stanza must be assigned to Mary, see Luke iii. 51.

(XIX.)

Incipit Iohannes baptista.

[Dramatis Personae.

Johannes. Primus Angelus. Secundus Angelus. Jesus.]

[35 eight-line stanzas *ab ab ab ab*, and 1 four-line *ab ab*.]

Johannes.

(1)

God, that mayde both more and les,
Heuen and erth, at his awne wyH,
And merkyd man to his lyknes,
As thyng that wold his lyst ffulfyH,
Apon the erth he send lightnes,

John prays
God to save
the specta-
tors from
sin.

4

Both son and moyne lymett thertyH,
He saue you aH from synfulnes,
And kepe you clene, both lowd and styH.

[Fol. 65, a.
Sig. 1. 1.]

8

(2)

Emang prophetys then am I oone
That god has send to teche his law,
And man to amend, that wrang has gone,
Both *with* exampyH and *with* saw.

He is a pro-
phet, Bap-
tist John,
son of
Zachary and
Elizabeth.

12

My name, for sothe, is baptyst Iohn,
My fader zacary ye knaw,
That was dombe and mayde great mone,
Before my byrth, and stode in awe.

16

(3)

Elezabeth my moder was,
Awntt vnto mary, madyn mylde ;
And as the son shynys thorow the glas,
Certys, in hir wombe so dyd hir chyld.

20

The Jews
have asked
if he be
Christ.

Yit the Iues inquiryd me has
If I be cryst ; thay ar begyld,
For ihesus shal amend mans trespas,
That *with* freylte of fylthe is fylyd.

24

(4)

I am send bot messyngere
ffrom hym that alkyu mys may mend ;
I go before, bodword to bere,
And ¹ as forgangere am I send,

He is only
the messen-
ger and fore-
ganger

28

¹ MS. As.

- to prepare
His ways. his wayes to wyse, his lawes to lere,
Both man and wyfe that has offende.
ffuH mekyH barett mon he bere,
Or tyme he haue broght aH tyH ende, 32
(5)
- These Jews
shall crucify
Christ as a
traitor or
thief, not
for His guilt
but our
good. Thise Iues shaH hyng hym on a roode,
Man's sauH to hym it is so leyfe,
And therapon shaH shede his bloode,
As he were tratoure or a thefe, 36
Not for his gylt bot for oure goode,
Because that we ar in myschefe ;
Thus shaH he dy, that frely foode,
And ryse agane tyH oure relefe. 40
(6)
- He baptises
with water,
but Christ
with the
Holy Ghost. In water clere then baptyse I
The pepyH that ar in this coste ;
Bot he shaH do more myghtely,
And baptyse in the holy goost ; 44
And with the bloode of his body
wesh oure synnes both leste and moost,
Therfor, me thynk, both ye and I
Agans the feynde ar wesh endoost. 48
(7)
- He is un-
worthy to
loose
Christ's
shoestring. I am not worthy for to lawse
The leste thwong that longys to his shoyne ;
Bot god almyghty, that aH knawes,
In erth thi wiH it must be done. 52
- He praises
God for His
bounty, I thank the, lord, that thi sede sawes
Emong mankynde to groyf so sone,
And euery day that on erth dawes
ffeydys vs with foode both euen and none. 56
(8)
- and for send-
ing His Son
to save
man's soul. we ar, lord, bondon vnto the,
To luf the here both day and nyght,
ffor thou has send thi son so fre
To saue mans sauH that dede was dight 60
Thrug adam syn and eue foly,
That synnyd thrug the feyndis myght ;
Bot, lord, on man thou has pyte,
And beyld thi barnes in heuen so bright. 64

(9)

primus angelus. harkyn to me, thou Iohn baptyst!

An angel
announces
to him that
he shall bap-
tise Christ
in Jordan.

The ffader of heuen he gretys the weyH,

ffor he has fon the true and tryst,

And dos thi deuer euery deyH;

68

wyt thou weH his wiH thus ist,

Syn thou art stabyH as any steyH,

That thou shaft baptyse ihesu cryst

In flume Iordan, mans care to beyH

72

(10)

Iohannes. A, dere god! what may this be?

[Fol. 65, b.]

I hard a steuen, bot' noght I saw.

primus angelus. Iohn, it is I that spake to the;

To do this dede haue thou none aw.

76

Iohannes. Shuld I abyde to he com to me?

John says he
will go meet
Christ.

That that shaft neuer be, I traw;

I shaft go meyt that lord so fre,

As far as I may se or knaw.

80

(11)

Secundus angelus. Nay, Iohn, that is not weH syttand;

his fader wiH thou must nedys wyrk.

But he is
bidden to
await His
coming.

primus angelus. Iohn, be thou here abydand,

Bot' when he commys be then not yrk.

84

Iohannes. By this I may weH vnderstand

Hence he
understands
that children
should be
brought to
church to be
baptised.

That childer shuld be broght to kyrk,

ffor to be baptysyd in euery land;

To me this law yit is it myrk.

88

(12)

Secundus angelus. Iohn, this place it is pleassyng,

And it is callyd flume Iordan;

The second
angel shows
him that
Jordan is to
be the place,
though there
is neither
church nor
building
there.

here is no kyrk, ne no bygyng,

Bot' where the fader wyH ordan,

92

It is godys wyH and his bydyng.

Iohannes. By this, for sothe, weH thynk me than

his warke to be at his lykyng,

And ilk folk please hym that thay can.

96

(13)

John yields
himself to
Christ's will
wherever he
be.

Sen I must nedys his lyst fulfyH

he shaH be welcom vnto me ;

I yeldt me holy to his wiH,

where so euer I abyde or be.

100

I am his seruande, lowd and styH,

And messyngere vnto that fre ;

whethere that he wiH saue or spyH

I shaH not gruch in no degre.

104

(14)

Jesus comes
to be bap-
tised in clear
water,

*I*hesus. Iohā, godys seruand and prophete,

My fader, that is vnto the dere,

has send me to the, weH thou wytt,

To be baptysyd in water clere ;

108

ffor reprefe vnto mans rytt

The law I wiH fulfyH right here ;

My fader ordynance thus is it,

And thus my wyH is that it were.

112

(15)

I com to the, bapty m to take,

To whome my fader has me sent,

with oyle and
cream there-
to.

with oyle and creme that thou shal make

vnto that worthi sacrament.

116

And therfor, Iohā, it not forsake,

Bot com to me in this present,

ffor now wiH I no farther rake

Or I haue done his commaundement.

120

(16)

John is
ready to do
Christ's will,
but how may
a knight
baptise his
Lord King ?

*I*ohannes. A, lord ! I loue the for thi commyng !

I am redy to do his wiH,

In word, in wark, in aH kyn thyng,

what soeuer he sendys me tyH ;

124

This bewteose lord to bryng to me,

his awne seruande, this is no skyH,

A knyght to baptyse his lord kyng,

My pauste may it not fulfyH.

128

(17)

And if I were worthy
 ffor to fulfyH this sacrament,
 I haue no connyng, securly,
 To do it after thyn intent;
 And therfor, lord, I ask mercy;
 halde me excusyd as I haue ment;
 I dar not towche thi blyssyd body,
 My hart wilh neuer to it assent.

132

He asks
 Christ to
 hold him
 excused, for
 he dare not
 touch His
 blessed
 body.

136

(18)

Ihesus. Of thi connyng, Johñ, drede the noght;
 My fader his self he wilh the teche;
 he that aH this warld has wrought,
 he send the playnly forto preche;
 he knowys mans hart, his dede, his thoght;
 he wotys how far mans myght may reche,
 Therfor hedir haue I soght;
 My fader lyst may none appeche.

140

[Fol. 66, a,
 Sig. 1. 2.]

Jesus says
 God will
 teach John,

144

(19)

Behold, he sendys his angels two,
 In tokyn I am both god and man;
 Thou gyf me bapty m or I go,
 And dyp me in this flume Iordan.
 Sen he wyH thus, I wold wytt who
 Durst hym agan stand? Iohñ, com on than,
 And baptyse me for freynde or fo,
 And do it, Iohñ, right as thou can.

148

sending two
 angels in
 token of His
 own double
 nature.

152

(20)

primus angelus. Iohñ, be thou buxom and right bayn,
 And be not gruchand in no thyng;
 Me thynk thou aght to be ful fayn
 ffor to fulfyH my lord's bydyng
 Erly and late, with moyde and mayn,
 Therfor to the this word I bryng,
 My lord has gyffen the powere playn,
 And drede the noght of thi conyng.

156

The first
 angel bids
 John obey,
 for God has
 given him
 power.

160

(21)

The second
angel bids
Iohn baptise
God's dear
child here
sent to him.

Secundus angelus. he sendys the here his awne dere
chylde,

Thou welcom hym and make hym chere,
Born of a madyn meke and mylde,

That frely foode is made thi fere ; 164

with syn his moder was neuer fylde,

Ther was neuer man neghyd hyr nere,

In word ne wark she was neuer wylde,

Therfor hir son thou baptyse here. 168

(22)

The first
shows that
Jesus has
come to ful-
fil the Law.

Primus angelus. And, securly, I wiſt thou know
whi that he commys thus vnto the ;

he commys to fulfyſt the law,

As pereles prynce most of pauste ; 172

And therfor, Iohn, do as thou awe,

And gruch thou neuer in this degre

To baptyse hym that thou here saw,

ffor wyt thou weſt this same is he. 176

(23)

Iohn trem-
bles and
quakes and
will not
touch Jesus
with his
hand, but
will not lose
his need.

Iohannes. I am not' worthy to do this dede ;

Neuer the les I wiſt be godys seruande ;

Bot yit, dere lord, sen I must' nede,

I wiſt do as thou has commaunde. 180

I tremyſt and I whake for drede !

I dar not towche the with my hande,

Bot, certys, I wiſt not lose my mede ;

Abyde, my lord, and by me stande. 184

(24)

[*He baptises Jesus.*]

He baptises
Jesus in the
name of
Father, Son,
and Holy
Ghost, and
begs His
blessing.

I baptyse the, Ihesu, in hy,

In the name of thi fader fre,

In *nomine patris & filii,*

Sen he wiſt that it so be, 188

Et' spiritûs altissimi,

And of the holy goost on he ;

I aske the, lord, of thi mercy,

here after that thou wold blys me. 192

(25)

He anoints
Him also

here I the anynt also

with oyle and creme, in this intent,

- That men may wit, where so thay go,
 This is a worthy sacrament.¹ 196 with oil and
 Ther ar sex¹ othere and no mo, cream.
 The which thi self to erthe has sent, This is the
 And in true tokyn, oone of tho, first of the
 The fyrst on the now is it spent.² 200 Seven Sacra-
 (26) ments.
 Thou wysht me, lord, if I do wrang;
 My wiht it were forto do weyht;
 I am ful ferd yit ay emang, He prays the
 If I dyd right I shuld done knele. 204 Lord pardon
 Thou blys me, lord, hence or thou gang, him if he do
 So that I may thi frenship fele; wrong.
 I haue desyryd this sight ful lang, [Fol. 66, b.]
 ffor to dy now rek I no dele. 208
 (27)
 Ihesus. This beest, Iohn, thou bere with the,
 It is a beest full blyst; Christ de-
hic tradat ei agnum dei. livers to him
 Iohn, it is the lamb of me, His Lamb as
 Beest none othere ist; 212 a token.
 It may were the from aduersyte,
 And so looke that thou tryst;
 By this beest knowen shaft thou be,
 That thou art Iohn baptyst. 216
 (28)
 Iohannes. ffor I haue sene the lamb of god
 which weshys away syn of this warld,
 And towchid hym, for euen or od,
 My hart therto was ay ful hard. 220 John prays
 ffor that it shuld be better trowed, he may be
 An angeht had me nerehand mard, blest as he
 Bot he that rewlys aht with his rod draws
 he blys me when I draw homward. 224 "home-
 ward."

¹ MS. vj originally, but the v has been erased.

² Stanza 25 has been struck through, evidently after the Reformation, because Seven Sacraments are named; and in the margin is added, in a later hand, "corectyd & not playd."

(29)

Jesus promises bliss to him, and to all who believe this tale and saw Him not yet glorified.

Ihesus. I graunt the, Iohñ, for thi trauale,
 Ay lastand ioy in blys to byde ;
 And to aH those that' trowys this tayH,
 And saw me not' yit' gloryfyde. 228
 I shalbe boytt' of aH thare bayH,
 And send them socoure on euery syde ;
 My fader and I may thaym auayH,
 Man or woman that' leyffys thare pryde. 232

(30)

He bids John go forth and preach to the people.

Bot, Iohñ, weynd thou furth and preche
 Agans the folk that' doth amys ;
 And to the pepyH the trowthe thou teche ;
 To rightwys way look thou tham avys, 236
 And as far as thi wyt' may reche
 Byd thaym be bowne to byde my blys ;
 ffor at' the day of dome I shaH thaym peche
 That' herys not' the nor trowys not' this. 240

(31)

He Himself must die for their sins,

Byd thaym leyfe syn, for I it' hate ;
 ffor it' I mon dy on a tre,
 By prophecy ffuH weH I wate ;
 My moder certys that' sight' mon se, 244
 That' sorowfuH sight' shaH make hir maytt,
 ffor I was borñ of hir body.

and He now bids John farewell and blesses Him.

ffarweH Iohñ, I go my gaytt ;
 I blys the with the trynyte ! 248

(32)

John thanks God for His grace.

Iohannes. Almyghty god in persons thre,
 AH in oone substance ay ingroost,
 I thank the, lord in mageste,
 ffader and son and holy goost ! 252
 Thou send thi son from heuen so he,
 To mary mylde, into this cooste,
 And now thou sendys hym vnto me,
 ffor to be baptysid in this oost. 256

(33)

ffarweH! the frelyst that euer was fed!		John apos- trophizes Jesus.
ffarweH! floure more fresh then floure de lyce!		
ffarweH! stersman to theym that ar sted		
In stormes, or in desese lyse!	260	
Thi moder was madyn and wed;		
ffarweH! pereles, most of pryce!		
ffarweH! the luflyst that euer was bred!		His mother is Empress of Hell.
Thi moder is of heH emprise.	264	

(34)

ffarweH! blissid both bloode and bone!		He is the seemliest that ever was seen.
ffarweH! the semclyst that euer was seyn!		
To the, ihesu, I make my mone;		
ffarweH! comly, of cors so cleyn!	268	
ffarwel! gracyouse gome! where so thou gone,		
fful mekiH grace is to the geyn;		
Thou leyne vs lyffying on thi lone,		
Thou may vs mende more then we weyn.	272	

(35)

I wyH go preche both to more and les,		[Fol. 67, a. Sig. 1. 3.]
As I am chargyd securly;		He preaches to the people to forsake sin.
Syrs, forsake youre wykydnes,		
Pryde, envy, slowth, wrath, and lechery.	276	
here gods seruice, ¹ more & lesse;		
Pleas god with prayng, thus red I;		
Be war when deth comys with dystres,		
So that ye dy not sodanly.	280	

(36)

Deth sparis none that lyf has borne,		Death spares none, so let them not lose God's love.
Therfor thynk on what I you say;		
Beseche youre god both euen and morne		
you for to saue from syn that day.	284	
Thynk how in baptyrn ye ar sworne		
To be godis seruandis, withoutten nay;		
let neuer his luf from you be lorne,		
God bryng you to his blys for ay. Amen.	285	

Explicit Iohannes Baptista.

¹ The words "God's service, more and lesse," are in a later hand, the original words having been erased.

XX.

Incipit Conspiracio.¹

[2 thirteen-line stanzas nos. 97, 100, ab ab ab abc, dddc ; 1 twelve, no. 16 ab abb ebeb, abc ; 7 nine-line, nos. 1-5, aaaab cccb ; nos. 99, 102, ab abc dddc ; 24 eight-line, most ab ab ab ab, no. 6 aaaab aab, no. 107, ab abb ebc, no. 117 ab ab cb cb ; 90 fours ab ab ; 46 couplets.

[Dramatis Personae.

<i>Pilatus.</i>		<i>Judas.</i>		<i>Andreas.</i>
<i>Cayphas.</i>		<i>S. Johannes.</i>		<i>Simeon.</i>
<i>Anna.</i>		<i>Petrus.</i>		<i>Thadeus.</i>
<i>Primus Miles.</i>		<i>Paterfamilias.</i>		<i>Trinitas.</i>
<i>Secundus Miles.</i>		<i>Jesus.</i>		<i>Marcus Miles.]</i>

Pilatus. (1)

Pilate calls
for silence.

Peas, carles, I commaunde² / vnconand I caht you ;
I say stynt^t and stande / or fouht myght befaht
you.

ffro this burnyshyd brande / now when I
behalde you,

I red ye be shunand / or els the dwiht skald you,

At onys.

5

I am kyd, as men knawes,

leyf leder of lawes ;

Seniours, seke to my sawes,

ffor bryssyng of youre bonys.

9

(2)

He is the
grandsir of
Great
Mahound,
and is called
Pilate.

ye wote not wel, I weyn / what wat is comen to *the* towne,

So comly cled and cleyn / a reowler of great renowne ;

In sight if I were seyn / the granser of great mahowne,

My name pylate has beyn / was neuer kyng with crowne

More wor[thy] ;

14

My wysdom and my wytt,

In sete here as I sytt,

was neuer more lyke it,

My dedys thus to dyscry.

18

(3)

He can make
or inar a
man, like
men of court
now.

ffor I am he that may / make or mar a man ;

My self if I it say / as men of cowrte now can ;

¹ In the MS. *Conspiracio* is followed by the letter c.

² The bars / marking the central rymes are represented in the MS. by dots :

- Supporte a man to day / to-morn̄ agans hym than,
On both parties thus I play / And fenys me to ordan
The right ; 23
- Bot̄ aH fals indytars,¹
Quest' mangers and Iurers,
And aH these fals out rydars,
Ar welcom to my sight. 27
- (4)
- More nede had I neuer / of sich seruand now, I say you, [Fol. 67, b.]
So can I weH consider / the trowth̄ I most displeas you,
And therfor com I hedyr / of peas therfor I pray you ;
Ther is a lurdan ledyr / I wold not shuld dysmay you,
A bowtt ; 32
- A prophete is he prasyd,
And great vnright has rasyd,
Bot̄, be my banys her blasid,
his deth is dight no dowtt. 36
- (5)
- he prechys the pepyH here / that fature fals ihesus,
That̄ if he lyf a yere / dystroy oure law must vs ;
And yit̄ I stand in fere / so wyde he wyrkys vertus,
No fawt̄ can on hym bere / no lyfand leyde tyH us ;
Bot̄ sleyghtys 41
- Agans hym shaH be soght,
that̄ aH this wo has wrought ;
Bot̄ on his bonys it shaH be boght,
So shaH I venge oure rightys. 45
- (6)
- That̄ fatoure says that̄ thre / shuld euer dweH in oone
godhede,
That̄ euer was and shaH be / Sothfast in man hede ;
he says of a madyn born was he / that̄ neuer toke mans
sede,
And that̄ his self shaH dy on tre / and mans sawH out of
preson lede ;
let hym alone, 50
- If this be true in deyd,
his shech shaH spryng and sprede,
And ouer com euer ylkone. 53

¹ MS. "indydytars."

(7)

Cayphas
asks Pilate's
advice as to
hideous
harms

Cayphas. Syr pilate, prynce of mekyH price,
that preuyd is withoutten pere,
And lordyngys that oure laws in lyse,
on oure law now must vs lere, 57
And of oure warkys we must' be wyse,
or els is aH oure welthe in were,
Therfor say sadly youre auyse,
of hedus harmes that we haue here, 61

(8)

rising from
that strong
traitor.

Towchying that tratoure strang,
that makys this beleyf,
ffor if he may thus furth gang,
It' wiH ouer greatly grefe. 65

(9)

Anna sup-
ports him.

Anna. Sir, oure folk ar so afrayd,
through lesyns he losys oure lay ;
Som remedy must be rayd,
so that he weynd' not' thus away. 69

Pilate says
they must
find some
privy point
to mar
Christ's
might.

pilatus. Now certan, syrs, this was weH sayd,
and I assent, right as ye say,
Som preuayd poynt' to be puruayd
To mar his myght' if [that] we may ; 73

(10)

And therfor, sirs, in this present,
What poynt so were to praso,
let aH be at' assent',
let se what ilk man says. 77

(11)

Cayphas and
Anna en-
large on the
danger from
Christ.

Cayphas. Sir, I haue sayde you here beforne
his soteltyes and' grefys to sare ;
he turnes oure folk both euen & morne,
and ay makys mastres mare & mare. 81
Anna. Sir, if he skape it were great skorne ;
to spyH hym tytt we wiH not' spare,
ffor if oure lawes were thus-gatys lorne,
men wold say it were lake of lare. 85

(12)

pilatus. ffor certan, syrs, ye say right weyH
 ffor to wyrk witterly ;
 Bot yit som fawt must we feyH,
 wherfor that he shuld dy ;

[Fol. 68, a.
 Sig. l. 4.]
 Pilate says
 they must
 find some
 fault for
 which He is
 to die.

89

(13)

And therfor, sirs, let se youre saw,
 ffor what thyng we shuld hym slo.
Cayphas. Sir, I can rekyn you on a raw
 a thowsand wonders, and weH moo,
 Of crokyd men, that we weH knaw,
 how graythly that he gars them go,
 And euer he legys agans oure law,
 tempys oure folk and turnys vs fro.

Cayphas
 says Christ
 straightens
 the crooked,
 and is
 always
 tempting the
 people from
 the law.

93

97

(14)

Anna. lord, dom and defe in oure present
 delyuers he, by downe & dayH ;
 what hurtys or ha[r]mes thay hent,
 fluH hastely he makys theym layH.
 And for sich warkys as he is went
 of ilk welth he may awayH,
 And vnto vs he takys no tent,
 bot ilk man trowes vnto his tayH.

101

He takes no
 heed unto
 them.

105

(15)

Pilatus. yei, dewiH ! and dos he thus
 as ye weH bere wytneſ ?
 sich fawte faH to vs,
 be oure doṁ, for to redres.

Pilate says
 he must re-
 dress this.

109

(16)

Cayphas. And also, *sir*, I haue hard say,
 an other noy that neghys vs nere,
 he wiH not kepe oure sabate day,
 that holy shuld be haldyn here ;
 Bot forbedys far and nere
 to wyrk at oure bydyng.

Also, Cay-
 phas says
 Christ
 breaks the
 Sabbath.

113

Pilatus. Now, by mahowns bloode so dere,
 he shaH aby this bowrdyng !

117

what dewiH wiH he be there ?
 this hold I great hethyng.

Anna says
 Christ calls
 Himself
 heaven's
 King.

Anna. Nay, nay, weH more is ther ;
 he callys hym self heuens kyng,

121

(17)

And says that he is so myghty
 aH rightwytnes to rewH and red.

Pilate will
 make Christ
 pay dearly
 for this.

The knights
 recall the
 raising of
 Lazarus.

pilatus. By mahowns blood, that shaH he aby
 wiH bytter baylls or I ett bred !

125

primus Miles. lord, the loth lazare of betany
 that lay stynkand in a sted,
 vp he rasyd bodely

the fourt day after he was ded.

129

(18)

Secundus Miles. And for that he hym rasyd,
 that had lyne dede so long a space,
 The people hym fuH mekyH prasyd
 ouer aH in euery place.

133

(19)

The people
 think Jesus
 God's Son.

Anna. Emangys the folke has he the name
 that he is godys son, and none els,

And his self says the same

that his fader in heuen dwelles ;

137

That he shaH rewH both wyld and tame ;
 of aH sich maters thus he mels.

Pilatus. This is the dwyHs payn !¹

who trowys sich talys as he tels ?

141

(20)

Cayphas. yis, lord, haue here my hand,
 and ilk man beyldys hym as his brother ;

Sich whaynt cantelys he can,

lord, ye knew neuer sich an othere.

145

(21)

Pilate com-
 mands
 knight and
 knave to be
 forward to
 slay Him.

Pilatus. why, and wotys he not that I haue
 bold men to be his bayn ?

I commaunde both knyght and knaue
 sesse not to that lad be slayn.

149

¹ assonance with *tame*, &c.

(22)

primus Miles. Sir pylate, mefe you now no mare,¹

bot' mese youre hart and mend youre mode ;

ffor bot if that loseH lere oure lare ¹

and leyf his gawdys, he were as goode ;

153

ffor in oure tempyH we wiH not spare

to take that loseH, if he were woode.

The first
knight says
they will
take Jesus
in the
Temple.

[Fol. 68, b.]

Pilatus. In oure tempyH? the dwiH! what dyd he thare?

that shaH he by, by mahouns blode!

157

Pilate is
enraged at
His being
there.

(23)

Secundus Miles. lord, we wist not' youre wyH ;

with wrang ye vs wyte ;

had ye so told vs tyH,

we shuld haue takyn hym tyte.

161

If the
knights had
known this
they would
have taken
Jesus before.

(24)

Pilatus. The dwiH, he hang you high to dry!

whi, wold ye lese oure lay?

Go bryng hym heder hastely,

so that he weynd not' thus away.

165

Pilate orders
His im-
mediate
arrest.

Cayphas. Sir pilate, be not to hasty,

bot' suffer ouer oure sabote day ;

In the mene tyme to spyr and spy

mo of his meruels, if men may.

169

Cayphas
bids him
wait till
after the
next Sab-
bath, that
they may
spy on
Jesus.

(25)

Anna. yei, sir, and when this feste is went,

then shaH his craftys be kyd.

Pilatus. Certys, syrs, and I assent

ffor to abyde then, as ye byd.

173

Pilate
agrees.

Tunc venit Iudas.

(26)

Iudas. Masters, myrth be you emang,

and mensk be to this meneye!

Cayphas. Go! othere gatys thou has to gang

with sorow; who send after the?

177

Judas greets
them, but is
badly re-
ceived.

Iudas. Syrs, if I haue done any wrang,

at' youre awne bydyng wiH I be.

Pilatus. Go hence, harlot, hy mot' thou hang!

where in the dwiH hand had we the?

181

¹ MS. more, lore.

(27)

Cayphas
says Judas
should ask
leave before
intruding.

Iudas. Goode sir, take it to no grefe ;
•for my menyng it' may avayH.

Anna. we, lad, thou shuld ask lefe
to com in sich counsayH.

185

(28)

Judas knows
they mean
to take his
"Master."

Iudas. Sir, aH youre counseH weH¹ I ken ;
ye mene my master for to take.

Anna. A ha ! here is oone of his men
that thus vnwynly gars vs wake.

189

Pilate bids
them lay
hands on
him for his
"Master's"
sake.

Pilatus. la hand on hym, and hurl hym then
emangys you, for his master sake ;

ffor we haue maters mo then ten,
that weH more myster were to make.

193

(29)

Cayphas¹
orders him
to be
buffeted.

Cayphas. Set on hym buffettys sad,

Sen he sich mastrys mase,
And teche ye sich a lad
to profer hym in sich a place.

197

(30)

Iudas. Sir, my profer may both pleas and pay
to aH the lordys in this present.

Pilatus. we ! go hens in twenty² dwiH way !
we haue no tome the for to tent.

201

Judas offers
to sell
Jesus.

Iudas. yis, the profete that has lost youre lay
by wonder warkys, as he is went,

If ye wiH sheynd hym as ye say,
to seH hym you I wyH assent.

205

(31)

Pilate is
ready to hear
him.

Pilatus. A, sir, hark ! what says thou ?
let se, and shew thi skyH.

Iudas. Sir, a bargan bede I you,
by it' if ye wiH.

209

(32)

Anna asks
who he is.

Anna. what is thi name ? do teH in hy,
if we may wit if thou do wrang.

He is Judas
who has
dwelt long
with Jesus.

Iudas. Iudas scarioth, so hight I,
that with the profet has dwellyd lang.

213

¹ MS. will.² MS. xx.

Pilatus. Sir, thou art welcom witterly!
say what thou wiſt vs here emang.

Iudas. Not els bot if ye wiſt hym by;
do say me sadly or I gang.

(33)

Cayphas. yis, freynd, in fathe wiſt we
nought els; bot hartely say
how that bargan may be,
and we shaſt make the pay.

(34)

Anna. Iudas, forto hold the hayſt,
And for to feſt aſt fowſt defame,
looke that thou may avow thi sayſt;
then may thou be withoutten blame.

Iudas. Sir, of my teyn gyf ye neuer tayſt,
so that ye haue hym here at hame;
his bowrdyng has me broght in bayſt,
and certys his self shaſt haue the same.

(35)

Cayphas. Sir pylate, tentys here tyſt,
and lightly leyf it nought,
Then may ye do youre wyſt
of hym that ye haue boght.

(36)

Anna. yei, and then may we be bold
fro aſt the folk to hald hym fre;
And hald hym hard with vs in hold,
right as oone of youre meneye.

pilatus. Now, Iudas, sen he ſhalbe sold,
how lowfes thou hym? belyfe let se.

Iudas. ffor thretty¹ pennys truly told,
or els may not that bargan be;

(37)

So mych gart he me lose,
malycyusly and yſt;
Therfor ye shaſt haue chose,
to by or let be styſt.

Judas re-
peats his
offer to sell
Jesus.

217

Cayphas and
Anna are
willing to
buy, but
Judas must
explain
more.

221

[Fol. 69, a.]

225

Judas says
Jesus has
brought him
trouble, and
shall have
trouble
Himself.

229

Cayphas and
Anna ex-
hort Pilate
to listen.

233

237

Pilate in-
quires the
price of
Jesus;
Judas asks
thirty pence,

241

so much had
Jesus made
him lose.

245

¹ MS. xxx.

(38)

Anna asks
how Jesus
made him
lose it.

Judas tells
how in
Simon's
house

Anna. Gart' he the lose? I pray the, why?
teH vs now pertly or thou pas.

Judas. I shaft you say, and that in hy,
euery word right as it' was.

249

In symon house *with* hym sat I
with othere meneze that' he has ;

A woman cam to company,
callyng hym "lord" ; sayng, "alas!"

253

(39)

a woman
brought
precious
ointment,

ffor synnes that' she had wrought'
she wepyd sore always ;

And an oyntment' she broght',
that' precyus was to prayse.

257

(40)

and poured
it upon
Jesus.

She weshyd hym *with* hir terys weytt,
and sen dryed hym with hir hare ;

This fare oyntment, hir bale to beytt,
apon his hede she put' it thare,

261

That' it ran aH abowte his feytt ;

I thocht it' was a ferly fare,

The house was full of odowre sweytt ;

then to speke myght' I not' spare,

265

(41)

Judas had
never seen
such fine
ointment.

ffor, certys, I had not' seyn
none oyntment' half so fyne ;

Ther-at my hart' had teyn,

sich tresoure for to tyne.

269

(42)

He said at
the time it
was worth
three hun-
dred pence,
which might
have been
given to the
poor, out of
which he
would have
kept thirty
for himself.

I sayd it was worthy to seH

thre hundreth pens in oure present',

ffor to parte poore men emeH ;

bot' wiH ye se wherby I ment' ?

273

The tent' parte, truly to teH,

to take to me was myne intent' ;

ffor of the tresure that to vs feH,

the tent' parte euer *with* me went' ;

277

(43)

And if thre¹ hundreth be right told,
 the tent parte is euen thyrty ;
 Right so he shalbe solt ;
 say if ye wiH hym by.

So for these
 thirty pence
 he will sell
 Jesus.

281

(44)

Pilatus. Now for certan, *sir*, thou says right wolo,
 sen he wate the with sich a wrast,
 ffor to shape hym som vncele,
 and for his bost be not abast.

Pilate
 praises him.

285

Anna. Sir, aH thyn askyng euary dele
 here shaH thou hafe, therof be trast ;
 Bot looke that we no falshede fele.

Anna pro-
 mises what
 he asks.

289

Judas. *sir*, with a profe may ye frast ;

(45)

AH that I haue here hight
 I shaH fulfil in dede,
 And weH more at my myght,
 In tyme when I se nede.

[Fol. 69, b.]
Judas pro-
 mises to
 make good
 his offer.

293

(46)

Pilatus. *Judas*, this spekyng must be spar,
 and neuen it neuer, nyght ne day ;
 let no man wyt where that we war,
 for ferdnes of a fowH enfray.

Pilate en-
 joins
 secrecy.

297

Cayphas. Sir, therof let vs moyte no mare ;
 we hold vs payde, take ther thi pay.

Cayphas
 pays *Judas*,

[Giving him money.]

Judas. This gart he me lose lang are ;
 now ar we euen for onys and ay.

who says he
 is now even
 with Jesus.

301

(47)

Anna. This forwarde wiH not fayH,
 therof we may be glad ;
 Now were the best counsayH,
 in hast that we hym haH.

Anna asks
 how they
 may best
 take Jesus.

305

(48)

Pilatus. we shall hym haue, and that in hy,
 ffuH hastely here in this haH.

Sir knyghtys, that ar of dede dughty, [To the knights.]
 stynt neuer in stede ne staH,

309

¹ MS. iij.

Pilate bids
his knights
bring the
false
"fatur"
at once.

Bot looke ye bryng hym hastely,
that' fatur fals, what' so befaH.
primus Miles. Sir, be not abast' therby,
ffor as ye byd wyrk we shaH. 313

[All retire : then Jesus & his disciples advance.]

Tunc dicet sanctus Iohannes.

(49)

John asks
Jesus where
He will eat
His Pass-
over.

He bids
John and
Peter go to
the city,
there they
shall meet a
man bearing
water, who
will lend
a room for
them to eat
it in.

Iohannes apostolus. Sir, where wiH ye youre pask ette ?
Say vs, let vs dight youre mete.
Ihesus. Go furth, Iohn and peter, to yond cyte ;
when ye com ther, ye shaH then se 317

In the strete, as tyte, a man
berying water in a can ;
The house that' he gose to grith,
ye shaH folow and go hym with ; 321

The lord of that house ye shaH fynde,
A sympyH man of cely kynde ;
To hym ye shaH speke, and say
That I com here by the way ; 325

Say I pray hym, if his wiH be,
A lytyH whyle to ese me,
That' I and my dyscypyls aH
myght rest a whyle in his haH, 329

That' we may ete oure paske thore.
petrus. lord, we shaH hy vs before,
To that we com to that' cyte ;
youre paske shaH ordand be. 333

*Tunc pergunt Iohannes & petrus ad Ciuitatem, & obuiet
eis homo, &c.*

They meet
the "pater-
familias,"
who offers
them a room
in which to
make their
"mangery."

Sir, oure master the prophett
commys behynde in the strete ;
And of a chamber he you prays,
To ete and drynk ther-in with easse. 337

paterfamilias. Sirs, he is welcom vnto me,
and so is aH his company ;
with aH my hart and aH my wiH
is he welcom me vntyH. 341

lo, here a chambre fast by,
Ther-in to make youre mangery,

I shal warand fare strewed ;
it shuld not els to you be shewed. 345

Tunc parent Iohannes & petrus mensam.

Iohannes. Sir, youre mett is redy bowne, [*Jesus enters.*] John tells
wiH ye wesh and syt downe? Jesus the
meat is
ready.

Ihesus. yei, gyf vs water tyH oure hande,
take we the grace that god has send ; 349 He bids the
disciples eat
with Him.
Commys furth, both oone and othere ;
If I be master I wiH be brothere.

*Tunc comedent, & Iudas porrigit manum in discum
cum Ihesu.*

Iudas, what menys thou ? [Fol. 70, a.]

Iudas. No thyng, lord, bot ett with you. 353

Ihesus. Ett on, brether, hardely,
for oone of you shaH [me] betray.¹ One of them
shall betray
Him.

Petrus. lord, who euer that be may,
lord, I shaH neuer the betray ; 357 First Peter,
then seven
others ask,
"Is it I?"
Dere master, is it oght I ?

Ihesus. Nay thou, peter, certanly.

Iohannes. Master, is oght I he then ?

Ihesus. Nay, for trowth, Iohā, I the ken. 361

Andreas. Master, am oght [I] that shrew ?

Ihesus. Nay, for sothe, thou andrew.

Simon. Master, then is oght I ?

Ihesus. Nay, thou Simon, securly. 365

philippus. Is it oght I that shuld do that dede ?

Ihesus. Nay, philyp, withoutten drede.

Thadeus. was it oght I that hight thadee ?

Iacobus. Or we two Iamys ?

Ihesus. Nay none of you is he ; 369

Bot he that ett with me in dysh,
he shaH my body betray, Iwys.

Iudas. what then, wene ye that I it am ?

Ihesus. Thou says sothe, thou berys the blame ; 373 It is he that
eats with
Jesus in the
dish. "Wene
ye, that I it
am?" asks
Judas, and is
told he says
sooth. All
shall forsake
Jesus.

Ichon of you shaH this nyght

ffor sake me, and fayn he myght.

Iohannes. Nay certys, god forbeyd

that euer shuld we do that deyd ! 377

¹ This *betray* is evidently meant to ryme with *hardely*.

Peter says
he will never
flee from
Jesus,
and is told
he shall for-
sake Him
thrice ere
cockcrow.

petrus. If aȝ, master, forsake the,
shaȝ I neuer fro the fle.

Ihesus. Peter, thou shaȝ thryse apon a thraw
fforsake me, or the cok crow.

381

Take vp this clothe and let vs go,
ffor we haue othere thyngys at do.

hic lauet pedes discipulorum.

Jesus begins
to wash the
disciples'
feet.

Sit aȝ downe, and here and sees,
ffor I shaȝ wesh youre feet on knees.

385

Et mittens aquam in peluim venit ad petrum.

Peter at first
objects,

Petrus. lord, shuld thou wesh feytt' myne ?
thou art' my lord, and I thy hyne.

Ihesus. why I do it thou wote not' yit,
peter, herafter shaȝ thou wytt'.

389

Petrus. Nay, master, I the heytt,
thou shaȝ neuer wesh my feytt.

Ihesus. Bot I the wesh, thou mon mys
parte with me in heuens blys.

393

but after-
wards asks
that head
and hands
may be
washed also.

Petrus. Nay, lord, or I that' forgo,
wesh heede, handys, and feytt also.

Ihesus. ye ar clene, bot' not' aȝ ;
that' shaȝ be sene when tyme shaȝ fall ;
who shaȝ be weshyn as I weyn,
he thar not' wesh his feytt clene ;

397

And for sothe clene ar ye,
bot' not' aȝ as ye shuld' be.

401

[Fol. 70, b.]

I shaȝ you say take good hede
whi that' I haue done the dede ;
ye caȝ me master and lord, by name ;
ye say full weȝ, for so I am ;

Jesus ex-
plains the
lesson of
humility.

Sen I, both lord and master, to you wold knele
to wesh youre fete, so must ye wele.

407

(50)

Now wote ye what' I haue done ;
Ensampyȝ haue I gyffen you to ;

Let each
wash the
other's feet.

loke ye do so eft' sone ;
Ichon of you wesh othere fete, lo !

411

(51)

ffor he that seruand is,
 for sothe, as I say you,
 Not more then his lord he is,
 to whome he seruyce owe.

For the
 servant is
 not more
 than the
 lord.

415

(52)

Or that this nyght be gone,
 Alone with ye leyf me ;
 ffor in this nyght ilkon
 ye shaH fro me fle ;

Jesus re-
 peats that
 they will
 forsake Him.

419

(53)

ffor when the hyrd is smeten,
 the shepe shaH fle away,
 Be skaterd wyde and byten ;
 the prophetys thus can say.

When the
 herdsman is
 smitten the
 sheep fle.

423

(54)

Petrus. lord, if that I shuld dy,
 fforsake the shaH I noght.
Ihesus. ffor sothe, peter, I say to the,
 In so great drede shaH thou be broght,

Peter says
 he will not
 forsake
 Jesus, but is
 told that ere
 the cock
 crow twice
 he will deny
 Him thrice.

427

(55)

That or the cok haue crowen twyse,
 thou shaH deny me tymes thre.

Petrus. That shaH I neuer, lord, I wys ;
 ere shaH I with the de.

431

(56)

Ihesus. Now loke youre hartys be grefyd noght,
 nawthere in drede ne in wo ;
 Bot trow in god, that you has wrought,
 and in me trow ye also ;

Let them not
 be grieved,

435

(57)

In my fader house, for sothe,
 is many a wonnyng stede,
 That men shaH haue aftyr thare trowthe,
 soyn after thay be dede.

in His
 Father's
 house are
 many
 "woning
 stedes."

439

(58)

And here may I no longer leynd,
 bot I shaH go before,
 And yit if I before you weynd,
 ffor you to ordan thore,

He goes be-
 fore to or-
 dain for
 them there.

443

(59)

He will
come to
them again.

I shaft com to you agane,
and take you to me,
That where so euer I am ¹,
ye shaft be with me.

447

(60)

He is the
Way, the
Truth, and
the Life.

And I am way, and sothe-fastnes,
and lyfe that euer shalbe ;
And to my fader commys none, Iwys,
bot onoly thorow me.

451

(61)

He will not
leave them
helpless.

I wiſt not leyf you aſt helples,
as men withoutten freynd,
As faderles and moderles,
thof aſt I fro you weynd ;

455

(62)

The world
shall not see
Him, but
they shall.

I shaft com eft to you agayn :
this world shaft me not se,
Bot ye shaft se me weſt certan,
and lyfand shaft I be.

459

(63)

In heaven
they shall
know that
He is in the
Father, and
the Father
in Him.

And ye shaft lyf in heuen ;
Then shaft ye knaw, Iwys,
That I am in my fader euen,
and my fader in me is.

463

(64)

He in them,
and they in
Him.

And I in you, and ye in me,
and ilka man therto,
My commaundement that kepys trule,
and after it wiſt do.

467

(65)

Let them be
glad of His
going.

[Fol. 71, a.]

Now haue ye hard what I haue sayde ;
I go, and com agayn ;
Therfor loke ye be payde,
and also glad and fayn ;

471

¹ assonance with *agane*.

(66)

ffor to my fader I weynd ;
 ffor more then I is he ;
 I let you wytt, as faythfuH freynd,
 or .hat' it done be,

For He goes
 to His
 Father.

475

(67)

That' ye may trow when it' is done ;
 ffor certys, I may nocht now
 Many thyngys so soyn
 at' this tyme speake with you ;

There are
 many things
 He may not
 say to them
 now ;

479

(68)

ffor the prynce of this world is commyn,
 and no powere has he in me,
 Bot' as that' aH the world within
 may both here and se,

for the
 prince of
 this world is
 coming, that
 all may see

483

(69)

That' I owe luf my fader to,
 Sen he me hyder sent',
 And aH thyngys I do
 after his commaundement.

His obedi-
 ence to His
 Father.

487

(70)

Ryse ye vp, ilkon,
 and weynd we on oure way,
 As fast as we may gone,
 to olyuete, to pray.

Let them go
 to Olivet to
 pray.

491

(71)

Peter, Iamys, and thou Iohn,
 ryse vp and folow me !
 My tyme it' commys anone ;
 Abyde styH here, ye thre.

He bids
 Peter,
 James, and
 John follow
 Him

495

(72)

Say youre prayers here by-neth,
 that ye faH in no fowdyng ;
 My sawH is heuy agans the deth
 and the sore pynyng.

and pray.
 His soul is
 heavy
 against
 death.

499

Tunc orabit, & dicet,

(73)

Jesus prays. ffader, let this great payn be styH,
 And pas away fro me ;
 Bot not, fader, at my wyH,
 bot thyn fulfyllyd be.

503

& reuertet ad discipulos.

(74)

He finds the
 disciples
 sleeping,
 and bids
 them watch
 against the
 fend.

Symon, I say, slepys thou ?
 awake, I red you aH !
 The feynd ful fast salys you,
 In wan-hope to gar you faH ;

507

(75)

He will pray
 for them.

Bot I shaH pray my fader so
 that his myght shaH not dere ;
 My goost is prest therto,
 my flesh is seke for fere.

511

& iterum orabit.

(76)

He prays
 again.

ffader, thi son I was,
 of the I aske this boyn ;
 If¹ This payn may not pas,
 fader, thi wiH be doyn !

515

& reuertet ad discipulos.

(77)

Again finds
 them sleep-
 ing.

Ye slepe, brether, yit I see,
 it is for sorow that ye do so ;
 Ye haue so long wepyd for me
 that ye ar masyd and lappyd in wo.

519

& tercio orabit :

(78)

He prays a
 third time.

Dere fader, thou here my wyH !
 this passyon thou put fro me away ;
 And if I must nedys go ther-tyH,
 I shaH fulfil thi wyH to-day ;

523

(79)

Therfor this bytter passyon
 if I may not put by,
 I am here redy at thi dom ;
 thou comforte me that am drery !

527

¹ "If" in margin.

(80)

Trinitas. My comforte, son, I shaH the teH,
of thyngys that feH by reson ;

The Trinity
strengthens
Him.

As luyfer, for syn that feH,
betrayeH eue with his fals treson,

531 Through
Adam's sin,

Adam assent' his wyfe vntyH ;
the wekyd goost then askyd a bone
which has hurt mankynde fuH yH ;

this was the wordys he askyd soyn :

535

(81)

AH that euer of adam com
holly to hym to take,
with hym to dweH, withoutten dome,

all that came
from Adam
were
doomed

In payn that neuer shaH slake,

539

(82)

To that a chyld' myght' be borne
of a madyn, and she wemles,
As cleyn as that' she was beforene,
as puryd syluer or shynand glas ;¹

[Fol. 71, b.]
till a child
might be
born of a
pure maiden.

543

(83)

To tyme that childe to deth were dight',
and rasyd hym self apou the thryd' day,
And stenen to heuen thugh' his awne myght'.
who may do that bot' god veray ?

be done to
death, rise
the third
day, and
ascend to
heaven, as
God.

547

(84)

Sen thou art' man, and nedys must deo,
and go to heH as othere done,
Bot' that' were wrong, withoutten lee,
that' godys son there shuld won

As man
Jesus must
go to Hell,
but as God
He may not
stay there,

551

(85)

In payn *with* his vnder-lowte ;
wytt' ye weH withoutten weyn,
when oone is borod', aH shaH owtt',
and borod be from teyn.

and "when
one is bor-
rowed all
shall out."

[*Jesus returning to the
disciples.*]

(86)

Ihesus. Slepe ye now and take youre rest !
my tyme is nere command ;
Awake a whyle, for he is next
that' me shaH gyf into synners hand.

Jesus bids
His dis-
ciples sleep
on.

559

[*All retire : Pilate, etc. advance.*]

¹ ? assonance with *wemles*, or originally *gles* ?

(87)

Pilate calls
for silence.

Pilatus. Peas ! I commaunde you, carles vnkynde,
to stand as styH as any stone !

In donyon depe he shalbe pynde,

that' wiH not' sesse his tong anone ;

563

(88)

ffor I am gouernowre of the law ;

my name it' is pilate !

I may lightly gar hang you or draw,

I stand in sich astate,

567

(89)

He may do
what he will.

To do what' so I wiH.

and therfor peas I byd you aH !

And looke ye hold you stiH,

and with no brodels braH,

571

(90)

And will
break the
neck of any
one who
interrupts.

TyH we haue done oure dede ;

who so makys nose or cry,

his nek I shaH gar blede,

with this I bere in hy.

575

(91)

He calls on
Judas to
keep his
promise.

To this tratoure be take,

that' wold dystroy oure lawe,

Iudas, thou may it' not' forsake,

take hede vnto my sawe.

579

(92)

Thynk what' thou has doyn,

that' has thi master soldt ;

Performe thi bargan soyn ;

thou has thi money takyn and toldt.

583

(93)

Judas asks
for the help
of the
knights.

Iudas. Ordan ye knyghtys to weynd with me,

Richly araydt in rewyH and rowtt' ;

And aH my couandys holden shaH be,

So I haue felyship me abowte.

587

(94)

They must
lay hands on
Him Whom
he shall
kiss.

Pilatus. wherby, Iudas, shuld we hym knaw,

If we shaH wysely wyrk, Iwys ?

ffor som of vs hym neuer saw.

Iudas. lay hand on hym that' I shaH kys.

591

(95)

Pilatus. haue done, sir knyghtys, and kythe youre strengthe,
 And wap you wightly in youre wede ;
 Seke ouer aH, both brede and lengthe !
 Spare ye not, spende and spede !

Pilate bids
 the knights
 seek out
 Jesus.

595

(96)

We haue soght hym les and more,
 And falyd ther we haue farn ;
Malcus, thou shaft weynd before,
 And bere with the a light' lantarne.

[Fol. 72, a.]

Malchus is
 to go before
 with a
 lantern.

[To *Malchus*]

599

(97)

Malcus Miles. Sir, this Iornay I vndertake
 with aH my myght' and mayn.
 If I shuld, for mahowns sake,
 here in this place be slayn,
 Crist' that' prophett for to take,
 we may be aH fuH fayn.

Malchus is
 ready to
 die for
 Mahound's
 sake, if he
 may take
 Christ.

603

Oure weppyns redy loke ye make,
 to bryng hym in mekyH game¹
 This nyght'.

608

Go we now on oure way,
 oure mastres for to may ;
 Oure lantarnes take with vs als way,
 And loke that' thay be light !

612

(98)

Secundus Miles, Sir pilate, prynce pereles in paH,
 of aH men most' myghty merked on mold',
 we ar euer more redy to com at' thi caH,
 and bow to thi bydyng as bachlers shold'.²

The second
 knight bids
 Pilate fare-
 well.

616

(99)

Bot' that' prynce of the apostyls pupplyshed beforene,
 Men caH hym crist', comen of dauid kyn,
 his lyfe fuH sone shalbe forlorne,
 If we haue hap hym forto wyn.
 haue done !

621

As sure as
 he eats
 bread, he
 will strike
 off Christ's
 head.

ffor, as euer ete I breede,
 or I styr in this stede
 I wold stryke of his hede ;
 lord, I aske that' boyne.

625

¹ assonance with *fayn*, &c.

² MS. shuld.

(100)

The first
knight pro-
mises Pilate
speedy ven-
geance.

primus miles. That boyn, lord, thou vs bede,
and on hym wreke the sone we shaft;
ffro we haue lade on hym good spede;
he shaft no more hym godys son caft.

629

Three such
knights as
they are
would bind
the devil!

we shaft marke hym truly his mede;
by mahowne most, god of aH,
Siche thre knyghtys had lytyH drede
To hynde the dwiH that we on caft,
In nede;

634

ffor if thay were a thowsand mo,
that prophete and his apostels also
with thise two handys for to slo,
had I lytyH drede.

638

(101)

Pilate
salutes them
as courteous
kaisers of
Cain's kind,

pilatus. Now curtes kasers of kamys kyn,
most gentyH of Iure to me that I fynde,
My comforth from care may ye sone wyn,
if ye happely may hent that vnheynde.

642

(102)

and bids
them bring
Jesus safe
and sound
to him.

Bot go ye hens spedely and loke ye not spare;
My frenship, my fortherans, shaft euer with you be;
And mahowne that is myghfuH he menske you euermare!
Bryng you safe and sownde with that brodeH to me!
In place

647

where so euer ye weynd,
ye knyghtys so heynde,
Sir lucyfer the feynde

he lede you the trace! [All retire, Jesus & his
disciples advance.]

(103)

Jesus bids
Peter arise,
for Judas is
coming.

Ihesus. Ryse vp, peter, and go with me,
and folowe me withoutten stryfe;
Iudas wakys, and slepys not he;
he commys to betray me here belyfe.

655

(104)

wo be to hym that bryngys vp slaunder!
he were better his dethe to take;
Bot com furth, peter, and tary no langere:¹
lo, where thay com that wiH me take!

659

¹ assonance with *slaunder*.

(105)

Iudas. Rest weH, master, iñesus fre!

[Fol. 72, b.]

I pray the that thou wold kys me enys;

Judas asks
Jesus to kiss
hin.

I am commen to socoure the;

thou art aspyed, what so it menys.

663

(106)

Ihesus. Iudas! whi makys thou sich a brayde?

trowys thou not I knowe thi wiH?

Jesus says
that He
knows
Judas'
intent.

with kyssyng has thou me betrayd:

that shaH thou rew som tyme ful yH.

667

(107)

whome seke ye, syrs, by name?

[To the Knights.]

He asks the
knights
whom they
seck.*Secundus Miles.* we seke ihesu of nazarene.*Ihesus.* I kepe not my name to layn;¹

lo, I am here, the same ye mene;

671

Bot whome seke ye with wepyns kene?

Primus Miles. To say the sothe, and not to ly,

we seke ihesu of nazarene.

"Jesus of
Nazarene."*Ihesus.* I told you ere that it was I.

675

(108)

Malcus. Dar no man on hym lay hand?

I shaH cach hym, if I may;

Malchus
boasts that
he will catch
Jesus.A flatoryng foyH has thou bene lang,²

bot now is commen thyn endyng day.

679

(109)

Petrus. I wold be dede within short space

or I shuld se this sight!

[Cuts off Malchus' ear.]

Peter cuts
off his ear
and bids him
complain to
Sir Cayphas.

Go, pleyne the to sir cayphas,

and byd hym do the right!

683

(110)

Malcus. Alas, the tyme that I was borne,

or today com in this stede!

Malchus
laments.

My right ere I haue forlorne!

help, alas, I blede to dede!

687

(111)

Ihesus. Thou man, that menys thi hurt so sare,

com heder, let me thi wounde se;

Jesus re-
stores his
ear.

Take me thi ere that he of share:

In nomine patris hole thou be!

691

¹ assonance with *name*.² assonance with *hand*.

(112)

Malchus is
again eager
to take
Jesus.

Malcus. Now am I hole as I was ere,
My hurt is neuer the wars ;
Therfor, felows, drawe me nere !
the dwiſt hym spede that hym spars !

695

(113)

Jesus ad-
monishes
Peter

Ihesus. Therfor, peter, I say the this,
my wiſt it is that aſt men witten :
Put vp thi swerde and do no mys,
for he that smytys, he ſhalbe smyten.

699

(114)

and re-
proaches the
knights,

ye knyghtys that be comen now here,
thus assemblyd in a rowte,
As I were thefe, or thefys fere,
with wepyns com ye me abowte ;

703

(115)

but asks
them to let
his "fel-
lows" go.

Me thynk, for sothe, ye do fuſt yſt
thus for to seke me in the nyght ;
Bot what penance ye put me tyſt,
ye let my felows go with gryth.

707

(116)

The knights
bring Jesus
to Pilate.

Secundus Miles. Lede hym furth fast by the gate !
hangyd be he that sparis hym oght !
Primus Miles. how thynk the, sir pilate,
bi this brodeſt that we haue broght ?

711

(117)

Pilate says
Jesus has
troubled
them by His
deeds,

Pilatus. Is he the same and the self, I say,
that has wrought vs this care ?
It has bene toldt, sen many a day,
sayngys of hym fuſt sare.

715

[Fol. 73, a.
Sig. M. 1.]

It was tyſt vs greatt woghe,
ffrom dede to lyfe thou rasyd lazare ;
Sen stalkyd stylly bi the see swoghe ;
both domb and defe thou salfyd from sare.

719

(118)

in which He
surpasses
Cæsar and
Herod.

Thou passys cesar bi dede,
or sir herode oure kyng.
Secundus Miles. let deme hym fast to dede,
and let for no kyn thyng.

723

(119)

Primus Miles. Sen he has forfett agans oure lawe,
let vs deme hym in this stede.

The knights
clamour for
His death.

Pilatus. I wiſt not assent vnto youre saw ;
I can ordan weſt better red.

727

Pilate knows
a better
rede.

(120)

Malcus. Better red ? yei dwiſt ! how so ?
then were oure sorow lastand ay ;
And he thus furth shuld go,
he wold dystroy oure lay.

Malchus is
furious.

731

(121)

wold ye aſt assent to me,
this bargan shuld be strykyn anone ;
By nyghtertayſt dede shuld he be,
and tiſt oure awnter stand ilkon.

735

(122)

Pilatus. Peasse, harlottis, the dwiſt you spede !
wold ye thus preualy morder a man ?

Pilate is
unwilling to
murder
Jesus,

Malcus. when euery man has red his red,
lett se who better say can.

739

(123)

Pilatus. To cayphas haſt loke fast ye wyrk,
And thider right ye shaſt hym lede ;
he has the rewſt of holy kyrk,
lett hym deme hym whyk or dede ;

and will
send Him to
Cayphas,
who has the
rule of Holy
Church.

743

(124)

ffor he has wroght agans oure law,
ffor-thi most skyſt can he ther on.

Secundus Miles. Sir, we assent vnto youre saw ;
Com furth, bewshere, and lett vs gone.

747

(125)

[To Jesus.]

Malcus. Step furth, in the wenyande !
wenys thou ay to stand styſt ?
Nay, luskand loseſt, lawes of the land
Shaſt fayſt bot we haue oure wiſt ;

Malchus
brings Jesus
to Cayphas
with much
abuse.

751

(126)

Out of my handis shaſt thou not pas
ffor aſt the craft thou can ;

Tiſt thou com to sir cayphas,

Saue the shaſt no man. *Explicit Capcio Ihesu.* 755

(XXI.)

Incipit Coliphizacio.

[Dramatis Personae.

[Fol. 73, b.]	<i>Primus Tortor.</i>		<i>Cayphas.</i>		<i>Jesus.</i>
	<i>Secundus Tortor.</i>		<i>Anna.</i>		<i>Froward.]</i>

[50 nine-line stanzas, aaaab cccb. The aaaa lines have central rymes, marked by bars |.]

Primus tortor. (1)

The first
Torturer
hurries
Jesus to
Anna and Sir
Cayphas,
with threats.

Do Io furth, Io! / and trott' on a pase!
To anna wiH we go / and sir cayphas;
witt' thou weH of thaym two / gettys thou no
grace,
Bot' euerlastyng wo / for trespas thou has
so mekiH. 5

Thi mys is more
then euer gettys thou grace fore;
Thou has beyn¹ ay-whore
ffuH fals and fuH fekyH. 9

(2)

The second
reproaches
Him as a
deceiver of
the people.

Secundus tortor. It' is wonder to dre / thus to be gangyng;
we haue had for the / mekiH hart' stangyng;
Bot' at last shaH we be / out' of hart' langyng,
Be thou haue had two² or three / hetys worth a hangyng;
No wonder! 14

Sich wyles can thou make,
gar the people farsake
Oure lawes, and thyne take;
thus art' thou broght' in blonder. 18

(3)

They join in
reviling
Jesus.
He shall rue
being called
a saint.
Better had
he held His
clatter!

Primus tortor. Thou can not' say agaynt / If thou be trew;
Som men holdys the sant' / and that shaH thou rew;
ffare wordys can thou paynt' / and lege lawes new.

Secundus tortor. Now be ye ataynt' / for we wiH persew
On this mater. 23

Many wordys has thou saide
Of which we ar not' weH payde;
As good that' thou had
halden stiH thi clater. 27

¹ "boyn" overlined later.² MS. ij.

(4)

primus tortor. It is better syt still / then rise vp and fall ;
Thou has long had thi wiH / and made many braH ;
At the last wold thou spiH / and for-do vs aH,
If we dyd neuer yH. /

“ Better sit still than rise up and fall.”

Secundus tortor. I trow not, he shaH

Indure it ;

32 They are ready to accuse Him themselves.

ffor if other men ruse hym,

we shaH accuse hym ;

his self shaH not excuse hym ;

To you I insure it,

36

(5)

with no legeance. /

primus tortor. fayn wold he wynk,

Els falys his covntenance ; / I say as I thynk.

Secundus tortor. he has done vs greuance / therfor shaH

he drynk ;

They owe Jesus a grudge for the trouble they have had in walking with Him.

haue he mekiH myschaunce / that has gart vs swynke

In walkyng,

41

[Fol. 74, a. Sig. M. 2.]

That vnneth may I more.

primus tortor. Peas, man, we ar thore !

I shaH walk in before,

And teH of his talkyng. [They come to Cayphas

(6) and Anna.]

haiH, syrs, as ye sytt / so worthi in wonys !

whi spyrd ye not yit / how we haue farne this onys ?

Secundus tortor. Sir, we wold fayn witt / aH wery ar oure

bonys ;

They greet Cayphas and Anna, and complain of their journey.

we haue had a fytt / right yH for the nonys,

So tarid.

50

Cayphas. Say, were ye oght adred ?

were ye oght wrang led ?

Or in any strate sted ?

Syrs, who was myscaurd ?

54

(7)

Anna. Say, were ye oght in dowte / for fawte of light

As ye wached ther owte ? /

Primus tortor. sir, as I am true knyght,

Of my dame sen I sowked / had I neuer sich a nyght ;

Myn een were not lowked / to-geder right

Their trouble
is well spent
since they
have brought
in this
traitor.

Sen morowe ; 59
Bot' yit' I thynk it' weH sett,
Sen we with this tratoure met' ;
Sir, this is he that' forfeit
And done so mekiH sorow. 63

(8)

He teaches a
new law.

Cayphas. Can ye hym oght apeche ? / had he any ferys ?
Secundus tortor. he has bene for to preche / full many
long yeris ;
And the people he teche / a new law.
primus tortor. syrs, heris !
As far as his witt' reche / many oone he lerys ;
when we toke hym, 68
we faunde hym in a yerde ;
Bot' when I drew out' my swerde,
his dyscypyls wex ferde,
And soyn thay forsoke hym. 72

(9)

He said He
could de-
stroy the
temple and
build a new
one on the
third day.
He "lies for
the whet-
stone" and
must be
given the
prize.

Secundus tortor. Sir, I hard hym say he cowthe dystroew /
oure tempyH so gay,
and sithen beld a new / on the thrick' day.
Cayphas. how myght' that' be trew ? / it toke more aray ;
The masons I knewe / that' hewed it', I say,
so wyse ; 77
That' hewed ilka stone.
primus tortor. A, good sir, lett hym oone ;
he lyes for the quetstone,
I gyf hym the pryce. 81

(10)

[Fol. 74, b.]

Secundus tortor. The halt' rynes, the blynd sees / thugh
his fals wyles ;¹
Thus he gettis many fees / of thym he begyles.
Primus tortor. he rases men that' dees / thay seke hym
be myles ;
And euer thugh his soceres / oure sabate day defyles

- Euermore, sir. 86 He works
miracles for
fees and does
them on the
Sabbath.
- Secundus tortor.* This is his vse and his custom,
To heytt the defe and the dom),
where so euer he com ;
I tell you before, sir. 90
- (11)
- Primus tortor.* Men call hym / a prophete and godis
son of heuen ;
he wold fayn downe bryng / oure lawes bi his steuen.
Secundus tortor. yit is ther another thyng / that I hard
hym neuen,
he settys not a fle wyng / bi sir cesar full euen ;
he says thus ; 95
- Sir, this same is he
that excusyd with his sotelte
A woman in avowtre ;
ffull weht may ye trust vs. 99
- (12)
- Primus tortor.* Sir lazare can he rase / that men may persauē,
when he had lyne fower¹ dayes / ded in his graue ;
Aht men hym prase / both master and knaue,
Such wycraft he mase. /
Secundus tortor. If he abowte waue
Any langere, 104
his warkys may we ban ;
ffor he has turned many man
Sen the tyme he began,
And done vs great hangere. 108
- (13)
- Primus tortor.* he wiht not leyfe yit / thof he be culpabyht ;
Men call hym a prophete / a lord full renabyht.
Sir cayphas, bi my wytt / he shuld be dampnabiht,
Bot wold ye two, as ye sytt / make it ferme and stabyht
To geder ; 113
ffor ye two, as I traw,
May defende aht oure law ;
That mayde vs to you draw,
And bryng this loseht heder. 117
- The first
Torturer
calls on
Cayphas
and Anna to
defend the
law.

¹ MS. iiij.

(14)

If Jesus
reign any
more their
laws are
ruined.

Secundus tortor. Sir, I can tell you before / as myght I
be maryd,

If he reyne any more / oure lawes ar myscaryd.

Primus tortor. Sir, opposed if he wore / he shuld be
fon waryd ;

That is well seyn thore / where he has long tarid

And walkyd. 122

he is sowre lottyn :

Ther is somewhat forgottyn ;

I shaft thryng out the rottyn,

Be we haue all talkyd. 126

(15)

Cayphas
examines
Jesus.

Cayphas. Now fare myght you fast / for youre talkyng !
ffor, certys, I my self shaft / make examynyng. [*To Jesus.*]
harstow, harlott, of all ? / of care may thou syng !

[Fol. 75, a.
Sig. M. 3.]

How durst thou the cast / aythere emperoure or kyng ?

I do fy the ! 131

what the dwilt doyst thou here ?

Thi dedys wilt do the dere ;

Com nar and rowne in myn eeyr,

Or I shaft ascry the. 135

(16)

He is
furious that
Jesus does
not answer.

Illa-hayt was thou borne ! / harke ! says he oght agane ?

Thou shaft onys or to-morne / to speke be full fayne.

This is a great skorne / and a fals trane ;

Now wols-hede and out-horne / on the be tane !

Vile fature ! 140

Oone worde myght thou speke ethe,

yit myght it do the som letht,

Et omnis qui tacet

hic consentire videtur. 144

(17)

Speke on oone word / right in the dwyllys name !

where was thi syre at bord / when he met with thi dame ?

what, nawder bowted ne spurd / and a lord of name !

Speke on in a torde / the dwilt gif the shame,

Sir sybre ! 149 He abuses
 Perde, if thou were a kyng, Jesus as a
 yit myght thou be ridyng ; foundling,
 ffy on the, fundlyng !
 Thou lyfys bot bi brybre. 153

(18)

Lad, I am a prelate / a lord in degre, and reminds
 Syttys in myn) astate / as thou may se, Him of his
 knyghtys on me to wate / in dyuerse degre ; own power.
 I myght thole the abate / and knele on thi kne Who has the
 In my present ; 158 law in his
 As euer syng I mes, keeping has
 whoso kepis the lawe, I gess, a "better
 he gettis more by purches purchase
 Then bi his fre rent. 162 than rent"
 (wins more
 by his pro-
 fession than
 by his
 lands).

(19)

The dwil gif the shame / that euer I knew the !
 Nather blynde ne lame / wil none persew the ;
 Therfor I shaH the name / that euer shaH rew the,
 kyng copyn in oure game / thus shaH I indew the,
 ffor a fatur. 167 Jesus is
 King Coppin
 (King
 Empty-
 Skein).
 Say, dar thou not speke for ferde ?
 I shrew hym the lerd,
 weme ! the dwillys durt in thi berd,
 vyle fals tratur ! 171

(20)

Though thi lyppis be stokyn / yit myght thou say, mom ; He will have
 Great wordis has thou spokyn / then was thou not dom. vengeance
 Be it hole worde or brokyn / com, owt with som, on Him for
 His silense.
 Els on the I shaH be wrokyn / or thi ded com
 AH outt. 176

Aythere has thou no wytt, [Fol. 75, b.]
 Or els ar thyn) eres dytt ;
 why bot herd thou not yit ?
 So, I cry and I showte. 180

(21)

Anna. A, sir, be not yH payde / though he not answeare ;
 he is inwardly flayde / not right in his gere.

Anna begs
Cayphas to
be less
violent.

Cayphas. No, bot' the wordis he has saide / doth my
hart' great' dere.

Anna. Sir, yit' may ye be dayde. /

Cayphas. nay, whils I lif nere.

Anna. Sir, amese you. 185

Cayphas. Now fowH myght' hym befaH!

Anna. Sir, ye ar vexed at aH,

And perauentur he shaft

here after pleas you ; 189

(22)

we may bi oure law / examyn' hym fyrst.

Cayphas is
bursting to
give Jesus a
blow

Cayphas. Bot' I gif hym a blaw / my hart wiH brist.

Anna. Abyde to ye his purpose knaw. /

Cayphas. nay, bot I shaft out thrist

BotH his een on a raw. /

Anna. sir, ye wiH not, I tryst,

Be so vengeabyH ; 194

Bot' let me oppose hym.

Cayphas. I pray you, and sloes hym.

Anna. Sir, we may not' lose hym

Bot' we were dampnabiH. 198

(23)

If he may
not strike off
His head, he
will not eat
till Jesus is
in the
stocks.

Cayphas. he has adyld his ded / a kyng he hym calde ;
war ! let me gyrd of his hede ! /

Anna. I hope not' ye wold ;¹

Bot' sir do my red / youre worship to hald.

Cayphas. Shaft I neuer ete bred / to that' he be stald

In the stokys. 203

Anna. Sir, speke soft and styH,

let vs do as the law wiH.

Cayphas. Nay, I myself shaft hym kyH,

And murder with knokys. 207

(24)

Anna
reminds
Cayphas he
is a man of
holy church,

Anna. Sir, thynk ye that' ye ar / a man of holy kyrk,

ye shuld be oure techer'² / mekenes to wyrk.

Cayphas. yei, bot' aH is out of har / and that shaft he yrk.

Anna. AH soft' may men go far / oure lawes ar not' myrk,

¹ The ryme needs wald.'

² The ryme needs 'techar.

I weyn ; 212 and they
 Youre wordys ar bustus, must pro-
 Et hoc nos volumus ceed by law.
 Quod de Iure possumus :
 ye wote what I meyn ; 216

(25)

It is best that we trete hym / with farenes.

Cayphas.

We, nay !

Anna. And so myght we gett hym / som word for to say. [Fol. 76, a.

Cayphas. war ! let me bett hym ! /

[Sig. M. 4.]

Anna. syr, do away !

ffor if ye thus thrett hym / he spekys not this day.

Bot herys ; 221 He will ex-
 wold ye sesse and abyde, amine Jesus
 I shuld take hym on syde himself.
 And inquere of his pryde,
 how he oure folke lerys. 225

(26)

Cayphas. he has reuyd ouer lang / with his fals lyys,

And done mekyH wrang / sir cesar he defyes ;

Therfor shaft I hym hang / or I vp ryse.

Anna. Sir, the law wiH not he gang / on nokyn wyse

The law will
 not allow
 Him to go
 unjudged,
 but His
 guilt must
 be estab-
 lished.

Vndemyd ; 230

Bot fyrst wold I here

what he wold answeere ;

Bot he dyd any dere

why shuld he be flemyd ? 234

(27)

And therfor examynyng / ffyrst wiH I make,

Sen that he callys hym a kyng. /

Cayphas.

bot he that forsake

Cayphas
 still
 threatens.

I shaft gyf hym a wryng / that his nek shaft crak.

Anna. Syr, ye may not hym dyng / no word yit he
 spake,

That I wyst. 239

hark, fellow, com nar !

[To Jesus.]

wyH thou neuer be war ?

I haue merueH thou dar

Thus do thyn awne lyst. 243

(28)

Anna asks
Jesus if He
is God's Son,
and is
answered.

Bot I shaſt do as the law wyſt / if the people ruse the ;
Say, dyd thou oght this yſt ? / can thou oght excuse the ?
why standys thou so styſt / when men thus accuse the ?
ffor to hyng on a hyſt / hark how thay ruse the
To dam. 248

Say, art thou godys son of heuen,
As thou art wonte for to neuen ?

Ihesus. So thou says by thy steuen ,
And right so I am ; 252

(29)

ffor after this shaſt thou se / when that [I] do com downe
In brightnes on he / in clowdys from abone.

Cayphas
says they
need no
more
witness.

Cayphas. A, iſt myght the feete be / that broght the to
towne !

Thou art worthy to de ! / say, thefe, where is tni crowne ?

Anna. Abyde, sir, 257

let vs lawfully redres.

Cayphas. we nede no wytnes,
hys self says expres ;

whi shuld I not chyde, sir ? 261

(30)

Anna. was ther neuer man so wyk / bot he myght amende.
when it com to the pryk / right as youre self kend.

[Fol. 76, b.]
Let him put
Jesus to
death at
once.

Cayphas. Nay, sir, bot I shaſt hym styk / euen with
myn awne hend ;

ffor if he reue and be whyk / we ar at an end,

AH sam ! 266

Therfor, whils I am in this brethe,
let me put hym to deth.

Anna. Sed nobis non licet

Interficere quemquam. 270

(31)

Anna says
they have no
power to
kill.

Sir, ye wote better then I / we shuld slo no man.

Cayphas. his dedys I defy / his warkys may we ban,
Therfor shaſt he by. /

Anna. nay, on oder wyse than,
And do it lawfully. /

Cayphas. as how ?

Anna. tel you I can.

Caiphas. let se.

275 Men of temporal laws must judge such a matter.

Anna. Sir take tent to my sawes ;
Men of temporaH lawes
Thay may deme sich cause,
And so may not we.

279

(32)

Cayphas. My hart is fuH cold / nerehand that I swelt ;
ffor talys that ar told / I bolne at my belt,
Vnethes may it hold / my body, an ye it felt ;
yit wold I gif of my gold / yond tratoure to pelt
ffor euer.

Cayphas says if Anna hinders him he is not doing his duty.

284

Anna. Good sir, do as ye hett me.

Caiphas. whi shaH he ouer-sett me ?

Sir anna, if ye lett me

ye do not youre deuer.

288

(33)

Anna. Sir, ye ar a prelate. /

Cayphas. so may I weH seme,

My self if I say it. /

Anna proposes to send Jesus to Pilate.

Anna. be not to breme ;

Sich men of astate / shuld no men deme,
bot send them to pilate / the temporaH law to yeme
has he ;

293

he may best threte hym,

And aH to rehetete hym ;

It is shame you to bete hym

Therfor, sir, let be.

297

(34)

Cayphas. ffy on hym and war ! / I am oute of my gate ;
say why standys he so far. /

Anna. sir, he cam bot late.

Cayphas wants to set his knights on Jesus ; Anna remonstrates.

Cayphas. No, bot I haue knyghtys that dar / rap hym
on the pate.

Anna. ye ar bot to skar / good sir abate,

And here ;

302

what nedys you to chyte ?

what nedys you to flyte ?

If ye yond man smyte,

ye ar irregulere.

306

(35)

Cayphas
laments he
was ever
made a
clerk, that

[Fol. 77, a.]

he may not
beat Jesus
himself.

Cayphas. he that fyrst made me clerk / and taght' me
my lare,

On bookys for to barke / the dwiſt gyf hym care !

Anna. A, good sir, hark ! / sich wordys myght ye spare.

Cayphas. Els myght' I haue made vp wark / of yond'
harlot and mare,

perde !

311

Bot certys, or he hens yode,

It' wold do me som good

To se knyghtys knock his hoode

with knockys two or thre.

315

(36)

ffor sen he has trespast / and broken oure law,

let' vs make hym agast / and set hym in awe.

Anna con-
sents to the
knights
buffeting
Jesus

Anna. sir, as ye haue hast' / it' shalbe, I traw.

Com and make redy fast' / ye knyghtys on a raw,
yours arament' ;

320

And that kyng to you take,

And with knockys make hym wake.

Cayphas. yei, syrs, and for my sake

Gyf hym good payment.

324

(37)

ffor if I myght' go with you / as I wold that I myght,

I shuld' make myn avowe / that' ons or mydnyght'

I shuld' make his heede sow / wher that' I hyt right.

They assure
Cayphas
they will not
spare Him.

Primus tortor. Sir, drede you not now / of this cursed
wight

To day,

329

ffor we shaft so rok hym,

and with buffettys knock hym.

Cayphas. And I red that ye lok hym,

That' he ryn not' away,

333

(38)

ffor I red not we mete / if that' lad skap.

Secundus tortor. Sir, on vs be it / bot we clowt' weſt his
kap.

Cayphas. wold ye do as ye heytt / it' were a fayr hap.

primus tortor. Sir, see ye and sytt' / how that we hym
knap,

Oone ffeste ;
 Bot or we go to this thyng,
 Sayn vs, lord, with thy ryng.
Cayphas. Now he shaft haue my blyssyng
 That knockys hym the best.

338 They ask
 him to bless
 them with
 his ring.
 Cayphas
 promises
 his blessing
 to the one
 who buffets
 best.
 342

(39)

Secundus tortor. Go we now to oure noyte / with this
 fond foyH.

primus tortor. we shaft teche hym, I wote / a new play
 of yoyH,

And hold hym fuH hote / frawrord, a stoyH
 Go fetch vs !

froward. We, dote ! / now els were it doyh

And vnneth ;
 ffor the wo that he shaft dre
 let hym knele on his kne.

Secundus tortor. And so shaft he for me ;
 Go fetch vs a light buffit.

The first
 Torturer
 sends Fro-
 ward for a
 stool. Fro-
 ward and
 the other
 remonstrate,
 347

347

351

(40)

froward. why must he sytt soft / with a mekiH mys-
 chaunce,

That has tenyd vs thus oft ? /

primus tortor. sir, we do it for a skawnce ;

If he stode vp on loft / we must hop and dawnse

As cokys in a croft. /

froward. Now a veniance

Com on hym !

Good skiH can ye shew,

As feH I the dew ;

haue this, bere it, shrew !

ffor soyn shaft we fon hym.

but are told
 they can
 buffet Jesus
 more easily,

[Fol. 77, b.]

356

if He be
 scated.

360

(41)

Secundus tortor. Com, sir, and syt downe / must ye
 be prayde ?

lyke a lord of renowne / youre sete is arayde.

primus tortor. we shaft preue on his crowne / the wordys
 he has sayde.

Secundus tortor. Ther is none in this towne / I trow, be
 ih payde

They bid
 Jesus sit.

All His kin
may not
rescue Him. Of his sorow, 365
Bot the fader that hym gate.
primus tortor. Now, for oght that I wate,
Añ his kyn commys to late
his body to borow. 369

(42)

They send
Froward for
a veil to
blind Jesus
with. *Secundus tortor.* I wold we were onwarde. /
primus tortor. bot his een must be hyd.
Secundus tortor. yei, bot thay be weñ spard / we lost
that we dyd ;
Step furth thou, froward ! /
froward. what is now betyd ?
primus tortor. Thou art euer away ward. /
froward. haue ye none to hyd
Bot me ? 374

I may syng ylla-hayñ.

Secundus tortor. Thou must get vs a vayñ.*froward.* ye ar euer in oone tayñ.*primus tortor.* Now iñ myght thou the ! 378

(43)

weñ had thou thi name / for thou was euer curst.
Froward
quarrels
with them. *froward.* Sir, I myght say the same / to you if I durst ;
yit my hyer may I clame / no penny I purst ;
I haue had mekyñ shame / hunger and thurst,¹
In youre seruyce. 383

primus tortor. Not oone word so bold !*froward.* why, it is trew that I told !

ffayn preue it I wold.

Secundus tortor. Thou shalbe cald to peruyce. 387

(44)

But brings
the veil. *froward.* here a vayñ haue I fon / I trow it wiñ last.
primus tortor. Bryng it hyder, good son / that is it
that I ast.
froward. how shuld it be bon ? /
Secundus tortor. abowte his heade cast.
primus tortor. yei, and when it is weñ won / knyñ a
knot fast

¹ MS. thrust.

- I red. 392 They blind-
fold Jesus.
- froward*. Is it weyH?
- Secundus tortor*. yei, knaue.
- froward*. what, weyn ye that I rafe?
- Cryst curs myght he haue
- That last bond his head! 396
- (45)
- primus tortor*. Now sen he is blynfold / I faH to begyn,
And thus was I counseld / the mastery to wyn. The tor-
[Fol. 78, a.]
- Secundus tortor*. Nay, wrang has thou told / thus shuld
thou com in! turers vie
with each
other in
siniting
Him,
- froward*. I stode and beheld / thou towchid not the
skyn,
Bot fowH. 401
- primus tortor*. how wiH thou I do?
- Secundus tortor*. On this manere, lo!
- froward*. yei, that was weH gone to,
Thar start vp a cowH. 405
- (46)
- primus tortor*. Thus shaH we hym refe / aH his fonde
talys.
- Secundus tortor*. Ther is noght in thi nefe / or els thi
hart falys.
- froward*. I can my hand vphefe / and knop out the
skalys.
- primus tortor*. Godys forbot ye lefe / bot set in youre nalys
On raw. 410
- Sit vp and prophecy.
- froward*. Bot make vs no ly. and bid Him
prophecy
who smote
Him last.
- Secundus tortor*. who smote the last?
- primus tortor*. was it I?
- froward*. he wote not, I traw. 414
- (47)
- primus tortor*. ffast to sir cayphas / go we togeder.¹
- Secundus tortor*. Ryse vp with ih grace / so com thou
hyder. They bring
Him again
to Sir
Caiaphas.
- froward*. It semys by his pase / he groches to go thyder.
- primus tortor*. we haue gyfen hym a glase / ye may
consyder,

¹ The ryme needs togyder

- The tor-
turers boast
that they
have almost
killed Jesus.
- To kepe. 419
- Secundus tortor.* Sir, for his great boost,
with knockys he is indoost.
ffroward. In fayth, sir, we had almost
knokyd¹ hym on slepe. 423
- (48)
- Caiaphas
bids them
take Jesus
to Pilate,
- Cayphas.* Now sen he is weH bett / weynd on youre gate,
And teH ye the forfett / vnto sir pylate ;
ffor he is a Iuge sett / emang men of state,
And looke that ye not let. /
primus tortor. Com furth, old crate,
Be lyfe ! 428
- we shaft lede the a trott.
ijus tortor. lyft thy feete may thou not.
ffroward. Then nedys me do nott
Bot com after and dryfe. 432
- (49)
- yet fears lest
Pilate may
be bribed to
acquitt Him.
- Cayphas.* Alas, now take I hede ! /
Anna. why mowrne ye so ?
Cayphas. ffor I am euer in drede / wandreth, and wo,
lest pylate for mede / let ihesus go ;
Bot had I slayn hym indede / with this handys two,
At onys; 437
- AH had bene qwytt than ;
Bot gyftys marres many man.
Bot he deme the sothe than,
The dwiff haue his bonys ! 441
- (50)
- [Fol. 78, b.]
After up-
braiding
Anna he
starts off to
follow them.
- Sir anna, aH I wyte you this blame / for had ye not beyn,
I had mayde hym fuH tame / yei, stykyd hym, I weyn,
To the hart fuH wan² / with this dagger so keyn.
Anna. Sir, you must shame / sich wordys for to meyn
Emang men. 446
- Cayphas.* I wiff not dweH in this stede,
Bot spy how thay hym lede,
And persew on his dede.
ffare weH ! we gang, men. 450
- Explicit Coliphizacio.*

¹ MS. 'knokyp.'² Assonant to 'fame, shame.'

(XXII.)

Incipit Fflagellacio.

[Dramatis Personae.

<i>Pilatus.</i>		<i>Primus Consultus.</i>		<i>Maria.</i>
<i>Primus Tortor.</i>		<i>Secundus Consultus.</i>		<i>Maria Magdalene.</i>
<i>Secundus Tortor.</i>		<i>Jesus.</i>		<i>Maria Jacobi.</i>
<i>Tercius Tortor.</i>		<i>Johannes Apostolus.</i>		<i>Symon.]</i>

[49 stanzas ; 4 of 13 lines, ab ab ab ab c, dddc ; 1 of 12 lines, aab ccb, bb dd bb ; 24 of 9 lines, aaaab cccb ; 13 of 8 lines, aab aab bb ; 2 of 6 lines, aaaa bb ; 4 of 4 lines, aaaa¹ ; 1 of 4 lines, aa bb.]

Pilatus. (1)

Peasse at my bydyng, ye wyghtys in wold !
 Looke none be so hardy to speke a word bot I,
 Or by mahowne most myghty, maker on mold,
 With this brande that I bere ye shaft bytterly
 aby.

Pilate rages,
 boasting
 himself full
 of subtlety
 and guile,
 and there-
 fore called
 "mali
 actoris."

Say, wote ye not that I am pylate, perles to behold ?

Most doughty in dedys of dukys of the Iury ;
 In bradyng of batels I am the most bold,
 Therfor my name to you wiH I dyscry,
 No mys.

I am fuH of sotelty,
 falshed, gyll, and trechery ;
 Therfor am I namyd by clergy
 As mali actoris.

4

9

(2)

ffor like as on both sydys the Iren the hamer makith playn,

So do I, that the law has here in my kepyng ;
 The right side to socoure, certys, I am fuH bayn,
 If J may get therby a vantage or wynyng ;
 Then to the fals parte I turne me agayn,
 ffor I se more VayH wiH to me be risyng ;
 Thus euery man to drede me shalbe fuH fayn,
 And aH faynt of thare fayth to me be obeyng,

[fol. 79, a.]

In judging
 he inclines
 first to the
 right, then
 to the
 wrong, for
 the sake of
 bribes.

17

¹ All the aaaa lines have central rymes, markt here by bars.

Truly.

22

Ah fals endytars,

Quest-gangars, and Iurars,

And thise out-rydars

Ar welcom to me.

26

(3)

He means to pretend to be Christ's friend, but finally to crucify Him.

Bot' this prophete, that' has prechyd and puplyshed so playn

Cristen law, crist' thay cañ hym in oure cuntre ;

Bot' oure prynces fuñ proudly this nyght' haue hym tain,

ffuñ tytt to be dampned he shañ be hurlyd byfore me ;

I shañ fownde to be his freynd vtward, in certayn,

And shew hym fare cowntenance and wordys of vanyte ;

Bot' or this day at' nyght' on crosse shañ he be slayn,

Thus agans hym in my hart' I bere great' enmyte

ffuñ sore.

35

ye men that' vse bak-bytyngys,

and rasars of slanderyngys,

ye ar my dere darlyngys,

And mahowns for euermore.

39

(4)

Nothing angers him more than to hear of Christ and His new law.

ffor no thyng in this world dos me more grefe

Then for to here of crist' and of his new lawes ;

To trow that he is godys son my hart' wold añ to-clefe,

Though he be neuer so trew both in dedys and in sawes

Therfor shañ he suffre mekiñ myschefe,

And añ the dyscypyls that vnto hym drawes ;

ffor ouer añ solace to me it' is most' lefe,

The shedyng of cristen bloode, and that' añ Iury knawes,

I say you.

48

My knyghtys fuñ swythe

Thare strengthes wiñ thay kyth,

And bryng hym be-lyfe ;

lo, where thay com now !

52

(5)

The first torturer arrives bringing

[Fol. 79, b.]

Jesus, as from Herod.

primus tortor. I haue ron that' I swett / from *sir* herode

oure kyng

With this man that' wiñ not' lett / oure lawes to downe

bryng ;

he has done so mych forfett' / of care may he syng ;

Thruñ dom of *sir* pylate he *gettys* / an yñ endyng

And sore ; 57 The great
 The great warkys he has wrought works Jesus
 ShaH serue hym of noght, has done
 And bot thay be dere boght shall serve
 lefe me no more. Him
 nothing.

61

(6)

Bot make rowme in this rese / I byd you, belyfe, He bids the
 And of youre noys that ye sesse / both man and wyfe ; people make
 To sir pylate on dese / this man wiH we dryfe, room, and
 his dede for to dres / and refe hym his lyfe hurries
 Jesus on.

66

This day ;
 Do draw hym forward !
 whi stand ye so bakward ?
 Com on, sir, hyderward,
 As fast as ye may !

70

(7)

Secundus tortor. Do puH hym a-rase / whyls we be gangyng ; The second
 I shaH spytt in his face / though it be fare shynyng ; torturer
 Of vs thre gettys thou no grace / thi dedys ar so noyng, threatens
 Bot more sorow thou hase / oure myrth is incresyng, Jesus, and
 No lak. binds His
 hind Him.

75

ffelows, aH in hast,
 with this band that wiH last
 Let vs bynde fast

Both his handys on his bak.

79

(8)

Tercius tortor. I shaH lede the a dawnce / Vnto sir pilate haH ; The third
 Thou betyd an yH chawnce / to com emangys vs aH. torturer
 Sir pilate, with youre cheftance / to you we cry and caH calls on
 That ye make som ordynance / with this brodeH thraH, Pilate to
 By skyH ; crucify
 Jesus.

84

This man that we led
 On crosse ye put to deH.

Pilatus. what ! with outten any red ?

That is not my wyH ;

88

(9)

Bot ye, wysest of law / to me ye be tendand :

This man withoutten awe / which ye led in a band,
 Nather in dede ne in saw / can I fynd with no wrang,
 wherfor ye shuld hym draw / or bere falsly on hand

Pilate pre-
 tends to take
 Jesus' part,
 and sumi-
 mons his
 counsellors.

It will be a
shame if
Jesus be
killed.

With ih̄.

93

ye say he turnes oure pepyh̄,
ye call hym fals and fekyh̄;
worldys shame is on you mekyh̄
This man if ye spyh̄.

97

(10)

Herod
[Fol. 80, a.]¹
could find
no fault in
Him.

Of ahh̄ these causes ilkon / which ye put on hym,
Herode, truly as stone / could fynd with nokyns gyn
Nothyng herapon / that pent to any syn;
why shuld I then so soyn / to ded here deme hym?

Therfor

102

This is my counsell,
I will not with hym mehh̄;

Let Him go!

let hym go where he wyh̄

ffor now and euermore.

106

(11)

The first
Counsellor
urges that
Jesus has
called Him-
self a king.

Primus consultus. Sir, I say the oone thyng / without any
mys,
he callys his self a kyng / ther he none is;
Thus he wold downe bryng / oure lawes, I-wys,
with his fals lesyng / and his quantys,
This tyde.

111

Pilate re-
minds Jesus
of His
power.

Pilatus. herk, fellow, com nere!
Thou knowes I haue powere
To excuse or to dampne here,
In bayh̄ to abyde.

115

(12)

Jesus says
the power is
given him by
the Trinity.

Ihesus. Sich powere has thou noght / to wyrk thi will
thus with me,
Bot from my fader that is broght / oone-fold god in
persons thre.

Pilatus. Certys, it is fallen well in my thoght / at this
tyme, as well wote ye,
A thefe that any felony has wrought / to lett hym skap
or go fre

¹ At the beginning of this page of the MS., is a large initial letter D, which, however, has no connection with the ensuing text.

Away ; 120 Pilate offers
 Therfor ye lett hym pas. to release
*primus tortor*¹. Nay, nay, bot^t barabas! Jesus be-
 And *ihesus* in this case cause of the
 To deth ye damⁿ this day. 124 Feast, but
 the first tor-
 turer asks
 for Barab-
 bas.

(13)

pilatus. Syrs, looke ye take good hede / his cloyse ye Pilate bids
 spoy^l hym fro, them strip
 ye gar his body blede / and bett hym blak and bloo. Jesus and
 scourge
 Him.
Secundus tortor. This man, as myght I spede / that^t has
 wroght vs this wo,
 how "Iudicare" comys in crede / sha^ll we teche, or we
 go,
 Ah soyne. 129

haue bynd to this pyllar.

Tercius tortor. why standys thou so far ?

primus tortor. To bett^t his body bar

I haste, with^outten hoyne. 133

(14)

Secundus tortor. Now fa^ll I the fyrst^t / to flap on hys hyde. The tor-
Tercius tortor. My hartt wold a^ll to-bryst^t / bot^t I myght turers vie
 ty^ll hym glyde. with each
 other in
 cruelty.

primus tortor. A swap fayn, if I durst^t / wold I lene the
 this tyde.

Secundus tortor. war ! lett^t me rub on the rust^t / that^t
 the bloode downe glyde

As swythe. 138

Tercius tortor. haue att !

primus tortor. Take thou that !

Secundus tortor. I sha^ll lene the a flap,

My strengthe for to kythe. 142

(15)

Tercius tortor. Where on seruys thi prophecy / thou te^ll [Fol. 80, b.]
 vs in this case,

And a^ll thi warkys of greatt^t mastery / thou shewed in They scoff
 dyuers place? at Him.

primus tortor. Thyn apostels fu^ll radly / ar run from the
 a rase,

Thou art^t here in oure baly / withoutten any grace

They would scourge Jesus to death, but for Pilate.

Of skap. 147
Secundus tortor. Do, rug him.
Tercius tortor. Do, dyng hym.
primus tortor. Nay, I myself shuld kyH hym
 Bot' for sir pilate. 151

(16)

They call to mind His miracles— His turning water into wine and walking on the sea,

Syrs, at the ffeste of architreclyn / this prophete he was ;
 Ther turnyd he water into wyn / that day he had sich
 grace,
 his apostels to hym can enclyn / and other that' ther was ;
 The see he past bot' few yeres syn / it' lete hym walk
 theron apase
 At' wyH ; 156
 The elementys aH bydeyn,
 And wyndes that ar so keyn,
 The firmamente, as I weyn,
 Ar hym obeyng tyH. 160

(17)

His healing a leper and the Centurion's son,

ijus. tortor. A lepir cam fuH fast / to this man that
 here standys,
 And prayed hym, in aH hast / of bayH to lowse his
 bandys ;
 his traueH was not' wast / thoughh he cam from far landys ;
 This prophete tyH hym past' / and helyd hym with his
 handys,
 ffuH blythe. 165
 The son of Centuryon,
 ffor whom his fader made greatt' mone,
 Of the palsy he helyd anone,
 Thay lowfyd hym oft' sythe. 169

(18)

His giving sight to a blind man on the way from Jericho.

ijus tortor. Sirs, as he cam from iherico / a blynde
 man satt by the way ;
 To hym walkand with many mo / cryand to hym thus
 can he say,
 " Thou son of dauid, or thou go / of blyndnes hele thou
 me this day."
 Ther was he helyd of aH his wo / sich wonders can
 he wyrk aH way

- At wyH ; 174 Jesus can
he rasys men from detH to lyfe, raise the
And castys out devyls from thame oft sythe, dead and
seke men cam to hym fuH ryfe, cast out
He helys thaym of aH yH. 178 devils.
- (19)
- primus tortor.* ffor aH these dedys of great louyng / fower¹ But the first
thyngys I haue fond certanly, torturer re-
ffor which he is worthy to hyng : / oone is oure kyng that members
he wold be ; that (1) He
Oure sabbot day in his wyrkyng / he lettys not to hele the claimed to
seke truly ; be king, (2)
he says oure temple he shaft downe bryng / and in thre² healed the
daies byg it in hy sick on the
A^H hole agane ; 183 Sabbath, (3)
Syr pilate, as ye sytt, said He
looke wysely in youre wytt ; would de-
Dam ihesu or ye flytt stroy the
On crosse to suffre his payne. 187 temple and
(20) build it
again in
pilatus. Thou man that suffurs aH this yH / Why WyH [Fol. 81, a.
thou Vs no mercy cry ? Sig. n. 1.]
Slake thy hart and thi greatt wyH / whyls on the we Pilate bids
haue mastry ; Jesus work
Of thy greatt warkes shew vs som skyH ; / men call the some
kyng, thou tell vs why ; miracle.
wherfor the Iues seke the to spyH / the cause I
wold knowe wytterly,
perdee ; 192
- Say what is thy name,
Thou lett for no shame,
Thay putt on the greatt blame,
Els myght [thou] skap for me. 196 He himself
(21) would re-
lease Him.
- Secundus Consultus.* Syr pilate, pryuce peerles / this is The first
my red, Counsellor
That he skap not harmeles / bot do hym to ded : alleges
he cals hym a kyng in euery place / thus wold he ouer led Jesus' claim
Oure people in his trace / and oure lawes downe tred to be king.

¹ MS. iiij, apparently a mistake for iij.² MS. iij.

The knights
and people
are crying
for His
crucifixion.

By skyH ;
Syr, youre knyghtes of good lose,
and the pepyH with oone voce,
To hyng hym hy on a crosse
Thay cry and caH you vntyH.

201

205

(22)

Pilate asks
why they
will not
obey their
king?

pilatus. Now certys, this is a wonder thyng / that ye
wold bryng to nocht
hym that is youre lege lordyng / In faith this was far
soght ;
Bot say, why make ye none obeyng / to hym that aH has
wroght ?

The third
torturer
answers
that Cæsar
is their king.

Tercius Tortor. Sir, he is oure chefe lordyng / *sir* Cesar
so worthyly wroght

On mold.

210

pylate, do after vs,
And dam to deth ihesus
Or to *sir* Cesar we trus,
And make thy frenship colt.

214

(23)

Pilate
washes his
hands,

pilatus. Now that I am sakles / of this bloode shaH
ye see ;
Both my handys in expres / weshen saH be ;
This bloode bees dere boght I ges / that ye spiH so frele.
primus tortor. we pray it faH endles / on vs and oure
meneye,
with wrake.

219

and bids
them take
Jesus and
crucify Him.

pilatus. Now youre desyre fulfyH I shaH ;
Take hym emangs you aH,
On crosse ye put that thraH,
his endyng ther to take.

223

(24)

The tor-
turers exult.

primus tortor. Com on ! tryng on thi tose / without any
fenyng ;
Thou has made many glose / with thy fals talkyng.
Secundus tortor. we ar worthy greatte lose / that thus
has broght a kyng
ffrom *sir* pilate and othere fose thus into oure ryng,

withoutt any hoyne. 228 As Jesus
Sirs, a kyng he hym calis, calls Him-
Therfor a crowne hym befals. self a king,
Tercius tortor. I swere by aH myn elder sauls, He must
I shaH it' ordan soyne. 232 have a
crown.

(25)

primus tortor. Lo! here a crowne of thorne / to perch [Fol. 81, b.]
his brane within,
putt on his hede with skorne/ and gar thyrH the skyn. They crown
Secundus tortor. hayH kyng! where was thou borne / sich Him with
worship for to wyn? thorns and
mock Him.

we knele aH the beforne / and the to grefe wiH we not
blyn,
That' be thou bold'; 237

Now by mahownes bloode!
Ther wiH no mete do me goode
To he be hanged on a roode,
And his bones be cold. 241

(26)

primus tortor. Syrs, we may be fayn / ffor I haue fon They find a
a tree, tree for a
I teH you in certan / it' is of greatt' bewtee, cross, and
On the which he shaH suffre payn / be feste with nales begin to
thre, make ready.
Ther shaH nothyng hym gayn / ther on to he dede be,
I insure it; 246

Do, bryng hym hence.
Secundus tortor. Take vp oure gere and defence.
Tercius tortor. I wold spende aH my spence
To se hym ones skelpt. 250

(27)

primus tortor. This cros vp thou take / and make the The first tor-
redy bowne; turer bids
Withoutt gruchyng thou rake / and bere it' through the Jesus bear
towne; the cross.
Mary, thi moder, I wote wiH make / great mowrnyng and Mary will
mone, mourn for
But for thy fals dedys sake / shortly thou salbe slone,¹ Him.

¹ This line is added by a later hand.

The people
of Bethle-
hem and
Jerusalem
shall wonder
at Jesus to
day.

No nay ; 255
The pepyH of bedlem,
and gentyls of Ierusalem,
A^H the comoners of this reme,
sha^H wonder on the this day. 259

(28)

[*John and the Holy Women appear on another part of the stage.*]

John
laments for
Jesus.

Iohannes apostolus. Alas ! for my master moste of myght,
That yester euen with lanterne bright
before Caiphias was broght ; 262
Both peter and I sagh that sight,
And sithen we fled away fu^H wight,
when Iues so wonderly wroght ; 265
At morne thay toke to red, And fals witnes furth soght,¹
And demyd hym to be dede, That to thaym trespaste
noght,¹ 267

(29)

He must tell
Mary and
the other
women.

Alas ! for his modere and othere moo,
My moder and hir syster also,
Sat sam with syghyng sore ; 270
Thay Wote nothyng of a^H this wo,
Therfor to te^H thaym wi^H I go,
Sen I may mend no more. 273
If he shuld dy thus tyte And thay vnwarned wore,
I were Worthy to wyte ; I wi^H go fast therfor. 275

(30) [*Goes to the women.*]

He greets
Mary and
shows he
has bad
news.

God saue you, systers a^H in fere !
Dere lady, if thi wi^H were,
I must te^H tythyngys playn. 278
Maria. Welcom, Iohn, my cosyne dere !
how farys my son sen thou was here ?
That wold I wyt fu^H fayn. 281
Iohannes. A, dere lady with youre leyff, The trouth shuld
no man layn,
Ne withi godys wi^H thaym grefe.
Maria. whi, Iohn, is my son slayn ? 283

Mary asks if
her son be
slain.

¹ These two lines, and the corresponding ones in the next five stanzas, are written as four in the MS.

(31)

Iohannes. Nay lady, I saide not so,
Bot ye me myn he told vs two

And thaym that with vs wore,
how he with pyne shuld pas vs fro,
And este shuld com vs to,

To amende oure syghyng sore ;

It may not stand in stede To sheynd youre self therfore.

Maria magdalene. Alas ! this day for drede ! Good Iohn,
neven this no more !

John re-
minds her of
the words of
Jesus as to
His death
and coming
again.

286

269

291

(32)

Speke preualy I the pray,
ffor I am ferde, if we hir flay,

That she with ryn and rafe.

Iohannes. The sothe behowys me nede to say,
he is damyd to dede this day,

Ther may no sorow hym safe.

Maria Iacobi. Good Iohn, teH vnto vs two What thou of
hir with crafe,

And we with gladly go And help that thou it haue.

Mary Mag-
dalen and
Mary the
mother of
James bid
him break
the news
first to them.
He tells
them Jesus
is con-
demned.

294

297

299

(33)

Iohannes. Systers, youre mowrnyng may not amende ;
And ye with ever, or he take ende,

Speke with my master free,

Then must ye ryse and with me weynd,

And kepe hym as he shaH be kend

Withouyt yond same cyte ;

If ye with nygh me nere, Com fast and felowe me.

Maria. A, help me, systers dere ! That I my son
may see.

[Fol. 82, b.]

302

305

307

If they
would speak
to Him
again, they
must make
haste.

(34)

Maria Magdalene. Lady, we wold weynd full fayn,
Hertely With aH oure myght and mayn,
youre comfortH to encrease.

Maria. Good Iohn, go before and frayn.

Iohannes. Lo, where he commes vs euen agayn
with aH yond mekyH prese !

AH youre mowrnyng in feyr / may not his sorow sese.

Maria. Alas, for my son dere, / that me to moder
chese !

310

313

315

Mary bids
John go be-
fore them.

[They meet Jesus.]

(35)

Mary would
bear her
Son's cross.

Alas, dere son for care / I se thi body blede ;
My self I wiþ for-fare / for the in this great drede,
This cros on thi shulder bare / to help the in this nede,
I wiþ it' bere wiþ greatt hart' sare / wheder thay wiþ the
lede. 319

Jesus says it
is too heavy
for her.

Ihesus. This cros is large in lengthe / and also bustus
wiþ aH ;
If thou put to thi strengthe / to the erthe thou mon downe
faH. 321

(36)

Maria. A dere son, thou let me / help the in this case !
et inclinabit crucem ad matrem suam.

Ihesus. lo, moder, I teH it' the / to bere no myght' thou
hase.

Mary bids
Him have
pity on Him-
self.

Maria. I pray the, dere son, it' may so be / to man thou
gif thi grace,
On thi self thou haue pyte / and kepe the from thi
foyse.¹ 325

(37)

Jesus says
He must die
and rise
again to save
man.

Ihesus. ffor sothe, moder, this is no nay / on cros I must
dede dre,
And from deth ryse on the thryd day / thus prophecy
says by me ;
Mans sauH that' I luffyd ay / I shaH redeme securly,
Into blis of heuen for ay / I shaH it' bryng to me. 329

(38)

The other
Maries
lament.

[Fol. 83, a.
Sig. N. 3.]

Maria Magdalene. It is greatt sorow to any wyght / Ihesus,
to se wiþ Iues keyn,
How he in dyuerse payns is dight / ffor sorow I water both
myn' eeyn. 331

Maria Iacobi. This lord that is of myght' / dyd neuer
yH truly,
These Iues thay do not' right' / if thay deme hym to dy.

(39)

Maria Magdalene. Alas ! what' shaH we say ! / ihesus
that is so leyfe, 334
To deth this Iues this day / thay lede with paynes full
grefe.

¹ The ryme needs fayse, foes.

Maria Iacobi. He was fuH true, I say / thoughñ thay dam
 hym as thefe,
 Mankynde he lufed aH way / for sorow my hart wiH
 clefe. 337

Their hearts
 will cleave
 for sorrow.

(40)

Ihesus. ye doghters of Ierusalem / I byd you wepe nothyng
 for me,
 Bot for youre self and youre barn-teme / behald I telH
 you securle,
 Sore paynes ar ordand for this reme / in dayes herafter for
 to be ;
 youre myrth to bayH it shaH downe streme / in euery
 place of this cyte. 341

Jesus bids
 them lament
 for them-
 selves and
 their chil-
 dren.

(41)

Childer, certys, thay shaH blys / women baren that neuer
 child bare,
 And pappes that neuer gaf sowke, Iwys / thus shaH
 thare hartys for sorow be sare ;
 The montayns hy and thise greatt hyllys / thay shaH byd
 faH apou them thare,
 ffor my bloode that sakles is / to shede and spyH thay
 wiH not spare. 345

Secundus tortor. walk on, and lefe thi vayn carpyng / it
 shaH not saue the fro thy dede,
 wheder thise women cry or syng / for any red that thay
 can red. 347

The second
 torturer bids
 Him cease
 His vain
 talking.

(42)

Tercius tortor. Say wherto abyde we here abowte,
 Thise qvenes with scremyng and with showte ?
 May no man thare wordys stere ? 350

The other
 torturers
 threaten the
 women.

primus tortor. Go home, thou casbald, with that clowte !
 Or, by that lord I leyfe and lowte,
 Thou shaH by it fuH dere ! 353

Maria Magdalene. This thyng shaH venyance caH / on
 you holly in fere.

Secundus tortor. Go, hy the hens with aH / or yH hayH
 cam thou here !

ijus tortor. let aH this bargan be / syn aH oure toyles ar
 before ;

The third
 torturer
 hurries
 Jesus on.

This tratoure and this tre / I wokt fuH fayn were thore.

T

The third
torturer sees
that Jesus
cannot bear
the cross.

Ijus tortor. It nedys not hym to harH / this cros dos
hym greatt dere,

Bot yonder commys a carll / shaft help hym for to
bere. [Enter Simon of Cyrene.]

(43)

They bid
Simon ease
Him of it.

ijus tortor. That shaft we soyn se on assay.

herk, good man, wheder art thou on away ?

Thou walkes as thou were wrath.

362

Simon says
he is on a
great
journey.

Symon. Syrs, I haue a greatt Iornay

That must be done this same day,

Or els it wiH me skathe.

365

[Fol. 83, b.]

Tercius tortor. Thou may wiH lytyH payn / easse hym
and thi self both.¹

*Simon*¹. Good syrs, that wold I fayn / bot for to tary
were full loth.¹

367

(44)

The first tor-
turer presses
him for
pity's sake,
but Simon
alleges his
haste

primus tortor. Nay, nay ! thou shaft full soyn be speH ;

lo here a lad that must be led

ffor his yH dedys to dy,

370

And he is bressed and aH for bled,

That makys vs here thus stratly sted ;

we pray the, sir, for-thi,

373

That thou wiH take this tre / bere it to caluary.

*Symon*¹. Good sirs, that may not be / ffor full greatt
haste haue I,

375

(45)

The second
torturer says
that Jesus
must be dead
by noon,
and Simon
must needs
help them.

No longere may I hoyn.

ijus tortor. In fayth thou shaft not go so soyn

ffor noght that thou can say

378

This dede must nedys be done,

And this carll be dede or noyn,

And now is nere myd day ;

381

And therfor help vs at this nede / and make vs here no
more delay.

*Symon*¹. I pray you do youre dede / and let me go my
way ;

383

(46)

Simon still
excuses him-
self.

And I shaft com full soyn agane,

To help this man with aH my mayn,

¹ The ryme needs ' bath, lath.'

- At youre awne wyH. 386
- ijus tortor.* what and woldt thou trus with sich a tranē ? The tortur-
Nay fatur, thou shaH be fuH fayn, ers threaten
This forward to fulfyH ; 389 Simon.
- Or, by the myght of mahowne ! / thou shaH lyke it
fuH yH.
- primus tortor.* Tytt, let dyng this dastard downe / bot
he lay hand ther tyH. 391
- (47)
- Symon.* Certys, that were vnwysely wroght,
To beytt me bot if I trespass oght
Aythere in worde or dede. 394
- ijus tortor.* Apon thi bak it shaH be broght,
Thou berys it wheder thou wiH or noght ! He shall
DewyH ! whom shuld we drede ? 397 bear the
will or no.
- And therfor take it here belyfe / And bere it furth, good
spede.
- Symon.* It helpys not here to strife / bere it behoues me Simon sees
nede ; 399 he must bear
it,
- (48)
- And therfor, syrs, as ye haue sayde,
To help this man I am weH payde,
As ye wold that it were. 402 and is well
content to
help Christ.
- ijus tortor.* A, ha ! now ar we right arayde,
bot loke oure gere be redy grade,
To wyrk when we com there. 405
- primus tortor.* I warand aH redy / oure toyles both moore [Fol. 84, a.,
and les, Sig. N. 4.]
- And sir symon truly / gose on before with cros. 407
- (49)
- Tercius tortor.* Now by mahowne, oure heuen kyng,
I wold that we were in that stede The tortur-
where we myght hym on cros bryng. ers hurry to
Step on before, and furth hym lede their work.
- A trace. 412
- primus tortor.* Com on thou !
- ijus tortor.* Put on thou !
- ijus tortor.* I com fast after you,
And folowse on the chace. 416

Explicit Flagellacio.

(XXIII.)

Sequitur Processus crucis.

[Dramatis Personae

<i>Pilatus.</i>	<i>Quartus Tortor.</i>	<i>Longeus.</i>
<i>Primus Tortor.</i>	<i>Jesus.</i>	<i>Josephus.</i>
<i>Secundus Tortor.</i>	<i>Maria.</i>	<i>Nichodemus.]</i>
<i>Tercius Tortor.</i>	<i>Johannes.</i>	

[1 *thirteen-line stanza*, abab cbcdbd ccd ; 9 *eleven-line*, no. 38 aab ccb bd bbd, nos. 39, 40, 45, 70, 71, 72 aab aab bc bbc, nos. 53 and 54 aaab cccb dbd ; 1 *ten-line*, no. 52, aaab cccb, cb ; 1 *nine-line*, no. 57, aaaab cccb ; 5 *eight-line*, no. 1 abab abab, no. 51 abab aaab, nos. 50, 56 and 65 aaab cccb ; 1 *seven-line*, no. 3, aa bbc bc ; 71 *six-line*, nos. 62, 63, 66, 68, 69 aaaab b, the rest aab ccb ; 3 *five-line*, nos. 59, 61, 67 aaab b ; 6 *four-line*, no. 44 ab ba, 49, 55, 58, 60 and 64 aaaa ; 1 *three-line*, no. 90, and 7 *couplets*.]

pilatus.

(1)

Pilate calls
for silence,
with threats.

PEasse I byd euereich Wight !
Stand as styH as stone in WaH,
Whylys ye ar present in my sight,
That none of you clatter' ne caH ; 4
ffor if ye do, youre dede is dight
I warne it you both greatt and smaH,
With this brand burnyshyd so bright,
Therfor in peasse loke ye be aH. 8

(2)

Those who
interrupt
him, he will
tame on the
gallows, or
beat them.

What ! peasse in the dwillys name !
harlottys and dustardys aH bedene !
On galus ye be maide fuH tame,
Thefys and mychers keyn ! 12
wiH ye not peasse when I bid you ?
by mahownys bloode, if ye me teyn,
I shaH ordan sone for you,
paynes that neuer ere was seyn,
And that anone ! 17
Be ye so boldt beggars, I warn you,
ffuH boldly shaH I bett you,
To heH the dwiH shaH draw you,
Body, bak and bone. 21

(3)

I am a lord that mekiſt is of myght,
 prynce of aſt Iury, ſir pilate I hight,
 Next kyng herode grettyst of aſt ;
 Bowys to my byddyng both greatt and ſmaſt,
 Or els be ye ſhentt ;
 Therfor ſtere youre tonges, I warn you aſt,
 And vnto vs take tent.

[Fol. 84, b.]
 His name is
 Pilate.

He is
 ſecond only
 to King
 Herod.

26

28

(4)

primus tortor. Aſt peasse, aſt peasse, emang you aſt !
 And herkyns now what ſhaſt befaſt
 Of this fals chuffer here ;
 That *with* his fals quantyſe,
 haſe lett hymſelf as god wyſe,
 Emangys vs many a yere.

The 1st
 torturer bids
 the people
 listen to
 what shall
 befall Jesus,
 "this false
 chuffer,"

31

34

(5)

he calſ hym ſelf a *prophett*,
 And ſays that he can bales bete,
 And make aſt thyngys amende ;
 Bot or oght lang wytt we ſhaſt
 wheder he can bete his awne bale,
 Or ſkapp out of oure hende.

who ſays He
 can mend all
 evils.

Can He now
 mend His
 own ?

37

40

(6)

Was not this a wonder thyng,
 That he durſt caſt hym ſelf a kyng
 And make ſo greatt a lee ?
 Bot, by mahowne ! whils I may lyf,
 Thoſe prowde wordes ſhaſt I neuer forgyf,
 Tyſt he be hanged on he.

He called
 Himſelf a
 king, and
 ſhall not be
 forgiven His
 pride till He
 be hanged
 for it.

43

46

(7)

Secundus tortor. hys pride, fy, we ſett at nocht,
 Bot ich man now keſt in his thoght,
 And looke that we nocht wante ;
 ffor I ſhaſt fownde, if that I may,
 By the order of knyghtede, to day
 To cauſe his hart pante.

The 2nd
 torturer
 will make
 Chriſt's
 heart pant
 this day.

49

52

(8)

Tercius tortor. And ſo ſhaſt I with aſt my myght,
 Abate his pride this ylk nyght,

- The 3rd
torturer says
that Jesus
can do a foul
deed when
He will.
- And rekyn hym a crede ; 55
Lo, he letys he cowde none yH,
Bot' he can ay, when he wyH,
Do a fuH fowH dede. 58
- (9)
- The 4th bids
them see
that they
have all they
need to
fasten Jesus
with.
- Quartus tortor.* yei felows, ye, as haue I rest' !
Emangys vs aH I red we kest'
To bryng this thefe to dede ; 61
Loke that' we haue that we shuld nate,
ffor to hald' this shrew strate.
primus tortor. That was a nobyH red ! 64
- (10)
- [Fol. 85, a.]
They have
bands,
- Lo, here I haue a bande,
If nede be to bynd his handle ;
This thowng, I trow, wiH last. 67
Secundus tortor. And here oone to the othere syde,
That shaH abate his pride,
Be it' be drawen fast. 70
- (11)
- hammer and
nails.
- ijus tortor.* lo, here a hamere and nales also,
ffor to festen fast oure foo
To this tre, fuH soyn. 73
iiijus tortor. ye ar wise, withoutten drede,
That so can help youre self at nede,
Of thyng that' shuld be done. 76
- (12)
- All His
"mawmentry"
shall
not serve
Him now.
- primus tortor.* Now dar I say hardely,
he shaH with aH his mawmentry
No longere vs be teH. 79
ijus tortor. Syn pilate hase hym tyH vs geyn,
haue done, belyfe ! let it be seyn
how we can with hym meH. 82
- (13)
- They arrive
at Calvary,
and prepare
for their
"play."
- ijus tortor.* Now ar we at the monte of caluarye ;
haue done, folows, and let now se
how we can with hym lake. 85
iiijus tortor. yee, for as modee as he can loke,
he wold haue turnyd an othere croke
Myght' he haue had the rake. 88

(14)

primus tortor. In fayth, syr, sen ye callyd you a kyng,
you must prufe a worthy thyng

That falles vnto the were;

ye must Iust in tornamente;

Bot ye sytt fast els be ye shentt,

Els downe I shaH you bere.

As Jesus
calls Him-
self a king,
He must
joust in
tournament,
and sit fast
on His
Cross.

91

94

(15)

Secundus tortor. If thou be godys son, as thou tellys,
Thou can the kepe; how shuld thou ellys?

Els were it merueH greatt;

And bot if thou can, we wiH not trow

That thou hase saide, bot make the mow

when thou syttys in yond sett.

If He be
God's Son,
He can
guard Him-
self.

97

100

(16)

iiijus tortor. If thou be kyng we shaH thank adyH,
ffor we shaH sett the in thy sadyH,

ffor fallyng be thou bold.

I hete the weH thou bydys a shaft;

Bot if thou sytt weH thou had better laft

The tales that thou has told.

They will
set Him in
His saddle,
and He need
not fear a
fall.

103

106

(17)

iiijus tortor. Stand nere, felows, and let se
how we can hors oure kyng so fre,

By any craft;

Stand thou yonder on yond syde,

And we shaH se how he can ryde,

And how to weld a shaft.

Let them see
how they can
horse their
King!

109

[Fol. 85, b.]

112

(18)

primus tortor. Sir, commys heder and haue done,
And wyn apon youre palfray sone,

ffor he [is] redy bowne.

If ye be bond tiH hym, be not wrothe,

ffor be ye secure we were fuH lothe

On any wyse that ye feH downe.

His palfrey
is ready,
and He must
be bound to
it.

115

118

(19)

Secundus tortor. knyt thou a knott, with aH thi strenght,
ffor to draw this arme on lengthe,

- They draw
out Christ's
arms,
TyH it com to the bore. 121
Tercius tortor. Thou maddys, man, bi this light!
It wantys, tyH ich mans sight,
Othere half span and more. 124
(20)
- bind them
with ropes,
Quartus tortor. yit' drawe owt this arme and fest it fast',
with this rope that weH wiH last,
And ilk man lay hand to. 127
primus tortor. yee, and bynd thou fast' that band ;
we shaH go to that' othere hand
And loke what' we can do. 130
(21)
- and nail
them ;
ijus tortor. Do dryfe a nayH ther thugh outt',
And then thar vs nothyng doutt',
ffor it wiH not brest'. 133
iiijus tortor. That shaH I do, as myght I thryfe !
ffor to clynke and for to dryfe,
Therto I am full prest' ; 136
(22)
- So lett it styk, for it is wele.
iiijus tortor. Thou says sothe, as haue I cele !
Ther can no man it mende. 139
- hold down
His knees,
primus tortor. hald downe his knees.
Secundus tortor. that shaH I do
his norysh yede neuer better to ;
Lay on aH *your* hende. 142
(23)
- draw down
the legs
hard,
Tercius tortor. Draw out hys lymmes, let se, haue at !
iiijus tortor. That was weH drawn that that ;
ffare faH hym that so puld' ! 145
ffor to haue gotten it to the marke,
I trow lewde man ne clerk
Nothyng better shuld'. 148
(24)
- pierce them,
and nail
them.
primus tortor. hald' it' now fast thor,
And oone of you take the bore,
And then may it' not' fayH. 151
ijus tortor. That shaH I do withoutten drede,
As euer myght I weH spede,
hym to mekyH bayH. 154

(25)

Tercius tortor. So, that is weH, it wiH not brest,
Bot let now se who dos the best
with any slegthe of hande.

157

[Fol. 86, a.]
They begin
to pull the
Cross into
place with
a rope.

iiijus tortor. Go we now vnto the othere ende ;
ffelowse, fest' on fast youre hende,
And puH weH at this band.

160

(26)

primus tortor. I red, felowse, by this wedyr,
That we draw aH ons togedir,
And loke how it wyH fare.

163

At first
all pull to-
gether.

ijus tortor. let now se and lefe youre dyn !
And draw we ilka syn from syn ;
ffor nothyng let vs spare.

166

(27)

ijus tortor. Nay, felowse, this is no gam !
we wiH no longere draw aH sam,
So mekiH haue I asspyed.

169

But the
3rd and 4th
torturers
think some
one is sham-
ming.

iiijus tortor. No, for as haue I blys !
Som can twyk, who so it is,
Sekys easse on som kyn syde.

172

(28)

primus tortor. It' is better, as I hope,
On by his self to draw this rope,
And then may we se
who it is that' ere while
AH his felows can begyle,
Of this companye.

175

The 1st pro-
poses that
each man
pulls by him-
self.

178

(29)

Secundus tortor. Sen thou wiH so haue, here for me !
how draw I, as myght thou the ?

181

They vie
with each
other in
pulling.

Tercius tortor. Thou drew right wele.
haue here for me half a foyte !

quartus tortor. wema, man ! I trow thou doyte !
Thou flyt it neuer a dele ;

184

(30)

Bot haue for me here that I may !
primus tortor. WeH drawen, son, bi this day !

- The torturers excite each other to pull the Cross to the mark.
- Thou gose weH to thi warke! 187
Secundus tortor. yit efte, whils thi hande is in,
 puH therat' with som kyn gyn.
ijus tortor. yee, & bryng it to *the* marke. 190
 (31)
- quartus tortor.* puH, puH!
primus tortor. haue now!
ijus tortor. let se!
ijus tortor. A ha!
iiijus tortor. yit a draght!
primus tortor. Therto with aH my maght.
- Hold still there!
 Now to bore the hole for the Cross to stand in!
- ijus tortor.* A, ha! hold stiH thore! 193
iiijus tortor. So felowse! looke now belyfe,
 which of you can best dryfe,
 And I shaH take the bore. 196
 (32)
- [Fol. 86, b.] *Quartus tortor.* let me go therto, if I shaH;
 I hope that I be the best mershaH
 ffor [to] clynke it right. 199
 do rase hym vp now when we may,
 ffor I hope he & his palfray
 ShaH not twyn this nyght. 202
 (33)
- They call to one another to lift the Cross,
- primus tortor.* Com hedir, felowse, & haue done!
 And help that this tre sone
 To lyft with aH youre sleght. 205
ijus tortor. yit let vs wyrke a whyle,
 And noman now othere begyle
 To it' be broght' on heght. 208
 (34)
- iiijus tortor.* ffelowse, fest on aH youre hende,
 ffor to rase this tre on ende,
 And let se who is last. 211
- and set it in the mortice.
- iiijus tortor.* I red we do as that he says;
 Set we the tre in the mortase,
 And ther wiH it stand fast. 214
 (35)
- primus tortor.* Vp with the tymbre.
Secundus tortor. a, it heldys!
 ffor hym that aH this world weldys

put fro the *with* thi hande ! 217 Let it drop
ijus tortor. hald euen emangys vs aH. into the mor-
iiijus tortor. yee, and let it into the mortase fah, tice :
 ffor then wiH it best stande. 220 it will stand
 then.

(36)

primus tortor. Go we to it and be we strong, They lift it
 And rase it, be it neuer so long, into place,
 Sen that it is fast bon. 223 and mock
 Jesus.
ijus tortor. Vp with the tymbre fast on ende !
ijus tortor. A felowse, fayr fah youre hende !
iiijus tortor. so *sir*, gape agans *the* son ! 226

(37)

primus tortor. A felow, war thi crowne !
ijus tortor. Trowes thou this tymbre wiH oght downe ?
ijus tortor. yit help *that* it were fast. 229
iiijus tortor. Shog hym weH & let vs lyfte.
primus tortor. ffuH shorte shalbe his thryfte.
ijus tortor. A, it standys vp lyke a mast. 232 It stands up
 like a mast.

(38)

Ihesus. I pray you pepyH that passe me by, Jesus calls
 That lede youre lyfe so lykandly, to them that
 heyfe vp youre hartys on hight ! 235 pass by to
 see how He
 Behold if euer ye sagh body suffers.
 Buffet & bett thus blody,
 Or yit thus dulfully dight ; 238
 In world was neuer no wight
 That suffred half so sare.
 My mayn, my mode, my myght,
 Is nocht bot sorow to sight,
 And comforth none, bot care. 243

(39)

My folk, what haue I done to the, [Fol. 87, a.]
 That thou aH thus shaH tormente me ? What have
 Thy syn by I fuH sore. 246 I done to
 thee, My
 what haue I greuyd the ? answeare me, folk, that
 Thou thus nalys me to a tre, thou tor-
 mentest Me
 And aH for thyn erreoure ; 249 thus ?

How shalt
thou atone
for this dis-
honour thou
doest Me?

where shaft thou seke socoure ?

This mys how shaft thou amende ?

251

when that thou thy saveoure

Dryfes to this dyshonoure,

And nalyz through feete and hende !

254

(40)

Beasts and
birds have
their resting
places, but
God's Son
has only His
shoulder to
lay His head
on.

AH creatoures that kynde may kest,

Beestys, byrdys, aH haue thay rest,

when thay ar wo begon ;

257

Bot' godys son, that' shuld' be best,

hase not where apon his hede to rest,

Bot on his shuder bone.

260

To whome now may I make my mone ?

when thay thus martyr me,

And sakles wiH me slone,

And beete me blode and bone,

That my brethere shuld' be !

265

(41)

I have made
thee in My
likeness,
and thou re-
payest Me
thus.

what kyndnes shuld' I kythe theym to ?

haue I not done that I aght to do,

Maide the to my lyknes ?

268

And thou thus refys me rest & ro,

And lettys thus lightly on me, lo !

Sich is thi catyfnes.

271

(42)

I haue the kyd kyndnes, / Vnkyndly thou me quytytys ;

Se thus thi wekydnes ! / loke how thou me dyspytytys !

273

(43)

By this
guiltless
suffering I
buy Adam's
blood.

Gyltles thus am I put to pyne,

Not' for [my] mys, man, bot for thyne,

Thus am I rent on rode ;

276

ffor I that tresoure wold' not tyne,

That I markyd' & made for myne,

Thus by I adam blode,

279

(44)

That' sonkyn was in syn,

with none erthly good ;

Bot' with my flesh and blode

That' lothe was for to wyn.

283

(45)

My brethere that I com forto by,
has hanged me here thus hedusly,

And freyndys fynde I foyne ;

Thus haue thay dight me drerely,

And all by-spytt me spytusly,

As helples man in won.

Bot, fader, that syttys in trone,

fforgyf thou them this gylt,

I pray to the this boyn,

Thay wote not what thay doyn,

Nor whom thay haue thus spylt.

286

The brethren
I came to
save have
hanged Me
thus ;

289

[Fol. 87, b.]

but, Father,
forgive them
this guilt,
they know
not what
they do.

294

(46)

primus tortor. yis, what we do full well we know.

ijus tortor. yee, that shall he fynde within a thraw.

296

The tortur-
ers say they
know well
enough what
they are
about.

(47)

ijus tortor. Now, with a myschaunce tyll his cors,

wenys he that we gyf any force,

what dwyll so euer he ayll ?

299

iiijus tortor. ffor he wold tary vs all day,

Of his dede to make delay

I tell you, sansfayll.

302

(48)

primus tortor. lyft vs this tre emanges vs all.

ijus tortor. yee, and let it into the mortase fall,

And that shall gar hym brest.

305

They lift the
Cross, and
let it fall
again into
the mortice,
to make His
body burst
asunder.

ijus tortor. yee, and all to-ryfe hym lym from lym.

iiijus tortor. And it will breke ilk ionte in hym.

let se now who dos best.

308

(49)

[*Mary advances.*]

Maria. Alas ! the doyl I dre / I drowpe, I dare in drede !

Whi hyngys thou, son, so hee ? / my bayll begynnes to
brede.

Mary la-
ments for
her Son's
agony.

All blemysyd is thi ble / I se thi body blede !

In warld, son, were neuer we / so wo as I in wede.

312

(50)

My foode that I haue fed,

In lyf longyng the led,

ffull stratly art thou sted

Emanges thi foo-men fell ;

316

No tongue
can tell her
grief at her
child's
suffering.

Sich sorow forto se,
My dere barn, on the,
Is more mowrnyng to me
Then any tong may teH. 320

(51)

How may
she look on
His face and
body thus
disfigured!

Alas! thi holy hede
hase not wheron to helde;
Thi face with blode is red,
Was fare as floure in feylde; 324
how shuld I stand in sted
To se my barne thus blede?
Bett as blo as lede,
And has no lym to weylde! 328

(52)

His hands
[Fol. 88, a.]
and feet are
nailed,
His skin
torn,
His sides
stream with
blood.

ffestynd both handys and feete
With nalys fuH vnmete,
his woundes wrynyng wete,
Alas, my childe, for care! 332
ffor aH rent is thi hyde;
I se on aythere syde
Teres of blode downe glide
Ouer aH thi body bare. 336
Alas! that euer I shuld byde
And se my feyr thus fare! 338

(53)

[John advances.]

John shares
in her grief
for her Son,
who was a
good Master
to him and
many more.

Iohannes. Alas, for doyh, my lady dere!
AH for-changid is thi chere,
To see this prynce withoutten pere
Thus lappyd aH in wo; 342
he was thi fode, thi faryst foine,
Thi luf, thi lake, thi lufsom son,
That high on tre thus hyngys alone
with body blak and blo; 346
Alas!
To me and many mo
A good master he was. 349

(54)

Bot, lady, sen it is his wiþ
 The prophecy to fulfyH,
 That mankynde in sy[n] not spiH
 ffor them to thole this payn ;
 And with his dede raunson to make,

353

But Jesus
 suffers this
 pain by His
 own will,
 therefore
 she should
 slake her
 sorrow.

As p̄ophetys befor of hym spake,
 ffor-thi I red̄ thi sorowe thou slake,

Thi Wepyng may not gayn ;

357

In sorowe

Oure boytt he byes fuH bayn,¹

Vs aH from bale to borowe.¹

360

(55)

Maria. Alas! thyn een as cristaH clere / that shoyñ as
 son in sight,

Mary la-
 ments
 afresh.

That lufly were in lyere / lost thay haue thare light,

And wax aH faed in fere / aH dym then ar thay dight !

In payn has thou no pere / that is withoutten pight. 364

(56)

Swete son, say me thi thoght,
 what wonders has thou wroght

To be in payn thus broght,

Thi blissed blode to blende ?

368

She calls on
 Jesus to tell
 her why He
 endures
 these things.

A son, thynk on my wo !

whi wiþ thou fare me fro ?

On mold̄ is noman mo

That may my myrthes amende.

372

(57)

Iohannes. Comly lady, good and couth, / ffayn wold I
 comforth̄ the ;

[Fol. 88, b.]
 John re-
 minds her of
 the words of
 Jesus as to
 His death
 and resur-
 rection.

Me mynuys my master with mowth, / told vnto his menyee

That he shuld̄ thole fuH mckiH payn / and dy apou a tre,

And to the lyfe ryse vp agayn, / apou the thryd day shuld

it be

ffuH right !

377

ffor-thi, my lady swete,

Stynt a while of grete !

Oure bale then wiþ he bete

As he befor has light.

381

¹ These two lines are written as one in the MS.

(58)

Mary is mad
with her
grief;

Maria. Mi sorow it is so sad / no solace may me safe;
Mowrnyng makys me mad / none hope of help I hafe;
I am redles and rad / ffor ferd that I mon rafe;
Noght may make me glad / to I be in my grafe. 385

(59)¹

she sees the
robe she
gave Jesus
all rent.

To deth my dere is dryffen,
his robe is aH to-ryffen,
That of me was hym gyffen,
And shapen with my sydys; 389
Thise Iues and he has stryffen / That aH the bale he bydys.

(60)

She laments
for her come-
ly child,

Alas, my lam so mylde / whi wiH thou fare me fro
Emang thise wulfès wyld / that wyrke on the this wo?
ffor shame who may the shelde / ffor freyndys has thou fo!
Alas, my comly childe / whi wiH thou fare me fro? 394

(61)¹

and calls on
maids and
wives to
weep with
her.

Madyns, make youre mone!
And wepe ye, wyfès, euerichon,
with me, most wrich, in wone,
The childe that borne was best!
My harte is styf as stone / That for no bayH wiH brest. 399

(62)

John says it
is His love
which makes
Jesus suffer
thus for us.

Iohannes. A, lady, weH wote I / thi hart is fuH of care
when thou thus openly / sees thi childe thus fare;
luf gars hym rathly / hym-self wiH he not spare,
Vs aH fro baiH to by / of blis that ar fuH bare 403
ffor syn.

My lefe lady, for-thy / Of mowrnyng loke thou blyn. 405

(63)

[Fol. 89, a.,
Sig. O. 1.]

Maria. Alas! may euer be my sang / Whyls I may lyf
in leyd;

Mary thinks
she has lived
too long.

Me thynk now that I lyf to lang / to se my barne thus blede;
Iuès wyrke with hym aH wrang / wherfor do thay this
dede?

lo, so hy thay haue hym hang / thay let for no drede: 409

Whi so

his fomen is he emang? / No freyndè he has, bot' fo. 411

¹ These stanzas, as well as No. 67, are really six-line stanzas, aaab ab.

(64)

My frely foode now farys me fro / what shaft worth on me ?
 Thou art warpyd aH in wo / and spred here on a tre
 ffuH hee / 414
 I mowrne, and so may mo / That sees this payn on the.

What shall
 become of
 her when her
 child is thus
 tortured?

(65)

Iohannes. Dere lady, weH were me
 If that I myght comfortH the ;
 ffor the sorow that I see
 Sherys myn harte in sondere ; 419
 when that I se my master hang
 With bytter paynes and strang,
 Was neuer wight with wrang
 Wroght so mekiH wonder. 423

John would
 fain comfort
 her.

(66)

Maria. Alas, dede, thou dwellys to lang ! / whi art thou
 hid fro me ?
 Who kend the to my childe to gang ? / aH blak thou
 makys his ble ;
 Now witterly thou wyrkys wrang / the more I wiH wyte the,
 Bot if thou wiH my hartè stang / that I myght with
 hym dee 427
 And byde ;
 Sore syghyng is my sang, / ffor thyrlyd is his hyde ! 429

Mary up-
 braids Death
 for going to
 her Son,
 and not slay-
 ing her also.

(67)

A, dede, what has thou done ? / with the wiH I moytt sone,
 Sen I had childer none bot oone / best vnder son or moyu ;
 ffreyndys I had fuH foyne / that gars me grete and grone
 ffuH sore. 433

God grant
 her to live
 no more

Good lord, graunte me my boyn / and let me lyf no more !

(68)

GabrieH, that good / som tyme thou can me grete,
 And then I vnderstud / thi wordys that were so swete ;
 Bot now thay meng my moode / ffor grace thou can me hete,
 To bere aH of my blode ; a childe oure baiH shuld bete
 with right ;
 Now hyngys he here on rule / Where is that thou me hight ?

O Gabriel,
 how have
 thy promises
 to me been
 fulfilled ?

(69)

AH that thou of blys / hight me in that stede,
 ffrom myrth is faren omys / and yit I trow thi red ; 442

Mary cries
(Fol. 89, b.)
to Jesus for
mercy.

Thi counceit now of this / my lyfe how shaH I lede
When fro me gone is / he that was my hede 444
In hy?
My dede now comen it is / My dere son, haue mercy ! 446

(70)

Jesus bids
her cease
from the
sorrow that
pains Him
more than
His own.
He suffers
to save man-
kind.

*I*hesus. My moder mylde, thou chaunge thi chere !
Sease of thi sorow and sighyng sere,
It syttys vnto my hart full sare¹ ; 449
The sorow is sharp I suffre here,
Bot doyH thou drees, my moder dere,
Me marters mekiH mare.¹ 452
Thus wiH my fader I fare,
To lowse mankynde of bandys ;
his son WiH he not spare,
To lowse that bon was are
ffuH fast in feyndys handys. 457

(71)

Let her cease
from weep-
ing, and let
John and she
be as son
and mother.

The fyrst cause, moder, of my commyng
Was for mankynde myscaryng,
To salf thare sore I soght ; 460
Therfor, moder, make none mowrnyng,
Sen mankynde through my dyyng
May thus to blis be boght. 463
Woman, wepe thou right noght !
Take ther Ioĥn vnto thi chylde !
Mankynde must nedys be boght,
And thou kest, cosyn, in thi thoght ;
Ioĥn, lo ther thi moder mylde ! 468

(72)

He calls on
mankind to
repay His
suffering
with stead-
fastness.

Blo and bloody thus am I bett,
Swongen with swepys & aH to-swett,
Mankynde, for thi mysdede ! 471
ffor my luf lust when Wold thou lett,
And thi harte sadly sett,
Sen I thus for the haue blede ? 474

¹ MS. sore, more.

- Sich lyf, for sothe, I led,
That vnothes may I more ;
This suffre I for thi nede,
To marke the, man, thi mede :
 Now thyrst I, wonder sore. 479
 (73)
- primus tortor.* Noght bot hold^t thi peasse !
Thou sha^l haue drynke within a resse,
 My self shalbe thy knaue ; 482
haue here the draght that I the hete,
And I sha^l warand it is not swete,
 On a^l the good I haue. 485
 (74)
- Secundus tortor.* So syr, say now a^l youre wi^l !
ffor if ye cou^t haue holden you sty^l
 ye had not had this brade. 488
Tercius tortor. Thou wold a^l gaytt be kyng of Iues,
Bot by this I trow thou rues
 A^l that thou has sayde. 491
 (75)
- iiijus tortor.* he has hym rused^t of great prophes,
That he shuld make vs tempyllès,
 And gar it cleyne downe fa^l ; 494
And yit^t he sayde he shuld^t it^t rase
As we^l as it was, within thre dayes !
 he lyes, that wote we a^l ; 497
 (76)
- And for his lyes, in great dispyte
we wi^l departe his clothyng tyte,
 Bot he can more of arte. 500
primus tortor. yee, as euer myght I thryfe,
Soyn wi^l we this manty^l ryfe,
 And ichⁿ man take his parte. 503
 (77)
- ijus tortor.* how wold^t thou we share this clothe ?
iiijus tortor. Nay forsot^he, that were I lothe,
 Then were it^t a^l-gate spylt ; 506
Bot assent thou to my saw,
lett^t vs a^l cutt draw,
 And then is none begylt. 509

Jesus
thirsts.The 1st
torturer
offers Him a
bitter drink.The others
mock Him
by recalling
His words:—His claim of
kingship,His boast
[Fol. 90, a.,
Sig. O. 2.]of destroying
the temple,
and raising
it in three
days.In despite
of His lies
they will
divide His
clothes be-
tween them.There is one
garment too
good to be
cut:
for this they
will draw
lots.

(78)

The 4th
torturer
wins the gar-
ment,
and the 1st
offers to buy
it of him.

iiijus tortor. how so befallys now wyth I draw!

This is myn by comon law,

Say not ther agayn.

512

primus tortor. Now sen it' may no better be,

Chevich the with it for me,

Me thynk thou art ful fayn.

515

(79)

They see an
inscription
newly writ-
ten on the
Cross,
and guess it
is by Pilate.

ijus tortor. how felowse, se ye not yond skraw?

It' is writen yonder within a thraw,

Now sen that we drew cut.

518

ijus tortor. There is noman that is on lyfe

Bot it were pilate, as myght I thrife,

That durst it ther haue putt.

521

(80)

They go to
look at it.

iiijus tortor. Go we fast and let' vs loke

what is wretyn on yond boke,

And what it' may bemeyn.

524

primus tortor. A the more I loke theron

A the more I thynke I fon;

AH is not' worth a beyn.

527

(81)

It is in He-
brew, Latin,
and Greek,
and hard to
expound.

ijus tortor. yis, for sothe, me thynk I se

Theron writen langage thre,

Ebrew and latyn

530

And grew, me thynk, writen theron,

ffor it' is hard for to expowne.

ijus tortor. Thou red, by appolyn!

533

(82)

The 3rd
torturer is
the best
"Latin
wright,"
and explains
it as

iiijus tortor. yee, as I am a trew knyght,

I am the best latyn wright

Of this company;

536

I wil go withoutten delay

And tel' you what it is to say;

Behald, syrs, witterly!

539

(83)

Jesus of
Nazareth,
King of the
Jews.

yonder is wretyn "ihesu of nazareyn

he is kyng of Iues," I weyn.

[Fol. 90, b.]

- primus tortor.* A! that is writen) wrang! 542
- Secundus tortor.* he callys hym so, bot he is none.
- iiijus tortor.* Go we to pilate and make oure mone ;
haue done, and dwelH not lang. 545
- (84) [*They approach Pilate.*]
- pilate, yonder is a fals tabyH,
Theron is wryten noght bot fabyH ;
Of Iues he is not kyng ! 548
- he callys hym so, bot he not is :
It is falsly writen, Iwys,
This is a wrangwys thyng. 551
- (85)
- Pilatus.* Boys, I say, what meH ye you ?
As it is writen shaH it be now,
I say certane ; 554
- Quod scriptum scripsi,*
That same wrote I,
What gadlyng gruches ther agane ? 557
- (86)
- quartus tortor.* Sen that he is man of law / he must nedlys
haue his wiH ;
I trow he had not writen that saw / without som propre
skyH. 558
- (87)
- primus tortor.* yee, let it hyng aboue his hede,
It shaH not saue hym fro the dede,
Noght that he can write. 562
- ijus tortor.* Now yHa hale was he borne.
- iiijus tortor.* Ma-fay, I teH his lyfe is lorne,
he shalbe slayn as tyte. 565
- (88)
- If thou be crist, as men the caH,
Com downe emangys vs aH,
And thole not thies myssaes. 568
- iiijus tortor.* yee, and help thi self that we may se,
And we shaH aH trow in the,
what soeuer thou says. 571
- (89)
- primus tortor.* he cals hym self good of myght,
Bot I wold se hym be so wight

The tortur-
ers think the
inscription
wrong, and
complain to
Pilate.

Pilate will
have none
of their
meddling.

The tortur-
ers think
Pilate, as a
lawyer, must
know best.

At any rate
it won't save
Jesus from
death.

They bid
Him come
down from
the Cross,
and save
Himself.

- Jesus could
raise Laza-
rus, but
cannot help
Himself.
- To do sich a dede 574
he rasyd lazare out of his delfe,
Bot he can not help hym self,
Now in his greatt nede. 577
- (90)
- Jesus cries
to God.
- Ihesu.* hely, hely, lamazabatany !
My god, my god, wherfor and why
has thou forsakyn me ? 580
- (91)
- The tortur-
ers mis-
understand
Him.
- ijus tortor.* how ! here ye not, as well as I,
how he can now on hely cry
Apon his wyse ? 583
- [Fol. 91, a.,
Sig. O. 3.]
- Tercius tortor.* yee, ther is none hely in this countre
ShaH delyuer hym from this meneze,
On nokyns wyse. 586
- (92)
- Jesus com-
mends His
soul to the
Father.
- iiijus tortor.* I warand you now at the last
That he shaH soyn yelde the gast,
ffor brestyn is his gaH. 589
- Ihesu.* Now is my passyon broght tyH ende !
ffader of heuen, in to thyn hende
I betake my sauH ! 592
- (93)
- The tortur-
ers make
Longeus, a
blind knight,
pierce His
side with a
spear.
- primus tortor.* let one pryk hym with a spere,
And if that it do hym no dere
Then is his lyfe nere past. 595
- ijus tortor.* This blynde knyght may best do that.
longeus. Gar me not do bot I wote what.
ijus tortor. Not b'ot put vp fast. 598
- (94)
- Longeus
receives his
sight, and
craves for-
giveness for
wounding
the body of
Jesus.
- longeus.* A, lord, what may this be ?
Ere was I blynde, now may I se ;
Godys son, here me, ihesu !
ffor this trespas on me thou rew.
ffor, lord, othere men me gart,
that I the stroke vnto the hart :
I se thou hyngys here on hy,
And dyse to fulfyH the prophecy. 602
606

(95)

iiijs tortor. Go we hence and leyfe hym here,

ffor I shaH be his borghe to-yere

he felys no more payn ;

ffor hely ne for none othere man

AH the good tha euer he wan

Gettys not his lyfe agayn.

609

The 3rd
torturer says
they may
leave Jesus
now, for
none may
bring Him to
life again.

612

[*Exeunt Tortores. Joseph of Arimathea and
Nicodemus advance.*]

(96)

Ioseph. Alas, alas, and walaway !

That euer shuld I abyde this day,

To se my master dede ;

Thus wykydly as he is shent,

with so bytter tornamente,

ThrugH fals Iues red.

615

Joseph of
Arimathea
laments the
death of
Jesus.

618

(97)

Nychodeme, I wold we yedeTo *sir pilate*, if we myght spede,

his body for to craue ;

I wiH fownde with aH my myght,

ffor my seruyce to aske that knyght

his body for to graue.

621

He proposes
to Nicode-
mus that
they beg
leave of Pi-
late to bury
the body.

624

(98)

Nichodemus. Ioseph, I wiH weynde with the

ffor to do that is in me,

ffor that body to pray ;

ffor oure good wiH and oure trauale

I hope that it mon vs awayH

here afterward som day.

627

Nicodemus
will go with
him.

630

(99)

Ioseph. Syr pylate, god the saue !

Graunte me that I craue,

If that it be thi wiH.

pilatus. Welcom, Ioseph, myght thou be !

what so thou askys I graunte it the,

So that it be skyH.

[*They go to Pilate.*]

[Fol. 91, b.]

633

Joseph asks
a boon ;
Pilate grants
it.

636

(100)

Ioseph. ffor my long seruyce I the pray

Graunte me the body—say me not nay—

- Joseph's boon is that he may bury Jesus. Of ihesu, dede on rud. 639
pilatus. I graunte weH if he ded be,
 Good leyfe shaH thou haue of me,
 Do with hym what thou thynk gud. 642
 (101)
- He thanks Pilate for granting it, and himself draws the nails from the Cross, *Ioseph*. Gramercy, syr, of youre good grace,
 That ye haue graunte me in this place ;
 Go we oure way : [*They return to Calvary.*] 645
Nychodeme, com me furth with,
 ffor I my self shaH be the smyth
 The nales out for to dray. 648
 (102)
- while Nicodemus upholds the body of Jesus, *Nichodemus*. Ioseph, I am redy here
 To go with the with full good chere,
 To help the at my myght ; 651
 puH furth the nales on aythere syde,
 And I shaH halde hym vp this tyde ;
 A, lord, so thou is dight ! 654
 (103)
- They wrap the body, and bear it to the tomb. *Ioseph*. help now, fellow, with aH thi myght,
 That he were wonden and weH dight,
 And lay hym on this bere ; 657
 Bere we hym furth vnto the kyrke,
 To the tombe that I gard wyrk,
 Sen full many a yere. 660
 (104)
- Nicodemus prays that Christ, who died and rose again, may bless the spectators. *Nichodemus*. It shaH be so with outten nay.
 he that dyed on gud fryday
 And crownyd was with thorne, 663
 Saue you aH that now here be !
 That lord that thus wold dee
 And rose on pasche morne. 666

*Explicit crucifixio Christi.*¹

¹ MS. xpi.

(XXIV.)

Incipit Processus talentorum.

[Dramatis Personae.]

<i>Pilatus.</i>		<i>Secundus Tortor,</i>		<i>Tercius Tortor.</i>
<i>Primus Tortor.</i>		(<i>Spyll-payn</i>)		<i>Consultus.</i>

[2 ten-line stanzas, no. 5 aaaaab cccb, no. 54 ab aab cdbcb ; 8 nine-line, aaaaab cccb ; 13 eight-line, no. 6 abab cdcd, no. 47 abca bdbd, no. 53 abc acd cd, the rest aaab cccb ; 15 seven-line, no. 29 abacd bd, no. 55 aaab cdb, the rest ababc bc ; 1 six-line, no. 46 aba cdc ; 5 five-line, no. 17, 18 abbba, nos. 22-3, 32 ababc ; 11 four-line, no. 26 abba, nos. 27, 33, 44 abcb, no. 38 abca, nos. 51-2 abcd, the rest abab.]

[Fol. 92, a.,
Sig. O. 4.]*pilatus.*

(1)

CErnite qui statis / ¹ quod mire sim probitatis,
 Hec cognoscatis / vos cedam ni taceatis,
 Cuncti discatis / quasi sistam vir deitatis
 Et maiestatis / michi fando ne neceatis,
 hoc modo mando ;

Pilate calls
in Latin for
silence.

5

Neue loquaces,

Sine dicaces,

poscite paces,

Dum fero fando.

9

(2)

Stynt, I say ! gyf men place / quia sum dominus dominorum !
 he that agans me says / rapietur lux oculorum ;
 Therfor gyf ye me space / ne tendam vim brachiorum,
 And then get ye no grace / contestor Iura polorum,
 Caueatis ;

In Latin
and English
he bids the
people make
room,

14

Rewle I the Iure,

Maxime pure,

Towne quoque rure,

Me paueatis.

18

(3)

Stemate regali / kyng atus gate me of pila ;
 Tramite legali / Am I ordand to reyn apon Iuda,
 Nomine wlgari / pownce pilate, that may ye weH say,
 Qui bene wlt fari / shuld caH me fownder of aH lay.

boasting of
his lineage
and power.

¹ The metrical bars (/) are not in the MS., but the lines are divided by dots, thus : The rymes in this play are very irregular : see st. 30, 46, 53, 54, etc.

² "Kyng Atus gate me of Pila" : hence "Pilatus."

- Iudeorum 23
- He is ruler
of the Jews. Iura guberho,
please me and say so,
Omnia firmo
Sorte deorum. 27
- (4)
- Cæsar has
exalted him,
and all men
must be
obedient. Myghty lord of aH / me Cesar magnificauit ;
Downe on knees ye faH / greatt god me sanctificauit,
Me to obey ouer aH / regi reliquo quasi dauid,
hanged hy that he saH / hoc iussum qui reprobauit,
I swere now ; 32
Bot ye yourè hedis
Bare in thies stedis
Redy my swerde is
Of thaym to shere now. 36
- (5)
- [Fol. 92, b.] Atrox armipotens / I graunt men girth by my good grace,
He is armipotent,
quasi-cuncti-
potent, and
his laws
must be
kept. Atrox armipotens / most myghty callyd in ylk place,
vir quasi cunctipotens / I graunt men girth by my good
grace,
Tota refert huic gens / that none is worthier in face,
Quin eciam bona mens / doith trowth and right bi my
trew lays,
Silete ! 42
In generali,
Sic speciali,
yit agane byd I
Iura tenete. 46
- (6)
- Leaving his
Latin, he
threatens to
hang any boy
who will not
bow to his
law. loke that no boy be to bustus, blast here for to blaw,
Bot truly to my talkyng loke that ye be intendyng ;
If here be any boy that wiH not loutt tiH oure law,
By myghty mahowne, hygH shaH he hyng ; 50
South, north, eest, west,
In aH this warld in lengthe and brede,
Is none so doughty as I, the best,
doughtely dyntand on mule and on stede. 54

(7)

Therfor I say,
loke that ye lowte to my lykance,
ffor dowte of dynt in greuaunce ;
dilygently ply to my plesance,

Let them
bow, then,
and obey,

As prynce most myghty me pay,

59

(8)

And talke not a worde ;
ffor who so styrres or any dyn makys,
deply in my daunger he rakys,
That as soferan me not takys

and speak
not a word.

And as his awne lorde.

64

(9)

he has myster of nyghtys rest^t that nappys not in noynyng !
boy, lay me downe softly and hap me weH from cold^t ;
loke that no laddys noy me nawder^t with cryyng nor with
cronyng,

He bids his
boy lay him
down softly,
and see that
no lads dis-
turb him.

Nor in my sight^t ones greue me so bold^t.

68

If ther be any boyes that make any cry,

Or els that wiH not obey me,

he were better be hanged^t hy,

Then in my sight ones mefe me.

72

(10)

primus tortor. war, war ! for now com I,

The most shrew in this cuntry ;

I haue ron^d fuH fast in hy,

hedir to this towne ;

The 1st
torturer
comes in,
having run
from Cal-
vary.

76

To this towne now comen am I

[Fol. 93, a.]

ffrom the mownt of caluery ;

Ther crist hang, and that fuH hy,

I swe[re] you, bi my crowne.

80

(11)

At caluery when he hanged was,

I spuyd and spyt right in his face,

when that it shoyne as any glas,

so semely to my sight^t ;

He had spit
in Christ's
face, though
it shone as
glass,
and had
stripped
Him of His
clothing.

84

Bot yit for aH that fayr thyng,

I loghe hym vnto hethyng,

And rofe of his clethyng ;

To me it was fuH light.

88

(12)

When they
had stripped
Jesus, they
mocked and
crowned
Him as a
king.

And when his clothes were of in fere,
lord, so we loghe and maide good chere,
And crownyd that carle with a brere,
As he had bene a kyng;

92

And yit I did full propurly,
I clappyd his cors by and by,
I thoght I did full curiously
In fayth hym for to hyng.

96

(13)

He has
brought the
clothing now
for Pilate to
decide who
is to have it.

Bot to mahowne I make avowe,
hedir haue I broght his clethyng now,
To try the trowthe before you,
Euen this same nyght;

100

Of me and of my felowse two
with whom this garmente shaH go;
bot sir pilate must go therto,
I swere you by this light.

104

(14)

Whoever
gets these
clothes may
walk fear-
lessly, for
they guard
him from
loss.

ffor whosoever may get thise close,
he ther neuer rek where he gose,
ffor he semys nothyng to lose,
If so be he theym were.

108

bot now, now, felose, stand on rowme,
ffor he commes, shrewes, vnto this towne,
And we wiH aH togeder rowne,
so semely in oure gere.

112

(15)

The 2nd
torturer fol-
lows the 1st
in hot haste.

Secundus tortor. war, war! and make rowme,
ffor I wiH with my felose rowne,
And I shaH knap hym on the crowne
That standys in my gate;

116

I wiH lepe and I wiH skyp
As I were now out of my wytt;
Almost my breke thay ar beshyt
ffor drede I cam to late.

120

(16)

[Fol. 93, b.]

Bot!, by mahowne! now am I here!
The most shrew, that dar I swere,
That ye shaH fynde aw where,

SpyH-payn in fayth I hight. 124 His name is
I was at caluery this same day, Spill-pain.
where the kyng of Iues lay,
And ther I taght hym a newe play,
Truly, me thoght it right. 128

(17)

The play, in fayth, it was to rownc, He has borne
That he shuld lay his hede downe, his part in
And sone I bobyd hym on the crowne, torturing
That gam me thoght was good. 132 Jesus.
when we had played with hym oure fyH,
Then led we him vnto an hyH,
And ther we wroght with hym oure wilH,
And hang hym on a ruck. 136

(18)

Nomore now of this talkyng, The cause o.
Bot the cause of my commyng ; his coming
Both on ernest and on hethyng is that he al-
This cote I wold I had ; 140 so is anxious
ffor if I myght this cote gett, to get the
Then wold I both skyp and lepe, coat.
And therto fast both drynke and ete,
In fayth, as I were mad. 144

(19)

Tercius tortor. war, war ! within thise wones, The 3rd
ffor I com rynyng aH at ones ! torturer
I haue brysten both my balok stones, comes in as
So fast hyed I hedyr ; 148 hurriedly as
And ther is nothyng me so lefe the others.
As murder a mycher' and hang a thefe :
If here be any that doth me grefe
I shaH them thresh togedir. 152

(20)

ffor I may swere with mekiH wyn He is the
I am the most shrew in aH myn kyn, greatest
That is from this towne vnto lyn, shrew from
this town to
Lynn.

He and his fellows are come to divide the cont.

lo, here my felowse two ! 156
 Now ar we thre commen) in
 A new gam forto begyn,
 This same cote forto twyn,
 Or that we farther go. 160

(21)

He proposes to go to Pilate, but they must see that Pilate does not take the gown himself.

Bot to *sir* pilate prynce I red that we go hy,
 And present hym the playnt how that we ar stad ;
 Bot this gowne that is here, I say you for-thy,
 By myghty mahowne I wold not he had. 164

(22)

[Fol. 94, a.] *primus tortor.* I assent to that sagh, by myghty mahowne !
 The others agree.

Let vs Weynde to *sir* pilate withoutten any fabyH ;
 Bot syrs, bi my lewte, he gettys not this gowne ;
 Vnto vs thre it were right prophetabyH ;
 SpiH-payn what says thou ? 169

(23)

Secundus tortor. youre sawes craftely assent I vnto.
primus tortor. Then wiH I streght furth in this place,
 And speke with *sir* pilate wordys oone or two,
 ffor I am right semely and fare in the face ;
 And now shaft we se or we hence go. 174

(24)

They ask the Counsellor for Pilate, and are told he lies there in the devil's service,

Tercius tortor. Sir, I say the, by my lewtee,
 where is *sir* pilate of pryce ?
Consultus. Sir, I say the, as myght I the,
 he lygys here in the dewyH seruyce. 178

(25)

but shall be waked.

primus tortor. with that prynce—fowH myght he faH—
 Must we haue at do.
Consultus. I shaft go to hym and caH,
 And loke what ye wiH say hym to. 182

(26)

Pilate bids the Counsellor call him no more.

My lord, my lorde !
pilatus. what, boy, art thou nyse ?
 caH nomore, thou has callid twyse.
Consultus. my lord ! 186

(27)

pilatus. what mytyng is that that mevys me in my mynde ?
Consultus. I, lord, youre counselloure, pight in youre saw.
pilatus. Say ar ther any catyffys combred that ar vnkynde ?
Consultus. Nay, lord, none that I knawe. 190

Pilate asks if there be any disaffection, and is told "no."

(28)

pilatus. Then noy vs nomore of this noyse ;
 you carles vnkynde, who bad you caH me ?
 By youre mad maters I hald you bot boyes,
 And that shaH ye aby, els fowH myght befaH me. 194
 I shaH not dy in youre dett !
 Bewshere, I byH the vp thou take me,
 And in my sete softly loke that thou se me sett. 197

He is angry at being disturbed, but takes his seat in his hall.

(29)

Now shaH we wytt, and that in hy,
 If that saghe be trew that thou dyd say ;
 If I fynde the With lesyng, lad, thou shaH aby,
 fforto meH in the maters that pertenyth agans the lay. [Fol. 94, b.]

(30)

Consultus. Nay, sir, not so, withoutten delay, 202
 The cause of my callyng is of that boy bold,
 ffor it is saide sothely now this same day,
 That he shuld dulfully be dede,
 Certayn ; 206
 Then may youre cares be full cold
 If he thus sakles be slayn. 208

The Counsellor tells him that Jesus is dead.

(31)

pilatus. ffare and softly, sir, and say not to far ;
 Sett the with sorow, then semys thou the les,
 And of the law that thou leggyes be wytty and war,
 lest I greue the greatly with dyntys expres ; 212
 ffals fatur, in fayth I shaH slay the !
 Thy rason vnrad I red the redres,
 Or els of these maters loke thou nomore meH the. 215

Pilate bids the Counsellor not to meddle in these matters.

(32)

The Counsel-
lor upbraids
Pilate,
and exalts
the value of
his own ad-
vice.

Consultus. Why shuld I not meH of those maters that
I haue you taght?

Thoug ye be prynce peerles withoutt any pere,
were not my wyse wysdom youre wyttys were in waight;
And that is seen expresse and playnly right here,
And done in dede. 220

(33)

pilatus. Why, boy, bot has thou sayde?

Consultus. yee, lorde.

Pilate laughs
at him for
not knowing
the way of
kings.

pilatus. Therfor the devyH the spede, thou carle vnkynde
Sich felowse myght weH be on rowme!
ye know not the comon cowrs that longys to a kyng.¹ 225

(34)

The 1st
torturer cer-
tifies that
Jesus, whom
Pilate con-
demned, is
now dead.

primus tortor. Mahowne most myghtfuH, he mensk you
with mayn,

Sir pilate pereles, prynce of this prese!

And saue you, sir, syttand semely suffrayn!

we haue soght to thy sayH no sayng to sesse, 229

Bot certyfic sone;

ye wote that ye demyd this day apon desse,

we dowte not his doying, for now is he done. 232

(35)

Pilate is glad
of it,
but bids

pilatus. ye ar welcom, Iwys, ye ar worthy ay war;

Be it fon so of that fatur, in fayth then am I fayne.

[Fol. 95, a.]

Secundus tortor. we haue markyd that mytyng, nomore
shaH he mar;

them keep
it secret.

we prayed you, sir pilate, to put hym to payn, 236

And we thocht it weH wrought.

pilatus. lefe syrs, let be youre laytt and loke that ye layn;

ffor nothyng that may be neyn ye it noght. 239

(36)

The 3rd
torturer asks
if Pilate
claims Jesus'
clothes.

Tercius tortor. Make myrth of that mytyng fuH mekyH
we may,

And haue lykyng of oure lyfe for los of that lad;

Bot, syr pilate peerles, a poynt I the pray;

hope ye with hethyng that harnes he had 243

¹ ? assonance to "vnkynde."

To hold that was hys ?

Pilatus. That appentyng vnto me, mafa ! art thou mad ?
I ment that no mytyng shuld meH hym of this. 246

Pilate at once claims them.

(37)

primus tortor. Mefe the not, master, more if he meH,
ffor thou shaH parte from that pelfe, thar thou not pleyte.
pilatus. yit styrt not farer for nocht that ye feH ;
I aske this gowne of youre gyfte, it is not so greatt, 250
And yit may it agayn you.

The 1st torturer objects, and Pilate then asks the gown as a gift.

Secundus tortor. how, aH in fageyng ? in fayth I know of
youre featte,
ffor it fallys to vs four fyrst wiH I frayn you. 253

(38)

pilatus. And I myster to no maner of mans bot myn.
Tercius tortor. yee, lord, let shere it in shredys.
pilatus. Now that hald I good skyH ! take thou this, &
thou that,
& this shaH be thyne, 257

The 3rd torturer proposes to cut it into pieces.

(39)

And by lefe and by law this may leyfe styH.
primus tortor. O lordyng ! I weyn it is wrang,
To tymely I toke it, to take it the vntyH
The farest, and the fowlest thy felowse to fang. 261

The torturers are discontented with their shares.

(40)

pilatus. And thou art payed of thi parte fuH truly I trowe.
primus tortor. It is shame forto se, I am shapyn bot
a shrede.
Secundus tortor. The hole of this harnes is holdyn to you,
And I am leuerd a lap is lyke to no lede, 265
ffor-tatyrd and torne.

Tercius tortor. By myghty mahowne that mylde is of
mode,¹
If he skap with this cote it were a great skorne. 268

(41)

pilatus. Now sen ye teyn so at this, take it to you
with aH the mawgre of myn and myght of mahowne !
primus tortor. Drede you not doutles, for so WiH we dow ;
Grefe you not greatly ye gett not this gowne,

[Fol. 95, b.]

Pilate gives the gown to them to di- vide.

¹ The ryme needs "mede."

The 2nd
torturer
asks for a
falchion.

bot in fower¹ as it fallys.

273

Secundus tortor. had I a fawchon, then craftely to cutt it
were I bowne.²

Tercius tortor. lo it here that thou callys!

275

(42)

It is sharp with to shere, shere if thou may.

Secundus tortor. Euen in the mydward to marke were
mastre to me.

277

He cannot
find a seam
along which
to cut it.
Pilate bids
them leave
it whole.

primus tortor. Most semely is in certan the seym to assay.

Secundus tortor. I haue soght aH this syde and none
can I se,

279

of greatt nor of smaH.

pilatus. Bewshers, abyd you, I byd you let be!

I commaunde not to cutt it, bot hold it hole aH.

282

(43)

The 1st
torturer
objects,
and Pilate
threatens
him.

primus tortor. Now ar we bon, for ye bad, withhald on
youre hud.

pilatus. we! harlottys! go hang you, for hole shaH it be.

Tercius tortor. Grefe you not greatly, he saide it for gud.

pilatus. wyst I that he spake it in spytyng of me

286

Tytt shuld I spede forto spyH hym.

Secundus tortor. That were hym loth, lord, by my lewte,
ffor-thi grauntt hym youre grace.

pilatus. No greuans I wiH hym.

290

(44)

They make
it up,

primus tortor. Gramercy thi gudnes!

pilatus. yee, bot greue me nomo³;

ffuH dere beys it boght

In fayth, if ye do.

294

(45)

and agree to
draw lots.

primus tortor. ShaH I then saue it?

pilatus. yee, so saide I, or to draw cutt is the lelyst,
and long cut, lo, this wede shaH wyn.

297

Tercius tortor. Sir, to youre sayng yit assent we vnto;

Bot oone assay, let se who shaH begyn.

299

¹ MS. iiij.² MS. there were I bowne craftely to cut it.³ MS. nomore.

(46)

pilatus. we ! me falles aH the fyrst, and forther shaH ye.

Secundus tortor. Nay, drede you not doutles, for that
do ye not ;

O, he sekys as he wold^t dyssaue vs now we se. 302

Tercius tortor. Bewshers, abyde you, heder haue I brogHt
thre dyse vs emang.

The thirde
torturer has
brought
three dice.

primus tortor. That is a gam aH the best, bi hym that me
boght,

ffor at the dysyng he dos vs no wrang. 306

(47)

pilatus. And I am glad of that gam ; On assay, Who
shaH begyn ?

[Fol. 96, a.]
Pilate and
the first
torturer are
ready to de-
cide by
them.

primus tortor. ffyrst shaH ye, and sen after we aH.

haue the dyse and haue done,

and lefe aH youre dyn, 310

ffor who so has most^t this frog shaH he faH,

And best of the bonys.

pilatus. I assent to youre sayng ; assay now I shaH,

As I wold^t at a wap wyn aH at ones. 314

(48) [Pilate throws.]

Secundus tortor. A, ha ! how now ! here ar a hepe.

pilatus. haue mynde then emang you how many ther ar.

Tercius tortor. thretteen¹ ar on thre, thar ye not threpe.

pilatus. Then shaH I wyn or aH men be war. 318

primus tortor. Truly lord, right so ye shaH ;

Bot grefe you not^t greatly, the next shaH be nar

If I haue hap to my hand, haue here for aH ! 321

(49) [He throws.]

pilatus. And I haue sene as greatt a freke of his forward
falyd.

here ar bot Aght² turnyd vp at ones.

primus tortor. Aght² a, his armes, that is yH ! what so
me alyd,

I was falsly begylyd with thise byched bones ;

Ther cursyd thay be ! 326

Secundus tortor. WeH I wote this wede bees won in thise
wones,

I wold^t be fayn of this frog myght it faH vnto me. 328

¹ MS. xiiij.² MS. viij.

(50)

pilatus. It' bees in waght, in fayth, and thou wyn.The second
torturer
throws
seven.*Secundus tortor.* No, bot war you away! [*He throws.*]*Tercius tortor.* here is baddyst' aboue, by mahownes bonys!
seuen¹ is bot the seconde, the sothe for to say. 332

(51)

Secundus tortor. we, fy! that is shortt.The third
prepares to
cast*Tercius tortor.* Do shott at thi hud! now fallys me
the fyrst,And I haue hap to this gowne, go now on gud;
The byched bones that ye be I byd you go bett; 336

(52)

[*He throws.*]and throws
fifteen.ffellowse, in forward here haue I fefteen²!

As ye wote I am worthi, won is this wede.

Pilate is
furious.*pilatus.* what, whistyH ye in the wenyande! where haue
ye beyn?

Thou shaH abak, bewshere, that blast I forbede. 340

[Fol. 96, b.]

Tercius tortor. here ar men vs emang,
lele in oure lay, wiH ly for no leyd,
And I wytnes at thaym if I wroght any wrang. 343

(53)

The first tor-
turer says
the third has
won the coat
fairly, but
Pilate is still
discon-
tented.*primus tortor.* Thou wroght no dyssaytt, for sothe, that
we saw,ffor-thi thou art worthi, and won is this weyd At thyn
awne wyH.*pilatus.* yee, bot me pays not that playng to puf nor to
blaw;If he haue right I ne rek or reson thertyH, 347
I refe it hym nocht.*Tercius tortor.* haue gud day, sir, and grefe you not yH,
ffor if it were duple fuH dere is it' boght. 350

(54)

He asks for
the coat as a
favour, and
uses threats
when it is
refused.*pilatus.* Sir, sen thou has won this weyd. say wiH thou
vowche safe

Of thi great gudnes this garment' on me?

Tercius tortor. Sir, I say you certan this shaH ye not haue.*pilatus.* Thou shaH forthynk it, in fayth;³
ffy, what thou art fre! 355¹ MS. vij.² MS. xv.³ ? assonance to 'have.'

vnbychid, vnbayn !

Tercius tortor. ffor ye thrett me so throle,
were it sich thre

here I gif you this gud.

pilatus. Now, gramercy agayn !

360

(55)

The third
torturer
gives up the
coat and is
thanked.

Mekih̄ thank and myn and this shalbe ment.

primus tortor. Bot I had not left it so lightly, had play
me it lent.

pilatus. No, bot he is faythfult̄ and fre, and that shafi be
ment ;

And more if I may,

364

If he myster to me,

amend hym I mon.

Tercius tortor. I vowche safe it be so, the sothe forto say.

(56)

primus tortor. Now thise dyse that ar vndughly / for los
of this good,

here I forswere hertely / by mahownes blood ;
ffor was I neuer so happy / by mayn nor by mode,

To wyn with sich sotelty / to my lyfys fode,

As ye ken ;

372

Thise dysars and thise hullars,

Thise cokkers and thise bollars,

And aH purs-cuttars,

Bese weH war of thise men.

376

(57)

Secundus tortor. ffy, fy, on thise dyse / the deviH I theym
take !

vnwytty, vnwyse / With thaym that Wold lake ;

As fortune assyse / men wyH she make ;

hir maners ar nyse / she can downe and vptake ;

And rych̄

381

She turnes vp-so-downe,

And vnder abone,

Most' chefe of renowne

She castys in the dyche.

385

(58)

By hir meanes she makys / dysers to seH,

As thay sytt and lakys / thare corne and thare cateH ;

She makes
dicers sell
corn and
cattle.

The first
torturer for-
swears the
use of dice,
and bids all
men beware
of dicers.

The second
commits the
dice to the

[Fol. 97, a.
Sig. P. 1.]

devil. For-
tune delights
to set men
up and cast
them down.

Then they
cry out and
want to
fight.

Then cry thay and crakkys / bowne vnto bateH,
his hyppys then bakys / no symneH
ffor hote.

390

Bot fare weH, thryfte !
Is ther none other skyfte
Bot syfte, lady, syfte ?

Thise dysars thay dote.

394

(59)

The third
torturer
traces loss
and oft-
times man-
slaughter to
dying. Let
them leave
such vanity
and serve
God.

Tercius tortor. what comunys of dysyng / I pray you hark
after,

Bot los of goodH in lakyng / and oft tymes mens slaghter !
Thus sorow is at partyng / at metyng if ther be laghter ;
I red leyf sich vayn thyng / and serue god herafter,
ffor heuens blys ;

399

That lordH is most myghty,
And gentyllyst of Iury,
we helde to hym holy ;
how thynk ye by this ?

403

(60)

Pilate
praises the
torturers
and dis-
misses them
with a
French
blessing.

pilatus. weH worthH you aH thre, most doughty in dede !
Of aH the clerkys that I knaw, most conyng ye be,
By soteltes of youre sawes, youre lawes forto lede ;
I graunt you playn powere and frenship frele,
I say ;

408

¹ Dew vows [garde], mon senyours !
Mahowne most myghty in castels and towres
he kepe you, lordyngys, and aH youre,
And haufs aH gud day.

412

Explicit processus talentorum.

¹ *i. e.* Dieu vous [garde], monseigneurs !

(XXV.)

Incipit extraccio animarum, &c.

[29 eight-line stanzas abababab; 1 six-line (no 18) aab aba; 40 four-line abab; 4 couplets.]

[Dramatis Personae.

<i>Ihesus.</i>		<i>Simeon.</i>		<i>Ribald.</i>		<i>Sathanas.</i>
<i>Adam.</i>		<i>Iohannes Baptista.</i>		<i>Belzebub.</i>		<i>Ysaias.]</i>
<i>Eva.</i>		<i>Moyses.</i>		<i>David.</i>		

Ihesus. (1)

My fader me from blys has send
 TiH ertH for mankynde sake,
 Adam mys forto amend,
 My deth nede must I take.

Jesus re-
 counts how
 He has
 been born,
 ministered,
 and died for
 man's salva-
 tion. 4

(2)

I dwellyd ther thyrty yeres and two,
 And somdele more, the sothe to say;
 In anger, pyne, and mekyH wo,
 I dyde on cros this day.

8

(3)

Therfor tiH heH now WiH I go,
 To chalange that is myne;
 Adam, eue, and othere mo,
 Thay shaH no longer dweH in pyne.

12

He must now
 rescue His
 own from
 hell.

(4)

The feynde theym wan With trayn,
 ThruH fraude of earthly fode,
 I haue theym boght agan
 With shedyng of my blode.

16

(5)

And now I wiH that stede restore,
 which the feynde feH fro for syn;
 Som tokyn wiH I send before,
 with myrth to gar thare gammes begyn.

20

He will send
 thither a
 light as a
 token of His
 coning.

(6)

A light I wiH thay haue
 To know I wiH com sone;
 My body shaH abyde in graue
 TiH aH this dede be done.

24

(7)

Adam calls
his brethren
to listen: he
sees tokens
of solace.

Adam. My brether, herkyn vnto me here!

More hope of helth neuer we had;

Fower thowsand¹ and sex hundreth² yere

haue we bene here in darknes stad;

28

Now se I tokyns of solace sere,

A gloryous gleme to make vs glad,

Wher thugh I hope that help is nere,

That sone shaH slake oure sorowes sad.

32

(8)

Eve, too,
takes the
light as a
good sign.

Eua. Adam, my husband heynd,

This menys solace certan;

Sich light can on vs leynd

In paradyse fuH playn.

36

(9)

Isaias re-
calls Adam's
first sin,

Isaias. Adam, thugh thi syn

here were we put to dwell,

This wykyd place within;

The name of it is heH;

40

here paynes shaH neuer blyn,

That wykyd ar and feH.

loue that lord with wyn,

his lyfe for vs wold seH.

44

Et cantent omnes "saluator mundi," primum versum.

(10)

and his own
prophecy of
the light
that should
come to them
that walked
in darkness.

Adam, thou weH vnderstand

I am Isaias, so crist me kende.

I spake of folke in darknes walkand,

I saide a light shuld on theym lende;

48

This light is aH from crist commande

That he til vs has hedir sende,

Thus is my poynt proved in hand,

as I before to folk it kende.

52

(11)

Simeon. So may I tell of farlys feyH,

ffor in the tempyH his freyndys me fande,

Me thoght daynteth with hym to deyH,

I halsid hym homely with my hand;

56

¹ MS. iiij M^l.

² MS. vi C.

[Fol. 98, a.
Sig. P. 2.]

I saide, lord, let thi seruandys leyH
 pas in peasse to lyf lastande ;
 Now that myn eeyn has sene thyn hele
 no longer lyst I lyf in lande.

60

Simeon re-
 members
 Christ's pre-
 sentation in
 the Temple
 and his own
 "Nunc
 dimittis.

(12)

This light thou has purvayde
 ffor theym that lyf in lede ;
 That I before of the haue saide
 I se it is fulfillyd in dede.

64

He now sees
 the light
 which he
 then fore-
 told.

(13)

Iohannes baptista. As a voce cryand I kend
 The wayes of crist, as I weH can ;
 I baptisid hym with both myn hende
 in the water of flume Iordan ;
 The holy gost from heuen discende
 As a white dowfe downe on me than ;
 The fader voyce, oure myrthes to amende,
 Was made to me lyke as a man ;

68

John the
 Baptist re-
 calls the
 Baptism of
 Christ and
 the voice
 from
 Heaven.

72

(14)

"yond is my son," he saide,
 "and which me pleasses full weH,"
 his light is on vs layde,
 and commys oure karys to kele.

76

Christ's
 light comes
 to assuage
 their cares.

(15)

Moyes. Now this same nyght lernyng haue I,
 to me, moyses, he shewid his myght,
 And also to another oone, hely,
 where we stud on a hill on hyght ;
 As whyte as snaw was his body,
 his face was like the son for bright,
 Noman on mold was so myghty
 grathly durst loke agans that light ;

80

Moses re-
 calls the
 Transfigura-
 tion and the
 wondrous
 light there
 shown.

84

(16)

And that same light here se I now
 shynyng on vs, certayn,
 where thugh truly I trow
 that we shaH sone pas fro this payn.

88

That same
 light he sees
 now.

(17)

Rybald is
full of fore-
boding that
the souls
will escape.

Rybald. Sen fyrst that heH was mayde / And I was put
therin,

Sich sorow neuer ere I had / nor hard I sich a dyn ;
My hart begynnys to brade / my wytt waxys thyn,
I drede we can not be glad / these saules mon fro vs twyn.

(18)

He bids
Beelzebub
bind them.

how, belsabub ! bynde these boys,¹ / sich harow was neuer
hard in heH.

Belzabub. Out, rybald ! thou rores, / what is betyd ? can
thou oght teH ?

Rybald. whi, herys thou not this vgly noyse ?²
these lurdans that in lymbo dweH²

They make menyng of many Ioyse,³
and Muster myrthes theym emeH.³ 98

(19)

Belzabub. Myrth ? nay, nay ! that poynt is past,
more hope of helth shaH thay neuer haue.

They are
crying on
Christ and
say He will
save them.

Rybald. They cry on crist fuH fast,
And says he shaH theym saue. 102

(20)

[Fol. 98, b.]

Beelzebub
bids him
call up
Astaroth
and other
devils,

Beelzabub. yee, though he do not, I shaH,
ffor they ar sparyd in specyaH space ;
whils I am prynce and pryncypaH
they shaH neuer pas out of this place. 106

CaH vp astarot and anabaH
To gyf vs counseH in this case ;
BeH, berith, and bellyaH,
To mar theym that sich mastery mase. 110

(21)

and tell
Satan, and
bid him
bring
Lucifer.

Say to sir satan oure syre,
and byd hym bryng also
Sir lucyfer, luffy of lyre.
Rybald. AH redy lord I go. 114

Jesus calls
for the gates
to be raised.

Ihesus. Attollite portas, principes, vestras & eleuamini
porte eternas, & introibit rex glorie.

¹ Originally "oure bowys" (and probably "bende").

² & ³ These and following lines are single lines with central rymes.

(22)

Rybald. Out, harro, out! what deviſſ is he
That callys hym kyng ouer vs aſſ?
hark belzabub, com ne,
ffor hedusly I hard hym caſſ. 119

Rybald cries
to Beelze-
hub, who
bids him
lock the
gates and set
watches,

Belzabub. Go, spar the yates, yſſ mot thou the!
And ſet the wachſ on the waſſ;
If that brodeſſ com ne
With vs ay won he ſhaſſ; 123

(23)

And if he more caſſ or cry,
To make vs more debate,
lay on hym hardely,
And make hym go his gate. 127

and to fall
upon Jesus
if He calls
again.

(24)

David. Nay, with hym may ye not fyght,
ffor he is king and conqueroure,
And of so mekiſſ myght,
And styf in euey stoure;
Of hym commys aſſ this light 131
that shynys in this bowre;
he is fuſſ fers in fight,
worthi to wyn honoure. 135

David warns
him that
they may
not fight
with Jesus,
Who is King
and Con-
queror.

(25)

Belzabub. honowre! harsto, harlot, for what dede?
Alle erthly men to me ar thraſſ;
That lad that thou callys lord in lede
he had neuer harbor, house, ne haſſ. 139

Beelzebub
claims all
earthly men
as his thralls.

(26)

how, sir sathanas! com nar
And hark this cursid rowte!
Sathanas. The deviſſ you aſſ to-har!
What ales the so to showte? 143
And me, if I com nar,
thy brayn bot I bryst owte!
Belzabub. Thou must com help to spar,
we ar beseged abowte. 147

He calls
Satan, who
asks what is
the matter.

Beelzebub
says they are
besieged.

(27)

Satan bids
them see
that Jesus
does not
escape.

Sathanas. Besegyð aboute ! whi, who durst be so bold
for drede to make on vs a fray ?

Belzabube. It is the Iew that Iudas sold
ffor to be dede this othere day. 151

Sathanas. how ! in tyme that tale was told,
that trature trausses vs aH-way ;
he shalbe here full hard in hold,
bot loke he pas not, I the pray. 155

(28)

Beelzebub
says Jesus
has far other
thoughts.

Belzabub. Pas ! nay, nay, he wil not weynde
ffrom hens or it be war ;

he shapys hym for to sheynd
A H heH or he go far. 159

(29)

Satan defies
Jesus.

Sathanas. ffy, fatur ! therof shaH he fayH,
ffor aH his fare I hym defy ;

I know his trantes fro top to tayH,
he lyffys by gawdys and glory. 163

[Fol. 99, a.
Sig. P. 3.]
He coun-
selled the
Jews to kill
Him,

Therby he broght furth of oure bayH

The lath lazare of betany,
Bot to the Iues I gaf counsayH
That thay shuld cause hym dy ; 167

(30)

and per-
suaded
Judas to
carry out
the agree-
ment.

I enterd ther into Iudas,
that forward to fulfyH,

Therfor his hyere he has,

A H wayes to won here styH. 171

(31)

Rybald asks
Satan, as
this is his
doing, if he
hopes to
defeat
Jesus ?

Rybald. Sir sathan, sen we here the say
thou and the Iues were at assent,

And wote he wan the lazare away

that vnto vs was taken to tent, 175

hopys thou that thou mar hym may

to Muster the malyce that he has ment ?

ffor and he refe vs now oure pray

we wil ye witt or he is went. 179

(32)

Sathanas. I byd the noght abaste,
 bot boldly make you bowne,
 With toyles that ye intraste,
 And dyng that dastard downe.

Satan en-
 courages
 him.

183

Ihesus. Attollite portas, principes, vestras, &c.

Jesus calls
 again.

(33)

Rybaldf. Outt, harro! what harlot is he
 that sayes his kyngdom shalbe cryde?

dauid. That may thou in sawter se,
 for of this prynce thus ere I saide;

David re-
 calls his pro-
 phesy of

188

(34)

I saide that he shuld breke
 youre barres and bandys by name,
 And of youre warkys take wreke;
 now shaft thou se the same.

Christ's
 triumph.

192

(35)

Ihesus. ye prynces of heff open youre yate,
 And let my folk furth gone;
 A prynce of peasse shaft enter therat
 wheder ye wiif or none.

Jesus sum-
 mons them
 to open the
 gates.

196

(36)

Rybaldf. What art thou that spekys so?
Ihesus. A kyng of blys that hight *ihesus.*
Rybaldf. yee, hens fast I red thou go,
 And meff the not with vs.

Rybaldf and
 Beelzebub
 defy Him.

200

(37)

Belzabub. Oure yates I trow wiif last,
 thay ar so strong I weyn;
 Bot if oure barres brast,
 ffor the they shaft not twyn.

204

(38)

Ihesus. This stede shaft stand no longer stokyn;
 open vp, and let my pepiif pas.
Rybaldf. Out, harro! oure bayff is brokyn,
 and brusten ar aif oure bandys of bras!

Jesus bursts
 the bars to
 the dismay
 of Rybaldf.

208

(39)

Beelzebub
laments.*Belzabub.* harro ! oure yates begyn to crak !In sonder, I trow, they go,
And heff, I trow, wið aH to-shak ;

Alas, what I am wo !

212

(40)

Rybalck. lymbo is lorne, alas !

sir sathanas com vp ;

This wark is wars then it was.

Sathanas. yee, hangyd be thou on a cruke¹ !

216

(41)

Satan re-
proaches the
devils for
not over-
throwing
Christ,

Thefys, I bad ye shulk be bowne,

If he maide mastres more,

To dyng that dastard downe,

sett hym both sad and sore.

220

(42)

[Fol. 99, b.]

Belzabub. To sett hym sore, that is sone saide !

com thou thi self and serue hym so ;

we may not abyde his bytter brayde,

he wold vs mar and we were mo.

224

and calls for
his own
armour.*Sathanas.* ffy, fature ! wherfor were ye flayd ?

haue ye no force to flyt hym fro ?

loke in haste my gere be grayd,

my self shaH to that gadlyng go.

228

(43)

He chal-
lenges Jesus,

how ! thou belamy, abyde,

wið aH thi boste and beyr !

And teH me in this tyde

what mastres thou makys here.

232

(44)

Who an-
nounces His
mission to
save the
prisoners.*Ihesus.* I make no mastery bot for myne ;

I wiH theym saue, that shaH the sow ;

Thou has no powere theym to pyne,

bot in my pryson for thare prow

236

here haue they soriornyck, nocht as thyne,

bot in thi wayrd, thou wote as how.

Sathanas. why, where has thou bene ay syn,

that neuer wold negH theym nere or now ?

240

¹ assonance with 'up.'

(45)

Ihesus. Now is the tyme certan
My fader ordand her for,
That thay shuld pas fro payn,
In blys to dweH for cuermore.

The ordained
time has
come.

244

(46)

Sathanas. Thy fader knew I weH by syght,
he was a wright, his meett to wyn ;
Mary, me mynnys, thi moder hight,
the vtmost ende of aH thy kyn ;

Satan asks
how the son
of Joseph
and Mary is
so mighty ?

248

Say who made the so mekiH of myght ?

Ihesus. Thou wykyd feynde, lett be thi dy[n] !
my fader wonnes in heuen on hight,
In blys that neuer more shaH blyn ;

Jesus re-
veals that
He is God's
Son.

252

(47)

I an his oonly son, / his forward to fulfyH,
Togeder wiH we won, / In sonder when we wyH.

254

(48)

Sathan^l. Goddys son ! nay, then myght thou be glad,
for no cateH thurt the craue ;
Bot thou has lyffyd ay lyke a lad,
In sorow, and as a sympiH knaue.

258

(49)

Ihesus. That was for the hartly luf I had
Vnto mans sauH, it forto saue,
And forto make the masyd and maH,
And for that reson rufully to rafe.

He has con-
cealed His
Godhead to
save men's
souls and
confound
the devil.

262

(50)

My godhede here I hyd
In mary, moder myne,
where it shaH neuer be kyd
to the ne none of thyne.

266

(51)

Sathan^l. how now ? this wold I were tolH in towne ;
thou says god is thi syre ;
I shaH the prove by good reson
thou moyttys as man dos into myre.

270

Satan claims
the souls as
God's
enemies.

To breke thi byddyng they were full bowne,
And soyn they wrought at my desyre ;
ffrom paradise thou putt theym downe,
In heH here to haue thare hyre ;

274

(52)

[Fol. 100, a.
Sig. P. 4.]

And thou thy self, by day and nyght,
taght euer aH men emang,
Euer to do reson and right,
And here thou wyrkys aH wrang.

278

(53)

Jesus re-
minds him
of the pro-
phecies of
His coming.

Ihesus. I wyrk no wrang, that shaH thou wytt,
if I my men fro wo wiH wyn ;
My *prophetys* playnly prechyd it,
AH the noytys that I begyn ;
They saide that I shuld be that ilke ¹
In heH where I shuld intro in,
To saue my seruandys fro that pytt
where dampnyd saullys shaH syt for syn.

282

286

(54)

And ilke true prophete tayH
shalbe fulfillid in me ;
I haue thaym boght fro bayH,
in blis now shaH they be.

290

(55)

Satan quotes
Solomon
and Job to
show that
once in hell
there is no
release.

Sathanas. Now sen thou lyst to legge the lawes,
thou shalbe tenyd or we twyn,
ffor those that thou to witnes drawes
ffuH cuen agans the shaH begyn ;
As salamon saide in his sawes,
who that ones commys heH within
he shaH neuer owte, as clerkys knawes,
therfor, belamy, let be thy dyn.

294

298

(56)

Iob thi seruande also
In his tyme can tesh
That nawder freynde nor fo
shaH fynde relcse in heH.

302

¹ assonance with 'it.'

(57)

Ihesus. he sayde full soyth, that shaft thou se,
In heft shalbe no relese,
Bot of that place then ment he
where synfuH care shaft euer encrease.

306

Jesus answers that there is no release from the eternal hell in which the devil shall be kept, but these souls shall depart to bliss.

In that bayH ay shaft thou be,
where sorowes seyr shaft neuer sesse,
And my folke that were most fre
shaft pas vnto the place of peasse ;

310

(58)

ffor they were here with my wiH,
And so thay shaft furth weynde ;
Thou shaft thiself fulfyH
euer wo withoutten ende.

314

(59)

Sathan^l. Whi, and wiH thou take theym aH me fro ?
then thynk me thou art vnkynde ;
Nay, I pray the do not so ;
Vmthynke the better in thy mynde ;

318

Satan pleads that they may be left, or that he, too, may go.

Or els let me with the go,
I pray the leyffe me not behynde !
Ihesus. Nay, tratur, thou shaft won in wo,
and tiH a stake I shaft the bynde.

322

(60)

Sathan^l. Now here I how thøu menys emang,
with mesure and malyce forto meH ;
Bot sen thou says it shalbe lang,
yit som let aH-wayes with vs dweH.

326

Jesus says he shall keep some souls, such as Cain and Judas,

Ihesus. Yis, wytt thou weH, els were greatt' wrang ;
thou shaft haue caym that slo abeH,
And aH that hastys theym self to hang,
As dyd Iudas and architopheH ;

330

(61)

And daton and abaron / and aH of thare assent,
Cursyd tyranttys euer ilkon / that me and myn tormente.

(62)

And aH that wiH not lere my law,
That I haue left in land for new,
That makys my commyng knaw,
And aH my sacramentys persew ;

336

and all who will not learn His law.

[Fol. 100, b.] My deth, my rysyng, red by raw,
 Who trow thaym not thay ar vntrewe ;
 He will judge these worse than the Jews. vnto my dome I shaſt theym draw,
 And Iuge theym wars then any Iew. 340

(63)

And thay that lyst to lere / my law, and lyf therby,
 Shaſt neuer haue harmes here, / bot welth as is worthy. 342

(64)

Satan is pleased with the bargain. *Sathanas.* Now here my hand, I holdt me payde,
 these poyntys ar playnly for my prow ;
 If this be trew that thou has saide,
 we shaſt haue mo then we haue now ; 316
 Thies lawes that thou has late here laide,
 I shaſt theym lere not to alow ;
 If thay myn take thay ar betraide,
 and I shaſt turne theym tytt I trow. 350

(65)

He will go east and west and make men sin. Jesus tells him he shall be fast bound. I shaſt walk cest, I shaſt walk west,
 and gar theym wyrk weſt war.
Ihesus. Nay feynde, thou shalbe feste,
 that thou shaſt flyt no far. 354

(66)

Sathan. ffeste? fy! that were a wykyd treson!
 belamy, thou shalbe snytt.

Ihesus. Deviſt, I commaunde the to go downe
 into thi sete where thou shaſt syt. 358

Satan sinks into hell, Rybald reviling him.

Sathan. Alas, for doyh and care!
 I synk into heſt pyt!

Rybald. Sir sathanas, so saide I are,
 now shaſt thou haue a fytt. 362

(67)

Jesus summons forth His children.

Ihesus. Com now furth, my childer aſt,
 I forgyf you youre mys ;

With me now go ye shaſt
 to Ioy and endles blys. 366

(68)

Adam gives thanks.

Adam. lord, thou art fuſt mekyſt of myght,
 that mekys thiself on this manere,
 To help vs aſt as thou had vs hight,
 when both forfeit I and my fere ; 370

- here haue we dwelt^t withoutten light
 Fower thousand¹ and sex² hundreth yere ;
 Now se we by this solempne sight^t
 how that thi mercy makys vs dere. 374 ¹ MS. iij Ml.
 (69) ² MS. vj.
- Eua.* lord, we were worthy / more tornamentys to tast ;
 Thou help vs lord with thy mercy / as thou of myght is mast.
 (70) Eve con-
 fesses they
 deserved
 more punish-
 ment.
- Iohannes.* lord, I loue the inwardly,
 that me wold^t make thi messyngere,
 Thi commyng in erth to cry,
 and techⁿ thi fayth to folk in fere ; 380
 Sythen before the forto dy,
 to bryng theym bodword that be here,
 how thay shuld haue thi help in hy,
 now se I aH those poyntys appere. 384
 (71) The Baptist
 gives thanks
 to Christ for
 having made
 him His
 messenger.
- Moyes.* Daud, thi prophete trew,
 oft tymes told^t vnto vs,
 Of thi commyng he knew,
 and saide it shuld^t be thus. 388
 (72) Moses re-
 calls the
 prophecies
 of David,
- Dauid.* As I saide ere yit say I so,
 “ ne derelinquas, domine,
 Animam meam in inferno ; ”
 “ leyfe neuer my sauH, lord, after the,
 In depe heH wheder dampned^t shaH go ;
 suffre thou neuer thi sayntys to se
 The sorow of thaym that won in wo,
 ay fuH of fylth, and may not^t fle.” 392
 (73) 396
 who repeats
 his prayer
 that his soul
 be not left
 in hell.
- Moyes.* Make myrth both more and les,
 and loue oure lord we may,
 That has broght vs fro bytternes
 In blys to abyde for ay. 400
 (74) [Fol. 101, a.]
 Moses and
 Isaiah unite
 in exhorta-
 tion to love
 God.
- ysaias.* Therfor now let vs syng
 to loue oure lord ihesus ;
 Vnto his blys he wiH vs bryng,
 Te deum laudamus. 404

Explicit extraccio animarum ab inferno.

XXVI.

Resurreccio domini.

[*Dramatis Personae.*

<i>Pilatus.</i>		<i>Secundus Miles.</i>		<i>Ihesus.</i>
<i>Caiaphas.</i>		<i>Tercius Miles.</i>		<i>Maria Magdalene.</i>
<i>Centurio.</i>		<i>Quartus Miles.</i>		<i>Maria Jacobi.</i>
<i>Anna.</i>		<i>Angeli, Primus &</i>		<i>Maria Salomee.</i>
<i>Primus Miles.</i>		<i>Secundus.</i>		

[1 *eleven-line stanza*, no. 11, aab ab acb cb ; 1 *nine-line*, no. 101 ab
abbbc bc ; 4 *eight-line*, no. 7 aab cccb, nos. 95, 99, 100 aab aab
cc ; 93 *six-line stanzas*, nos. 51-3 aab cb, no. 73 ahabcc, no.
96 aab aab, the rest aab ab ; 1 *three-line*, no. 97 aab ; 1 *couplet*,
no. 24.]

pilatus.

(1)

Pilate calls
for silence

P Easse, I warne you, woldys in wytt!
And standys on syde or els go sytt,
ffor here ar men that go not yit,
And lordys of me[kiH] myght ; 4
We thynk to abyde, and not to flytt,
I teH you euey wyght. 6

(2)

on pain of
hanging.

Spare youre spech, ye brodels boldt,
And sesse youre cry tiH I haue toldt
What that my worship woldt,
here in thise wonys ; 10
whoso that wyghtly noldt
ffuH hy bese hanged his bonys. 12

(3)

He is Pilate,
who has
punished
Jesus.

wote ye not that I am pilate,
That satt' apou the Iustyce late,
At caluarie where I was att
This day at morne ? 16
I am he, that' great' state,
That lad has aH to-torne. 18

(4)

Let watch
be kept if
any follow
His words.

Now sen that lothly loseH is thus ded,
I haue great' ioy in my manhede,
Therfor woldt I in ilk stedt
It' were tayne hede, 22
If any felowse felow his red,
Or more his law wold lede. 24

(5)

ffor and I knew it, cruelly
his lyfe bees lost, and that shortly,
that he were better hyng ful hy

[Fol. 101, b.]
If they do
Pilate will
kill them,

On galow tre ; 28

Therfor ye prelatys shuld aspy
If any sich be. 30

(6)

As I am man of myghtys most,
If ther be any that blow sich bost,
with tormentys keyn bese he indost

and the
devil herry
their ghost
to hell.

ffor euermore ; 34

The deviH to heHt shaH herry hys goost,
Bot I say nomore. 36

(7)

Caiphas. Sir, ye thar nothyng be dredand,
ffor centurio, I vnderstand,
youre knyght is left abydand

Caiaphas
says the Cen-
turion has
been left
behind to
arrest
ribalds.

Right ther behynde ; 40

We left hym ther, for man most wyse,
If any rybaldys wold oght ryse,
To sesse theym to the next assyse,

And then forto make ende. 44

Tunc veniet centurio velut miles equitans.

(8)

Centurio. A, blyssyd lord adonay,¹
what may this merueH sygnyfy
That here was shewyd so openly
vnto oure sight,

The Cen-
turion pon-
ders on the
signs that
accompanied
the death of
Jesus.

48

When the rightwys man can dy
that ihesus hight? 50

(9)

heuen it shoke abone,
Of shynyng blan both son and moyne,
And dede men also rose vp sone,

Outt of thare grafe ; 54

And stones in waH anone
In sonder brast and clafe. 56

¹ This stanza is written as three lines in the MS, with central rhymes.

(10)

The princes
were wrong,
and Jesus
was indeed
the Son of
God.

Ther was seen many a full sodan sight,
Oure prynces, for sothe, dyd nothyng right,
And so I saide to theym on hight,

As it is trew, 60

That he was most of myght,

The son of god, ihesu. 62

(11)

Birds in the
air and fish
in the sea
knew that
their Lord
was being
put to death.

ffowlys in the ayer and fish in floode,

That day changid thare mode,

when that he was rent on rode,

That lord veray ; 66

ffull weH thay vnderstode

That he was slayn that day. 68

Therfor right as I meyn / to theym fast wiH I ryde,

To wyt withoutten weyn / what they wiH say this tyde

Of this enfray ; 71

I wiH no longer abyde

bot fast ride on my way. 73

(12)

[Fol. 102, a.]
He ex-
changes
greetings
with Pilate,

God saue you, syrs, on euery syde !

Worship and welth in warld so wyde !

pilatus. Centurio, welcom this tyde,

Oure comly knyght ! 77

Centurio. God graunt you grace weH forto gyde,

And rewH you right. 79

(13)

who asks his
news.

pilatus. Centurio, welcom, draw nere hand !

TeH vs som tythyngys here emang,

fior ye haue gone throughoutt oure land,

ye know ilk dele. 83

Centurio. Sir, I drede me ye haue done wrang

And wonder yH. 85

(14)

The Cen-
turion says
they have
sinned in
slaying a
righteous
man.

Cayphas. wonder yH ? I pray the why ?

declare that to this company.

Centurio. So shaH I, sir, full securly,

with aH my mayn ; 89

The rightwys man, I meyn, hym by

that ye haue slayn. 91

(15)

pilatus. Centurio, sese of sich saw ;
ye ar a greatt man of oure law,
And if we shuld any wytnes draw,
To vs excuse,

Pilate re-
bukes him.

95

To mayntene vs euermore ye aw,
And nocht refuse.

97

(16)

Centurio. To mayntene trowth is well worthy ;
I saide when I sagh hym dy,
That it was godys son almyghty,
That hang thore ;
So say I yit and abydys therby,
ffor euermore.

The Cen-
turion main-
tains it was
God's Son
they cruci-
fied.

101

103

(17)

Anna. yee, sir, sich resons may ye rew,
Thou shuld not neuen sich notes new,
Bot thou couth any tokyns trew,
vntiH vs teth.

Annas asks
for a proof.

107

Centurio. Sich wonderfuH case neuer ere ye knew
As then befeh.

109

(18)

Cayphas. we pray the teth vs, of what thyng ?

Centurio. Of elymentys, both old and ying,
In thare manere maide greatt mowrnyng,
In ilka stede ;

The Cen-
turion re-
counts the
mourning of
the elements
as for their
king.

113

Thay knew by contenance that thare kyng
was done to dede.

115

(19)

The son for wo it waxed aH wan,
The moyn and starnes of shynyng blan,
And erth it tremlyd as a man
Began to speke ;

119

The stone, that neuer was styrryd or than,
In sonder brast and breke ;

121

(20)

And dede men rose vp bodely, both greatt and smaH.

pilatus, Centurio, bewar with aH !
ye wote the clerkys the clyppys it caH

Pilate says
that clerks
call such a
sight an
eclipse.

Sich sodan sight ; 125
That son and moyne a seson shaH
lak of thare light. 127

(21)

[Fol. 102, b.] *Cayphas.* Sir, and if that dede men ryso vp bodely,
The dead
may arise
through
sorcery.

That may be done thugh socery,
Therfor nothyng we sett therby,
that be thou bast. 131

Centurio. Sir, that I saw truly,
That shaH I euermore trast. 133

(22)

The Cen-
turion trusts
his eyes, and
asks an ex-
planation of
the rending
of the veil of
the Temple.

Not for that ilk warke that ye dyd wyrke,
Not oonly for the son wex myrke,
Bot how the vayH rofe in the kyrke,
ffayn wyt I wold. 137

pilatus. A, sich tayles full sone wold make vs yrke,
if thay were told. 139

(23)

Pilate bids
him begone.

harlot ! wherto commys thou vs emang
with sich lesyngys vs to fang ?
Weynd furth ! hy myght thou hang,
Vyle fatur ! 143

Cayphas. Weynd furth in the Wenyande,
And hold styH thy clattur. 145

(24)

He takes his
leave.

Centurio. Sirs, sen ye set not by my saw, / haues now
good day !

God lene you grace to knaw / the sothe aH way. 147

(25)

Anna. with draw the fast, sen thou the dredys,
ffor we shaH weH mayntene oure dedys.

pilatus. Sich wonderfull resons as now redys
were neuer beforne, 151

Cayphas. To neuen this note nomore vs nedys,
nawder euen nor morne, 153

(26)

Bot forto be war of more were
That afterward myght do vs dere,
Therfor, sir, whils ye ar here

vs aH emang,	157	They must consult together.
Avyse you of thise sawes sere how thay wiH stand.	159	
(27)		
ffor ihesus saide fuH openly Vnto the men that yode hym by, A thyng that grevys aH Iury, And right so may,	163	Jesus prophesied that He should rise again the third day.
That he shuld ^t ryse vp bodely within the thryde day.	165	
(28)		
If it be so, as myght I spede, The latter dede is more to drede Then was the fyrst, if we take hede And tend therto ;	169	They must guard against this.
Avyse you, sir, for it is nede, the best ^t to do.	171	
(29)		
Anna. Sir, neuer the les if he saide so, he hase no myght to ryse and go, Bot his dyscypyls steyH his cors vs fro And bere away ;	175	[Fol. 103, a.] Annas thinks the disciples will steal the body.
That were tiH vs, and othere mo, A fowH enfray.	177	
(30)		
Then wold the pepyH say euerilkon That he were rysen hym self alon, Therfor ordan to kepe that stone with knyghtys heynd,	181	The tomb, therefore, should be watched by knights.
To thise thre ¹ dayes be commen and gone And broght tiH ende.	183	
(31)		
pilatus, Now, certys, sir, fuH weH ye say, And for this ilk poynt to puruay I shaH, if that I may ; he shaH not ryse,	187	Pilate agrees.
Nor none shaH wyn hym thens away of nokyns wyse.	189	

¹ MS. iij.

(32)

Pilate bids
his knights
guard the
body of
Jesus,

Sir knyghtys, that ar of dedys dughty,

And chosen for chefe of cheualry,

As I may me in you affy,

By day and nyght,

193

ye go and kepe ihesu body

with aH youre myght ;

195

(33)

And for thyng that be may,

kepe hym weH vnto the thryd day,

that no
traitor steal
it.

That no tratur steyH his cors you fray,

Out of that sted ;

199

ffor if ther do, truly I say,

ye shaft be dede.

201

(34)

They express
their readi-
ness with
boasts,

primus Miles. yis, sir pilate, in certan,

we shaft hym kepe with aH oure mayn ;

Ther shaft no tratur with no trayn

SteyH hym vs fro ;

205

Sir knyghtys, take gere that best may gayn,

And let vs go.

207

(35)

Secundus Miles. yis, certys, we are aH redy bowne,

we shaft hym kepe tiH youre renowne ;

and take up
their station
round the
tomb, still
boasting.

On euery syde lett vs sytt downe,

we aH in fere ;

211

And I shaft fownde to crak his crowne

whoso commys here.

213

(36)

primus Miles. who shuld be where, fayn wold I wytt.

Secundus Miles. Euen on this syde wyH I sytt.

Tercius Miles. And I shaft fownde his feete to flytt.

iiijus miles. we ther shrew ther !

217

Now by mahowne, fayn wold I wytt

who durst com here

219

(37)

[Pol. 108, b.]

This cors with treson forto take,

ffor if it were the burnand drake

Of me styfly he gatt' a strake,

haue here my hand ; 223 They will warrant the safety of the body for these three days.
 To this thre¹ dayes be past, [The soldiers sleep :
 This cors I dar warand. Jesus rises.] 225
Tunc cantabunt angeli "Christus² resurgens," & postea dicet ihesus.

(38)

Ihesus. Erthly man, that I haue wroght, Jesus calls men to remember what He has done for them.
 wightly wake, and slepe thou noght I
 with bytter bayH I haue the boght,
 To make the fre ; 229
 Into this dongeon depe I soght
 And aH for luf of the. 231

(39)

Behold how dere I wold the by !
 My woundys ar weytt and aH blody ;
 The, synfuH man, fuH dere boght I
 With tray and teyn ; 235 Let them not defle themselves now He has cleansed them.
 Thou fyle the noght eft for-thy,
 Now art thou cleyn. 237

(40)

Clene haue I mayde the, synfuH man,
 With wo and wandreth I the wan,
 ffrom harte and syde the blood out ran,
 Sich was my pyne ; 241
 Thou must me luf that thus gaf than
 My lyfe for thyne. 243

(41)

Thou synfuH man that by me gase,
 Tytt vnto me thou turne thi face ;
 Beholdt my body, in ilka place
 how it was dight ; 247 Let them look on His torn and wounded body.
 AH to-rent and aH to-shentt,
 Man, for thy plight. 249

(42)

With cordes enewe and ropys toghe
 The Iues felt my lymmes out-drogh, ffor that I was not mete enoghe
 vnto the bore ; 253
 with hard stowndys thise depe woundys
 Tholyd I thefore. 255

¹ MS. iij.

² MS. xps.

(43)

His pains
and shame
were all
borne for
man,

A crowne of thorne, that is so kene,
Thay set upon my hede for tene,
Two thefys hang thai me betwene,
 A^h for dyspyte ; 259
This payn ilk dele thou sha^h wyt wele,
 May I the wyte. 261

(44)

[Fol. 104, a.]

Behald my shankes and my knees,
Myn armes and my thees ;
Behold me we^h, looke what thou sees,
 Bot sorow and pyne ; 265
Thus was I spylt, man, for thi gylt,
 And not for myne. 267

(45)

to save his
soul from
hell.

And yit more vnderstand thou sha^h ;
In stede of drynk thay gaf me ga^h,
Ase^h thay menged it witha^h,
 The Iues fe^h ; 271
The payn I haue, tholyd I to saue
 Mans sau^h from he^h. 273

(46)

Behold^t my body how Iues it dang
with knottys of whyppys and scorges strang ;
As stremes of we^h the bloode out sprang
 On euery syde ; 277
knottes where thay hyt, we^h may thou wytt,
 Maide woundys wyde. 279

(47)

And therfor thou sha^h vnderstand
In body, heed, feete, and hand,
ffour hundreth woundys and fyue¹ thowsand
 here may thou se ; 283
And therto neyn² were delt full euen
 ffor luf of the. 285

(48)

Behold^t on me nocht els is lefte,
And or that thou were fro me refte,
A^h these paynes wold I thole efte

¹ MS. v.² MS. ix.

And for the dy ;	289	Man may see
here may thou se that I luf the,		how great is
Man, faythfully.	291	the love of
		Jesus for
		him.
(49)		
Sen I for luf, man, boght the dere,		
As thou thi self the sothe sees here,		
I pray the hartely, with good chere,		Let him then
luf me agane ;	295	love Jesus
That it lyked me that I for the		again,
tholyd aH this payn.	297	
(50)		
If thou thy lyfe in syn haue led,		
Mercy to ask be not adred ;		and ask for
The leste drope I for the bled		the mercy
Myght clens the soyn,	301	which can
AH the syn the warld with in		cleanse from
If thou had done.	303	all sin.
(51)		
I was weH wrother with Iudas		
ffor that he wold not ask me no grace,		Jesus was
Then I was for his trespas		ready to
That he me sold ;	307	show inercy
I was redy to shew mercy,		even to
Aske none he wold.	309	Judas,
		would he but
		have asked
		it.
(52)		
lo how I hold myn armes on brede,		
The to saue ay redy mayde ;		
That I great luf ay to the had,		
weH may thou knaw !	313	
Som luf agane I wold fuh fayn		
Thou wold me shaw. ¹	315	
(53)		
Bot luf noght els aske I of the,		[Fol. 104, b.]
And that thou fownde fast syn to fle ;		He only asks
pyne the to lyf in charyte		for man's
Both nyght and day ;	319	love.
Then in my blys that neuer shaH mys		
Thou shaH dweH ay.	321	

¹ MS. shew.

(54)

Those who will cease from sin and ask mercy He will feed on His own body,

ffor I am veray prynce of peasse,
 And synnes seyr I may releasse,
 And whoso wiff of synnes seasse
 And mercy cry, 325
 I grauntt theym here a measse
 In brede, myn awne body. 327

(55)

the bread which by five words becomes His flesh.

¹ [That ilk veray brede of lyfe
 Becommys my fleshe in wordys fyfe ;
 who so it resaues in syn or stryfe
 Beso dede for euer ; 331
 And whoso it takys in rightwys lyfe
 Dy shaft he neuer.¹] [*Jesus retires, and the three*

(56)

Maries advance.]

Mary Magdalen laments the death of Jesus.

Maria Magdalene. Alas ! to dy with doyth am I dyght !
 In world was neuer a wofuller wight,
 I drope, I dare, for seyng of sight
 That I can se ; 337
 My lord, that mekiht was of myght,
 Is dede fro me. 339

(57)

Alas ! that I shuld se hys pyne,
 Or that I shuld his lyfe tyne,
 ffor to ich sore he was medecyne
 And boytte of aht ; 343
 help and holdt to euer ilk hyne
 To hym wold call. 345

(58)

Mary Jacobi faints to think of His wounds.

Maria Jacobi. Alas ! how stand I on my feete
 when I thynk on his woundys wete !
 Ihesus, that was on luf so swete,
 And neuer dyd yht, 349
 Is dede and grafen vnder the grete,
 withoutten skyht. 351

(59)

Maria solomee. withoutten skyht thise Iues ilkon
 That lufly lord thay haue hym slone,
 And trespas dyd he neuer none,

¹ Crossed out with red ink (after the Reformation ?).

In nokyn sted ;	355	Mary Salome asks to whom may they make their moan now Jesus is dead ?
To whom shaft we now make oure mone ?		
Oure lord is ded.	357	
(60)		
<i>Maria Magdalene.</i> Sen he is ded, my systers dere,		The Magdalene proposes that they go and anoint His wounds.
weynd we wiþ with fuþ good chere.		
with oure anoyntmentys fare and clere		
That we haue broght,	361	
ffor to anoyntt his woundys sere,		
That Iues hym wrought.	363	
(61)		
<i>Maria Iacobi.</i> Go we then, my systers fre,		[Fol. 105, a. Sig. Q. 1.]
ffor sore me longis his cors to see,		The others wonder how they shall move the heavy stone.
Bot I wote neuer how best may be ;		
help haue we none,	367	
And which shaft of vs systers thre		
remefe the stone ?	369	
(62)		
<i>Maria salomee.</i> That do we not bot we were mo,		
ffor it is hogh and heuy also.		
<i>Maria Magdalene.</i> Systers, we thar no farther go		The Magdalene sees two sitting by the tomb in white clothing.
Ne make mowrnyng ;	373	
I se two syt where we weynd to,		
In whyte clothyng.	375	
(63)		
<i>Maria Iacobi.</i> Certys, the sothe is not to hyde,		
The graue stone is put besyde.		
<i>Maria salomee.</i> Certys, for thyng that may betyde,		
Now wiþ we weynde	379	
To late the luf, and with hym byde,		
that was oure freynde.	381	
(64)		
<i>primus angelus.</i> ye mowrnyng women in youre thoght,		The angels tell the women that Jesus is not there.
here in this place whome haue ye soght ?		
<i>Maria Magdalene.</i> Ihesu that vnto ded was broght,		
Oure lord so fre.	385	
<i>Secundus angelus.</i> Certys, women, here is he noght ;		
Com nere and se.	387	

(65)

Jesus is
risen,
primus angelus. he is not here, the sothe to say,
The place is voyde ther in he lay ;
The sudary here so ye may
was on hym layde ; 391
he is rysen and gone his way,
As he you sayde. 393

(66)

and shall be
found in
Galilee.
Secundus angelus. Euen as he saide so done has he,
he is rysen through his pauste ;
he shalbe fon in galale,
In fleshe and feH ; 397
To his dyscypyls now weynd ye,
And thus thaym teH. 399

(67)

The Mag-
dalene bids
the others
preach what
they have
heard.
Maria Magdalene. My systers fre, sen it is so,
That he is resyn the deth thus fro,
As saide tiH vs thise angels two,
Oure lord and leche, 403
As ye haue hard where that ye go
Loke that ye preche. 405

(68)

Maria Iacobi. As we haue hard so shaft we say ;
Mare, oure syster, haue good day !
Maria Magdalene. Now veray god, as he weH may,
Man most of myght, 409
he wysH you, systers, weH in youre way,
And rewle you right. 411

(69)

[Fol. 105, b.]
She again
laments
Christ's suf-
ferings.
Alas, what shaft now worth on me ?
My catyf hart wyH breke in thre
when that I thynk on that ilk bodye
how it was spylt ; 415
Through feete and handys nalyd was he
Withoutten gylt. 417

(70)

withoutten gylt then was he tayne,
That luffly lord, thay haue hym slayn,
And trypas dyd he neuer nane,

- Ne yit no mys 421 It was for
 It was my gylt he was fortayn, her guilt He
 And nothing his. 423 suffered, for
 none of His
 own.
 (71)
- how myght I, bot I lufyd that swete
 That for me suffred woundys wete,
 Sythen to be grafen vnder the grete,
 Sich kyndnes kytne; 427
 Ther is nothyng tiht that we mete
 may make me blythe. [*The women retire, and the*
 (72) *soldiers then wake.*]
- primus Miles.* Outt, alas! what shaht I say?
 where is the cors that here in lay?
Secundus Miles. what alys the man? he is away
 That we shuld tent! 433
 The soldiers
 discover the
 disappear-
 ance of the
 body, and
 cry harrow!
- primus Miles.* Ryse vp and se.
Secundus miles. harrow! thefe! for ay
 I cownte vs shent! 435
 (73)
- Tercius miles.* what devyht alys you two
 sich nose and cry thus forto may?
Secundus Miles. flor he is gone.¹
Tercius Miles. Alas, wha? 439
Secundus Miles. he that here lay.
Tercius Miles. harrow! deviht! how swa gat he away? 441
 (74)
- Quartus miles.* what, is he thus-gatys from vs went,
 The fals tratur that here was lentt,
 That we truly to tent
 had vndertane? 445 They fear
 they will be
 punished.
 Certanly I teht vs shent
 holly ilkane. 447
 (75)
- primus Miles.* Alas, what shaht I do this day
 Sen this tratur is won away?
 And safely, syrs, I dar weht say
 he rose alon. 451
Secundus Miles. wytt sir pilate of this enfray
 we mon be slone. 453

¹ "go" is needed to ryme with "two."

(76)

The second
soldier him-
self saw
Jesus go.

Quartus Miles. wote ye weH he rose in dede?

Secundus Miles. I sagh myself when that he yede.

primus Miles. when that he styrryd out of the steed

None couth it ken.

457

Quartus Miles. Alas, hard hap was on my hede

emang aH men.

459

(77)

[Fol. 106, a.
Sig. Q. 2.]

Tercius Miles. ye, bot wyt *sir pilate* of this dede,

That we were slepand when he yede,

we mon forfett, withoutten drede,

AH that we haue.

463

They think
they must
invent some
lie

Quartus Miles. we must make lees, for that is nede,

Oure self to saue.

465

(78)

primus Miles. That red I weH, so myght I go.

Secundus Miles. And I assent therto also.

as that a
thousand
armed men
stole the
body.

Tercius Miles. A thowsand shaH I assay, and mo,

weH armed ilkon,

469

Com and toke his cors vs fro,

had vs nere slone.

471

(79)

The fourth
soldier is
bold to tell
Pilate what
has really
happened.

Quartus miles. Nay, certys, I hold ther none so good

As say the sothe right as it stude,

how that he rose with mayn and mode,

And went his way;

475

To *sir pilate*, if he be wode,

Thus dar I say.

477

(80)

primus Miles. why, and dar thou to *sir pilate* go

with thise tythyngys, and teH hym so?

Secundus Miles. So red I that we do also,

we dy bot oones.

481

Tercius Miles & omnes. Now he that wroght vs aH this wo

wo worth his bones!

483

(81)

Quartus Miles. Go we sam, *sir knyghtys* heynck,

Sen we shaH to *sir pilate* weynd,

I trow that we shaH parte no freynd,

Or that we pas. [They come to Pilate.] 487 The first
primus Miles. Now and I shaH teH ilka word tiH ende, Pilate greets
 right as it was. 489 Pilate and
 the priests.

(82)

Sir pilate, prynde withoutten peyr,
 Sir Cayphas and Anna both in fere,
 And aH the lordys aboute you there,
 To neuen by name; 493
 Mahowne you saue on sydyys sere
 ffro syn and shame. 495

(83)

pilatus. ye ar welcom, oure knyghtys so keyn, Pilate asks
 A mekiH myrth now may we meyn, for news.
 Bot teH vs som talkyng vs betwene,
 How ye haue wroght. 499
primus Miles. Oure walkyng, lord, withoutten wene,
 Is worth to noght. 501

(84)

Cayphas. To noght? alas, seasse of sich saw. They tell
Secundus Miles. The prophete ihesu, that ye weH know, him the
 Is rysen, and went fro vs on raw, prophet is
 with mayn and myght. 505 risen.
pilatus. Therfor the deviH the aH to-draw, He re-
 vyle recrayd knyght! 507 proaches
 them.

(85)

what! combred cowardys I you caH!
 lett ye hym pas fro you aH?
Tercius Miles. Sir, ther was none that durst do bot smaH They plead
 when that he yede. 511 fright.
Quartus Miles. we were so ferde we can d'owne faH,
 Aud qwoke for drede. 513

(86)

primus miles. we were so rad, euerilkon, [Fol. 106, b.]
 when that he put besyde the stone,
 we quoke for ferd, and durst styr none,
 And sore we were abast. 517
pilatus. whi, bot rose he bi hym self alone?
Secundus miles. ye, lord, that be ye trast, 519 Jesus rose
 alone.

(87)

There was a
wondrous
melody when
He rose.

we hard neuer on euyne ne morne,
Nor yit oure faders vs beforne,
Sich melody, myd-day ne morne,
As was maide thore.

523

pilatus. Alas, then ar oure lawes forlorne
ffor euer more!

525

(88)

Pilate asks
the advice
of Caiaphas.

A, deviſſ! what shaft now worth of this?
This warld farys with quantys;
I pray you, Cayphas, ye vs wys
Of this enfray.

529

Caiphus. Sir, and I couth oght by my clergys,
ffayn wold I say.

531

(89)

Annas
counsels
him to re-
ward the
soldiers, and
make them
tell another
story.

Anna. To say the best for sothe I shaft;
It shalbe profett for vs aſſ,
yond knyghtys behovys thare wordys agane caſſ,
how he is myst;

535

we wold not, for thyng that myght befaſſ,
That no man wyst:

537

(90)

And therfor of youre curtessie
Gyf theym a rewarde for-thy.
pilatus. Of this counseſſ weſſ paide am I,
It shalbe thus.

541

Sir knyghtys, that ar of dedys doghty,
Take tent tiſſ vs;

543

(91)

Pilate bids
them say
10,000 men
in good
array stole
the body
from them.

herkyns now how ye shaft say,
where so ye go by nyght or day;
Ten thowsand¹ men of good aray
Cam you vntiſſ,

547

And thefyshly toke his cors you fray
Agans youre wiſſ.

549

(92)

loke ye say thus in euery land,
And therto on this couande
Ten thowsand pounds² haue in youre hande

¹ MS. XM^l.² XM^l li.

To youre rewarde ; 553 He gives
 And my frenship, I vnderstande, them £10,000
 ShaH not be sparde ; 555 as their
 reward.

(93)

Bot loke ye say as we haue kende.
primus miles. yis, sir, as mahowne me mende, They pro-
 In ilk contree where so we lende, mise com-
 By nyght or day, 559 pliance, and
 where so we go, where so we weynd, are dis-
 Thus shaH we say. 561 missed.

(94)

pilatus. The blyssyng of mahowne be with you nyght
 and day !

[*Pilate and the soldiers retire. Mary and Jesus advance.*]

Maria maydalene. Say me, garthynere, I the pray, [Fol. 107, a.
 If thou bare oght my lord away ; Sig. Q. 3.]
 TeH me the sothe, say me not nay,
 where that he lyys, 566 Mary Mag-
 And I shaH remeue hym if I may, dalene asks
 On any kyn wyse. 568 the Gardener
 if He knows
 where her
 Lord's body
 is ?

(95)

Ihesus. woman, why wepys thou ? be styH !
 whome sekys thou ? say me thy wyH,
 And nyk me not with nay. 571

Maria Magdalene. ffor my lord I lyke fuH yH ;
 The stede thou bare his body tyH
 TeH me I the pray ; 574

And I shaH if I may / his body bere with me,
 Vnto myn endyng day / the better shuld I be. 576

(96)

Ihesus. woman, woman, turn thi thoght !
 wyt thou weH I hyd hym noght,
 Then bare hym nawre with me ; 579

Go seke, loke if thou fynde hym oght.
Maria Magdalene. In fayth I haue hym soght,
 Bot nawre he wiH fonde be. 582

(97)

Ihesus. why, what was he to the / In sothfastnes to say ?
Maria Magdalene. A ! he was to me / no longer dweH I may.
Ihesus. Mary, thou sekys thy god, and that am I. 585 Jesus reveals
 Himself.

(98)

Mary wor-
ships Jesus.*Maria Magdalene.* Rabony, my lord so dere !

Now am I hole that thou art here,

Suffer me to negh the nere,

And kys thi feete ;

589

Myght I do so, so weH me were,

ffor thou art swete.

591

(99)

He bids her
not to touch
Him, but to
bear His
commands
to His dis-
ciples.*Ihesus.* Nay, mary, neghe thou not me,

ffor to my fader, teH I the,

yit stevynd I noght ;

594

TeH my brethere I shaH be

Before theym aH in trynte

whose wiH that I haue wrought.

597

To peasse now ar thay boght / that prysond were in pyne,

wherfor thou thank in thoght / god, thi lord and myne 599

(100)

Mary thou shaH weynde me fro,

Myn erand shaH thou grathly go,

In no fowndyng thou faH ;

602

To my dyscypyls say thou so,

That wilsom ar and lappyd in wo,

That I thaym socoure shaH.

605

By name peter thou caH / and say that I shaH be

Before hym and theym aH / my self in galyle.

607

(101)

Mary pro-
mises obedi-
ence, and
rejoices at
having seen
the Lord.*Maria Magdalene.* lord, I shaH make my vyage

to teH theym hastely ;

ffro thay here that message

thay wiH be aH mery.

611

[Fol. 107, b.]

This lord was slayn, alas for-thy,

ffalsly spylt, noman wyst why,

whore he dyd mys ;

614

Bot with hym spake I bodely,

ffor-thi comen is my blys.

616

(102)

Mi blys is comen, my care is gone,

That luffly haue I mett alone ;

I am as blyth in bloode and bone

As euer was wight^t ; 620 He is risen
 Now is he resyn that ere was slone, that was
 Mi hart is light. 622 slain.

(103)

I am as light as leyfe on tre,
 ffor ioyfuH sight that I can se,
 ffor weH I wote that it was he
 My lord ihesu ; 626
 he that betrayde that fre
 sore may he rew. 628

(104)

To galyle now wiH I fare,
 And his dyscyples cach from care ;
 I wote that thay wiH mowrne no mare,
 Commyn is thare blys ; 632
 That worthi childe that mary bare
 he amende youre mys. 634

She will go
 to Galilee
 and release
 the disciples
 from care.

Explicit resurreccio domini.

XXVII.

*Peregrini.*¹

[2 nine-line stanzas, no 4 aaaab cccb, no. 30 ababc dddc ; 5 eight-line, abababab ; 6 seven-line, nos. 39, 59 abab cdc, the rest ababc bc ; 40 six-line, aaab ab ; 6 four-line, abab ; 1 couplet.]

[*Dramatis Personae :*

Cleophas Lucas Jesus.]

Cleophas.

(1)

Almyghty god, ihesu ! ihesu
 That borne was of a madyn fre,
 Thou was a lord and prophete trew,
 whyls thou had lyfe on lyfe to be 4
 Emangys thise men ;
 yH was thou ded, so wo is me
 that I it ken ! 7

Cleophas
 laments for
 Jesus.

¹ "fysher pagent" is written underneath the title in a later hand.

(2)

Why was
man so
blind as to
slay his
Lord ?

I ken it weH that thou was slayn

Oonly for me and aH mankynde ;

Therto thise Iues were fuH bayn.

Alas ! why was thou, man, so blynde

11

Thi lord to slo ?

On hym why wold thou haue no mynde,

bot bett hym blo ?

14

(3)

[Fol. 108, a.
Sig. Q. 4.]

Blo thou bett hym bare / his brest thou maide aH blak,

his woundes aH wete thay ware / Alas, withhoutten lak !

16

(4)

Luke
laments the
death of
man's
physician.

Lucas. That lord, alas, that leche / that was so meke and
mylde,

So weH that couth vs preche / with syn was neuer fylde ;

he was fuH bayn to preche / vs aH from warkes wylde,

his ded it wiH me drech, / ffor thay hym so begylde

This day ;

21

Alas, why dyd thay so

To tug hym to and fro ?

ffrom hym wold thay not go

To his lyfe was away.

25

(5)

They recall
how Jesus
was tortured
by the Jews.

Cleophas. Thise cursyd Iues, euer worth thaym wo !

Oure lord, oure master, to ded gart go,

AH sakles thay gart hym slo

Apon the rode,

29

And forto bete his body blo

Thay thocht fuH good.

31

(6)

Lucas. Thou says fuH sothe, thay dyd hym payn,

And therto were thay euer fayn.

Thay wold no leyf or he was slayn

And done to ded ;

35

ffor-thi we mowrne with mode and mayn,

with rufuH red.

37

(7)

Cleophas. yee, rufully may we it rew,

ffor hym that was so good and trew,

That through the falshede of a Iew

was thus betrayd ;	41	Their own sorrow is ever fresh.
Therfor oure sorow is euer new,		
Oure ioy is layd.	43	
(8)		
<i>Lucas</i> , Certys, it was a wonder thyng		They marvel at the un- belief of the Jews,
That thay wold for no tokynyng,		
Ne yit for his techyng,		
Trast in that trew ;	47	
Thay myght haue sene in his doying		
ffuH great vertu.	49	
(9)		
<i>Cleophas</i> . ffor aH that thay to hym can say		and the meekness of Jesus.
he answard neuer with yee, ne nay,		
Bot as a lam meke was he ay,		
ffor aH thare threte ;	53	
he spake neuer, by nyght ^t ne day,		
No wordes greatte.	55	
(10)		
<i>Lucas</i> . AH if he wor withoutten plight,		
Vnto the ded yit thay hym dight ;		
If he had neuer so mekiH myght		
he suffred aH ;	59	He stood still as stone in wall.
he stud as stiH, that bright,		
As stone in waH.	61	
(11)		
<i>Cleophas</i> . Alas, for doyh ! what was thare skyH		How could the Jews slay Him ?
That precyous lord so forto spiH ?		
And he seruyd neuer none yH		
In worde, ne dede ;	65	
Bot prayd for theym his fader tiH		
To ded when that he yede.	67	
(12)		
<i>Lucas</i> . When I thynk on his passyon,		[Fol. 108, b.]
And on his moder how she can swoyn,		The remem- brance of His mother's sorrow
To dy nere am I bowne,		71
ffor sorow I sagh hir make ;		makes them ready to die.
Vnder the crosse when she feH downe,		
ffor hir son sake.	73	

(13)

The blows of
the Jews
made His
body blue.

Cleophas. Me thynk my hart is full of wo
when I sagh hym to ded go ;

Th[e] wekyd Iues thay were so thro

To wyrk hym woghe,

77

his fare body thay maide full blo

with strokes enoghe.

79

(14)

When He
asked for
drink they
gave Him
vinegar and
gall.

Lucas. Me thynk my hart droppys all in bloode
when I sagh hym hyng on the roode,

And askyd a drynk, with full mylde mode,

Right than in hy ;

83

Aseh and gah, that was not good,

Thay broght hym then truly.

85

(15)

No man ever
suffered half
as much.

Cleophas. was neuer man in no-kyns steede

That suffred half so greatt' mysdede

As he, to ded or that he yede,

Ne yit the care ;

89

ffor-thi full carefull is my red

where soeuer I fare.

91

(16)

Lucas. where so I fare he is my mynde,

Bot when I thynk on hym so kynde,

how sore gyltles that he was pynde

Apon a tre,

95

Vnethes may I hold' my mynde,

So sore myslykys me.

97

hic venit ihesus in apparatu peregrini.

(17)

Jesus asks
why they
walk so sor-
rowfully ?

Ihesus. Pylgrymes, whi make ye this mone,

And walk so rufully by the way ?

haue ye youre gates vngrathly gone ?

Or what you alys to me ye say.

101

(18)

what wordes ar you two emange,

That ye here so sadly gang ?

To here theym eft' full sore I lang,

here of yow two ; 105 He desires to
 It semys ye ar in sorow strang, know what
 here as ye go. 107 are they
 talking of?

(19)

Cleophas. what way, for shame, man, has thou tayn Cleophas
 That thou wote not of this affray ? asks how it
 'Thow art a man by the alane, is He has
 'Thow may not please me to my pay. 111 not heard of
 this affray ?

(20)

Ihesus. I pray you, if it be youre wiþ, [Fol. 109, a.]
 Those Wordys ye wold reherse me tyþ ; Jesus asks
 ye ar aþ heuy and lykys yþ them to tell
 here in this way ; 115 Him.

If ye wiþ now shew me youre [wyll]
 I wold you pray. 117

(21)

Lucas. Art thou a pilgreme thi self alone, Luke cannot
 walkand in contry bi thyn oone, believe He
 And wote not what is commen and gone has not
 within few dayes ? 121 heard.

Me thynk thou shuld make mone,
 And wepe here in thi wayes. 123

(22)

Ihesus. whi, what is done can ye me say Jesus again
 In this land this ylk day ? asks to be
 Is ther fallen any affray told.
 In land awre whare ? 127

If ye can, me teþ I you pray,
 Or that I farther fare. 129

(23)

Cleophas. why, knowys thou not what thyng is done They tell
 here at Ierusalem thus sone, Him they
 'Thrugþ wykyd Iues, withoutten hone, are mourn-
 And nocht lang syn ? 133 ing the death
 of a prophet,
 Jesus of
 'Nazarene'

flor the trewe prophete make we this mone,
 And for his pyne. 135

(24)

Lucas. yee for ihesu of nazarene,
 That was a prophete true and clene,
 In word, in wark, fuþ meke, I wene,

- They found
Him ever
true. And that fonde we ; 139
And so has he full long bene,
As mot I the, 141
- (25)
- To god and to the people bath ;
Therfor thise daies he has takyn skath,
Vnto the ded, withoutten hagh,
Thise Iues hym dight ; 145
ffor-thi for hym thus walk we wrath
By day and nyght. 147
- (26)
- Cleophas* Thise wykyd Iues trayed hym with gyle
To thare high prestys within a whyle,
And to thare prynces thay can hym fyle,
withoutten drede ; 151
Apon a crosse, noght hens a myle,
To ded he yede. 153
- (27)
- They expect
Him to come
again to life, *Lucas.* we trowyd that it was he truly
his awne lyfe agane shuld by,
As it is told in prophecy
Of Cristys doying ; 157
And, certys, thay wiH neuer ly
ffor nokyns thyng. 159
- (28)
- ffro he was of the crosse tayn
he was layde full sone agane
In a graue, vnder a stane,
And that we saw ; 163
wheder he be rysen and gane
yit we ne knaw. 165
- (29)
- Jesus will
expound the
prophets to
them. *Ihesus.* Pilgremes, in speche ye ar full awth,
That shaH I weH declare you why,
ye haue it hart, and that is rawth,
ye can no better stand therby, 169
Thyng that ye here ;
And prophetys told it openly
On good manere. 172

(30)

Thay saide a childe there shuld be borne

To by mankynde combryd in care ;

Thus saide dauid here beforne

And othere prophetys wyse of lare,

And danieH ;

177

Som saide he ded shuld be,

And ly in ertH by dayes thre,

And sithen, thugh his pauste,

Ryse vp in flesh and fesh.

181

It was fore-
told that He
should lie
three days in
earth and
rise by His
power.

(31)

Cleophas. Now, sir, for sothe, as god me saue,
women has flayed vs in oure thoght ;

Thay saide that thay were at his graue,

And in that sted they faunde hym noght,

Bot saide a light

185

Com downe with angels, and vp hym broght

Ther in thare sight.

188

The disciples
tell of the
report of
the women,

(32)

we wold not trow theym for nothyng,

If thay were ther in the mornyng,

we saide thay knew not his rysyng

when it shuld be ;

192

Bot som of vs, without dwellyng,

wentt theder to se.

194

of how they
distrusted it

(33)

Lucas. yee, som of vs, sir, haue beyn thare,

And faunde it as the wōmen saide,¹

Out of that sted that cors was fare,

And also the graue stone put besyde,

198

we se with ee ;

The teres outt of myn ees can glyde,

ffor doyh I dre.

201

but found it
was true

(34)

Ihesus. ye foyles, ye ar not stabyH !

where is youre witt, I say ?

wilson of hart ye ar vnabyH

And outt of the right way,

205

Jesus re-
proaches
them.

¹ assonance to "besyde," "glyde."

Jesus knew
that Judas
should be-
tray Him.

ffor to trow it is no fabyH
that at is fallen this same day.
he wyst, when he sat at his tabiH,
that Judas shuld hym sone betray. 209
(35)

Did not the
prophets
foretell His
death and
resurrection?

Me thynk you aH vntrist to trow,
both in mode and mayn,
AH that the *prophetys* told to you
before, it is no trane. 213

[Fol. 110, a]

Told not thay what wyse and how
That cryst shuld suffre payn ?
And so to his paske bow
To entre tiH his ioy agane. 217
(36)

Take tent to moyses and othere mo,
that were *prophetys* trew and good ;
Thay saide *ihesus* to ded shuld go,
And pynde be on roode ; 221
ThruH the Iues be maide fuH blo,
his woundys rynyng on red blode ;
Sithen shuld he ryse and furth go
before, right as he yode. 225
(37)

Christ must
needs suffer
thus, and
then enter
into bliss.

Crist behoid to suffre this,
fforsothe, right as I say,
And sithen enter into his blys
vnto his fader for ay, 229
Euer to won with hym and his,
where euer is gam and play ;
Of that myrth shaH he neuer mys
ffro he weynde hens away. 233
(38)

Cleophas
thanks Jesus
for His
words

Cleophas. Now, sir, we thank it fuH oft sythes,
the commyng of you heder ;
To vs so kyndly kythes
the *prophecy* aH to geder. 237
(39)

Ihesus. By leyff now, sirs, for I must weynde,
ffor I haue far of my iornay.
lucas. Now, sir, we pray you, as oure freynde,

AH nyght to abyde for charite, 241 Luke prays
 And take youre r[est] ; Him to stay
 At morne more prest then may ye be with them
 to go fuH prest. 244 this night,

(40)

Cleophas. Sir, we you pray, for godys sake,
 This nyght penance with vs to take,
 With sich chere as we can make,
 And that we pray ; 248

we may no farther walk ne wake,
 Gone is the day. 250

(41)

Lucas. DweH with vs, sir, if ye myght,
 ffor now it¹ waxes to the nyght,
 The day is gone that was so bright,
 No far thou shaH ; 254 promysing
 Mete and drynk, sir, we you hight Him meat
 ffor thi good tale. 256 and drink
 for His good
 tale.

(42)

Ihesus. I thank you both, for sothe, in fere,
 At this tyme I ne may dweH here,
 I haue to walk in wayes sere,
 where I haue hight ; 260

I may not be, withoutten were,
 With you aH nyght. 262

(43)

Cleophas. Now, as myght I lyf in qwarte,
 At this tyme with we not parte,
 Bot if that thou can more of arte
 Or yit of lare ; 266

Vnto this cyte, with good harte,
 Now let vs fare. 268

(44)

Lucas. Thou art a pilgreme, as we ar,
 This nyght shaH thou fare as we fare,
 Be it les or be it mare
 Thou shaH assay ; 272

Then to-morne thou make the yare [Fol. 110, b.]
 To weynde thi Way. 274

¹ MS. is.

(45)

Jesus con-
sents to
abide awhile.

Ihesus. ffreyndys, forto fulfilH youre wiH
I wiH abyde wiH you awhile.

Cleophas. Sir, ye ar welcom, as is skyH,
To sich as we haue, bi sant gyle.

278

(46)

They invite
Him to sit
down and
eat.

Lucas. Now ar we here at this towne,
I red that we go sytt vs downe,

And forto sowpe we make vs bowne,
Now of oure fode ;

282

we haue enogh, sir, bi my crowne,
Of godys goode.

284

Tunc parent mensum).

(47)

Cleophas. lo, here a borde and clothe laide,
And breed thron, aH redy graide ;
Sit we downe, we shalbe paide,

And make good chere ;

288

It is bot penaunce, as we saide,

That we haue here.

290

*Tunc recumbent & selebit ihesus in medio eorum, tunc
benedicet ihesus panem & franget in tribus partibus,
& postea euanebit ab oculis eorum ; & dicet lucas,*

(48)

They are
amazed at
His sudden
disappear-
ance in
breaking
bread.

Lucas. wemmow ! where is this man becom,

Right here that sat betwix vs two ?

he brake the breed and laide vs som ;

how myght he hens now fro vs go

294

At his awne lyst ?

It was oure lorde, I trow right so,

And we not wyst.

297

(49)

Cleophas. When went he hens, whedir, and how,

What I ne wote in warld so wyde,

ffor had I wyten, I make a vowe,

he shuld haue byden, what so betyde ;

301

(50)

Bot it were ihesus that wiH vs was,

Selcowth me thynke, the sothe to say,

Thus preualy from vs to pas,
 I wist neuer when he went away. 305
 we were fuH blynde, euer alas!
 I teH vs now begylde for ay,
 ffor spech and bewte that he has
 Man myght hym know this day. 309

(51)

Lucas. A, dere god, what may this be?
 Right now was he here by me;
 Now is this greatt vanyte,
 he is away; 313
 We ar begylyd, by my lewte, [Fol. 111, a.]
 So may we say. 315

(52)

Cleophas. where was oure hart, where was oure thocht,
 So far on gate as he vs broght,
 knowlege of hym that we had noght
 In aH that tyme? 319
 So was he lyke, bi hym me wroght,
 TiH oon pylgryme. 321

(53)

Lucas. Dere god, why couth we hym not knawe?
 so openly aH on a raw
 The.tayles that he can tiH vs shaw,
 By oone and oon; 325
 And now from vs within a thraw
 Thus sone is gone. 327

(54)

Cleophas. I had no knowlege it was he,
 Bot for he brake this brede in thre,
 And delt it here to the and me
 With his awne hande; 331
 When he passyH hence we myght not se,
 here syttande. 333

(55)

Lucas. Wee ar to blame, yee, veramente,
 That we toke no better tente
 whils we bi the way wente

They blame
 themselves
 for not
 taking more
 heed.

With hym that stownd ; 337
 knowlege of hym we myght haue hentt,
 Syttyng on grownd. 339

(56)

They knew
 Him as soon
 as He took
 the bread
 and brake it.

Cleophas. ffro he toke breede full weH I wyst,
 And brake it here with his awne fyste,
 And laide it vs at his awne lyst,

As we it hent ; 343

I knew hym then, and sone it kyst

with good^t intente. 345

(57)

Lucas. That we hym knew wist he weH enogh,
 Therfor aH sone he hym with-drogh,
 ffro he saw that we hym knogh,

with in this sted ; 349

I haue ferly what way and how

Away that he shuld glyde.¹ 351

(58)

Cleophas. Alas, we war full myrk in thoght,
 bot we were both full with of red^t ;
 Man, for shame whi held^t thou noght
 when he on borde brake vs this breede ?

355

(59)

he soght the prophecy more and les
 And told it vs right in this sted^t,
 how that he hym self was

With wykid Iues broght to ded^t, 359

And more ;

we with go seke that kyng

That suffred woundes sore. 362

(60)

They will go
 to Jerusalem
 and tell the
 brethren.

lucas. Ryse, go we hence fro this place,
 To Ierusalem take we the pace,
 And tel^t oure brethere aH the case,

I red right thus ; 366

ffrom ded^t to lyfe when that he rase

he apperyd tiff vs. 368

¹ assonance to "sted."

(61)

Cleophas. At Ierusalem I vnderstande, [Fol. 111, b.]
 Ther hope I that they be dwelland,
 In that countre and in that land

We shaH theym mete. 372

Weynd we furth, I dar warand,
 Right in the strete. 374

(62)

lucus. let vs not tary les ne mare, They will be
 Bot on oure feete fast lett vs fare ; sure to meet
 I hope we shaH be cachid fro care them there.

ffuH sone, Iwys ; 378

That blyssid childe that marie bare
 Grauntt you his blys. 380

Expliciunt peregrini.

XXVIII.

Thomas Indie.¹

[*Dramatis Personae.*

<i>Maria Magdalene.</i>	<i>Quartus Apostolus.</i>	<i>Octavus Apostolus.</i>
<i>Paulus.</i>	<i>Quintus Apostolus.</i>	<i>Novenus Apostolus.</i>
<i>Petrus.</i>	<i>Sextus Apostolus.</i>	<i>Dccimus Apostolus.</i>
<i>Tercius Apostolus.</i>	<i>Septimus Apostolus.</i>	<i>Thomas Apostolus.</i>

[10 six-line stanzas, aab aab ; 72 four-line no. 5, abab, the rest (with central rymes), aaaa ; and 1 triplet, with central rymes, no. 14.]

Maria Magdalene. (1)

HAyH brether ! and god be here !
 I bryng to amende youre chere,
 Trist' ye it' and knawe ; 3
 he is rysen, the soth to say,
 I met hym goyng bi the way,
 he bad me telH it you. 6

Mary Magdalene brings news of Christ's Resurrection.

(2)

petrus. Do way, woman, thou carpys wast !
 It is som spirite, or els som gast ;
 Othere was it noght ; 9

¹ This Play was originally entitled "Resurreccio domini," the title being written in large letters with red ink as usual ; the alteration to "Thomas Indie" is in small letters and black ink.

- Peter cannot believe a dead man has risen to life. we may trow on nokyns wyse
That ded man may to lyfe ryse ;
This then is oure thoght. 12
(3)
- Paul recalls Jesus' sufferings. *paulus.* It may be sothe for mans mede,
The Iues maide hym grymly blede
Thurgh feete, handys, and syde ; 15
With nayles on rode thay dyd hym hang,
Mary must be wrong. wherfor, woman, thou says wrang,
As myght I blys abide. 18
(4)
- Mary bids them put away their heresy. She saw and
[Fol. 112, a.] *Maria Magdalene.* Do way youre threpyng ! ar ye wode ?
I sagh hym that dyed on roode,
And with hym spake with mowth ; 21
Therfor you both, red I,
spake with Jesus. putt away your heresy,
Tryst it stedfast and cowth. 24
(5)
- Peter reproves her. *petrus.* Do way, woman ! let be thi fare,
ffor shame and also syn !
If we make neuer sich care
his lyfe may we not wyn. 28
(6)
- Paul tells her 'there is no trust in woman's saw.' *paulus.* And it is wretyn in oure law
' Ther is no trust in womans saw,
No trust faith to belefe ; 31
ffor with thare quayntyse and thare gyle
Can thay laghe and wepe som while,
And yit nothyng theym grefe.' 34
(7)
- Women are like apples in hoard, fair to look on, rotten at the core. In oure bookes thus fynde we wretyn,
Añ manere of men weñ it wyttyn,
Of women on this wyse ; 37
Tiñ an appyñ she is lyke—
Withoutten faiñ ther is none slyke—
In horde ther it lyse, 40
(8)
- Bot if a man assay it wittely,
It is fuñ roten inwardly
At the colke within ; 43

Wherfor in woman is no laghe,
ffor she is withoutten aghe,
As crist me lowse of syn. 46

They are
irresponsible
creatures.

(9)

Therfor trast we not trystely,
Bot if we saghe it witterly
Then wold we trastly trow ; 49

We will
believe when
we see, but
not on a
woman's
word.

In womans saw affy we noght,
ffor thay ar fekiht in word and thoght,
This make I myne avowe. 52

(10)

Maria magdalene. As be I lowsid of my care,
It is as trew as ye stand thare,
By hym that is my brothere. 55

Mary pro-
tests the
truth of her
story.

petrus. I dar lay my heede to wed,
Or that we go vntiht oure bed
That we shaht here anothere. 58

(11)

paulus. If it be sothe that we here say,
Or this be *the* thrid day ¹
The sothe then mon we se. 61

Maria magdalene. Bot it be sothe to trow,
As ye mon here, els pray I you
ffor fals that ye hold me. 64

(12)

petrus. Waloway ! my lefe deres / ² there I stand in this
sted,
sich sorow my hart sheres / for rewth I can no red^t ;
sen that mawdleyne witnes beres / that ihesus rose from ded,
Myn ees has letten salt teres / on erthe to se ym trede. 68

Peter begins
a lamenta-
tion for
Jesus.

(13)

Bot alas ! that euer I woke / that carefuht catyf nyght,
When I for care and cold^t qwoke / by a fyre burnyng fuht
bright,
When I my lord ihesu forsoke / ffor drede of womans myght ; [Fol. 112, b.]
A rightwys dome I wiht me loke / that I tyne not that
semely sight, 72

Alas that he
denied Him.

¹ The words "be the" have been inserted in the MS. at a later date.

² The bars at all the central rymes are not in the MS.

(14)

He had
vowed faith-
fulness, and
yet denied
knowledge
of his
Master.

Bot euer alas! what was I wode! / myght noman be
abarstir;
I saide if he nede be-stode / to hym shuld none be trastir;
I saide I knew not that good / creature my master. 75

(15)

Alas that
they all for-
sook Him.

Alas! that we fro the fled / that we ne had with the gane;¹
When thou with Iues was sted / with the was dwelland
nane,¹
Bot forsok the that vs fed / for we wold not be tain;
we were as prysoners sore adred / with Iues forto be
slayn. 79

(16)

Paul prays
that they
may see
Him.

paulus. Now ihesu, for thi lyfe swete / who hath thus
mastryd the?
That in the breede that we eytt / thi self gyffen wold be;
And sythen thugh handys and feytt / be nalyd on a tre;
Grauntt vs grace that we may yit / thi light in manhede
se. 83

*Tunc venit ihesus et cantat "pax vobis et non tardabit,
hec est dies quam fecit dominus."*

(17)

The third
and fourth
apostles give
thanks for
the appear-
ance of
Jesus.

Tercius apostolus. This is the day that god maide / aH be
we glad and blythe,
The holy gost before vs glad / ffuH softly on his sithe;
Red clothyng apon he had / and blys to vs can kith;
softly on the erthe he trade / ffulle myldly [he did]²
lythe. 87

(18)

Quartus apostolus. This dede thugh god is done / thus in
aH oure sighte.
Mighty god, true kyng in trone / Whose son in marye
light,
send vs, lord, thi blissid bone / As thou art god of myght,
Sothly to se hym sone / and haue of hym a sight. 91

Iterum venit ihesus, & cantat, "pax vobis & non tardabit."

¹ MS. gone, none.

² Originally "vs."

(19)

Quintus apostolus. Who so commys in goddis name / ay
blissid mot he be !

MightfuH god shelde vs fro shame / In thi moder name
marie ; 93

Thise wykid Iues wiH vs blame / Thou grauntt vs for to se
The self body and the same / the which that died on tre.

The fifth
apostle
desires to
see Jesus in
the body in
which He
died.

(20)

Ihesus. peasse emangys you euer ichon ! / it is I, drede
you nocht,

That was wonte with you to gone / and dere with ded
you boght. 97

Grope and fele flesh and bone / and fourme of man weH
wroght ;

Sich thyng has goost none / loke wheder ye knawe me
oght. 99

Jesus ap-
pears, and
bids them
grope and
feel His flesh
and bone.

(21)

My rysyng fro dede to lyfe / shaH no man agane moytt ;
Behold my woundes fyfe / through handys, syde, and foytt ;
To ded can luf me dryfe / and styrryd my hart roytt.
Of syn who wiH hym shryfe / thyes woundys shalbe his
boytt. 103

[Fol. 113, a.
Sig. R. 1.]

Let them
behold His
wounds, by
which men
shall be
healed of
sin.

(22)

ffor oon so swete a thyng / my self so lefe had wroght,
Man sawH, my dere derlyng / to bateH was I broght ;
ffor it thay can me dyng / to bryng out of my thoght,
On roode can thay me hyng / yit luf forgate I nocht. 107

He did
battle for
man's soul,
and forgat
not love.

(23)

luf makys me, as ye may se / strenkyllid with blood so
red ;
luf gars me haue hart so fre / it opyns euery sted ;
luf so fre so dampnyd me / it drofe me to the ded ;
luf rasid me thrug his pauste / it is swetter then med. 111

Love caused
His death
and resur-
rection. It
is sweeter
than mead.

(24)

wytterly, man, to the I cry / thou yeme my fader fere,
Thyn awne sawH kepe cleyntyly / whyls thou art warden
here ;
slo it not with thi body / synnyng in synnes sere, 114
On me and it thou haue mercy / for I haue boght it dere.

Let not men
slay their
souls, which
He has
bought so
dearly.

(25)

Jesus asks
the apostles
for some
meat.

Mi dere freyndys, now may ye se / for soth̄ that [it] is I
That dyed apou the roode tre / and sythen rose bodely ;
That it aH-gatys soth̄fast be / ye shaH se hastely ;
Of youre mett gif ye me / sich̄ as ye haue redy. 119

*paratur mensa, & offerat vi^{us} apostolus fauum mellis &
piscem, dicendo.*

(26)

The sixth
apostle gives
Him roasted
fish and
honeycomb.

sextus apostolus. lord, lo here a rostid fish / and a comb
of hony
laide fuH fare in a dish / and fuH honestly ;
here is none othere mett bot this / in aH oure company,
Bot weH is vs that we haue this / to thi lykyng only. 123

(27)

Jesus asks
His Father
to bless the
meat.

Ihesus. Mi dere fader of heuen / that maide me borne to be
Of a madyn withoutten steven / and sithen to die on tre,
ffrom ded to lif at set stevyn / rasid me thugh̄ thi
paustee,
with̄ the wordys that I shaH neven / this mette thou blis
thugh̄ me. 127

(28)

He blesses it
[Fol. 118, b.]
in the name
of the Trin-
ity,

In the fader name and the son / and the holy gast,
Thre persons to knaw and com / in oone godhede stedfast ;
I gif this mett my benyson / thugh̄ wordys of mygh̄tys
mast ; 130
Now wiH I ette, as I was won / my manhede eft to tast

(29)

and bids
the apostles
eat also.

My dere freyndys lay hand tiH / eyttys for charite ;
I ette at my fader wiH / at my wiH ette now ye.
That I ette is to fulfiH / that writen is of me
In moyses law, for it is skyH / ffulfilyd that it be. 135

(30)

He reminds
them how
He had fore-
told His own
death and
resurrection.

Myn ye noght that I you tolde / in certan tyme and sted̄,
When I gaf myself to wold̄ / to you in fourme of bred̄,
That my body shuld be sold̄ / my bloode be spylt so red̄ ;
This [co]rs gravyn ded̄ and cold̄ / the thrid day ryse fro
ded̄ ? 139

(31)

youre hartes was fulfillyd with drede / whyls I haue fro
you bene ;

The rysyng of my manhede / vnethes woldt ye weyn ;
Of trowth now may ye spede / thorow stedfast wordys and
cleyn.

leyf freyndys, trow now the dede / that ye with ees haue
sene. 143

Let them
believe what
they have
seen with
their eyes.

(32)

ye haue forthynkyng and shame / for youre dysseferance,
I forgif you the blame / in me now haue affyance ;
The folk that ar with syn lame / preche theym to repent-
ance,

fforgif syn in my name / enioyne theym to penance. 147

He forgives
them and
bids them
preach re-
pentance to
sinners,

(33)

The grace of the holy gost to wyn / resauē here at me ;

hic respirat in eos.

The which shaH neuer blyn. / I gif you here pauste ;
whom in ertH ye lowse of syn / in heuen lowsyd shaH be,
And whom in ertHe ye bynd ther-in / In heuen bonden be
he. 151

giving them
power to
bind and
loose.

hic discedet ab eis.

(34)

Septimus apostolus. Ihesu crist in trynyte / Ihesu to cry
and caH,

That borne was of a madyn fre / thou saue vs synfuH aH !
ffor vs hanged apon a tre / drank aseH and gaH,

Thi seruandys saue fro vanyte / In wanhope that we not
faH. 155

The seventh
apostle
cries on
Jesus to
save them
from vanity
and despair.

(35)

Octauus apostolus. Brethere, be we stabyH of thoght /
wanhope put we away,

Of mysbelefe that we be noght / for we may safly say
he that mankynde on rood boght / fro dede rose the thryd
day ;

we se the woundys in hym was wrought / aH bloody yit
were thay. 159

The eighth
exhorts to
stability of
thought.

(36)

The ninth
apostle re-
calls Christ's
prophecies
and their
fulfilment.
[Fol. 114, a.
Sig. R. 2.]

Nouenus apostolus. he told vs fyrst^t he shuld^t be tain /
And for mans syn shuld dy,
Be ded and beryd vnder a stayn / and after ryse vp bodely ;
Now is he quyk fro grafe gan¹ / he cam and stode vs by,
And lete vs se ilkan¹ / the Woundys of his body. 163

(37)

The tenth,
exults in
Christ's
triumph
over death.
Only
Thomas has
not seen
Him.

Decimus apostolus. Deth that is so kene / ihesu ouer
comen has,
As he vs told, yit may we mene / fro ded how he shuld^t
pas ;
Ihesu stode witnes betwene / that^t with^h liym dwelland^t
was,
A^h his dyscyples has hym sene / safe oonly thomas. 167

(38)

Thomas
comes on
lamenting
the suffer-
ings and
death of
Christ.

Thomas. If that I prowde as pacok go, / my hart is fu^h of
care ;
If any sorow myght a man slo / my hart in sonder it
share ;
Mi life wyrkys me a^h this wo / of blys I am fu^h bare,
yit wold I nawthere freynde ne fo / wylt how wo me
ware. 171

(39)

Ihesu, my lyfe so good / ther none myght better be,
None wysere man then better food / nor none kyndere
then he ;
The Iues haue nalyd his cors on rood / nalyd with^h nales
thre,
And^t with^h a spere thay spylt his blood / great sorow it
was to se. 175

(40)

To se the stremes of blood ryn / we^h more then doy^h it
was,
sich^h great payn for mans syn / sich^h doy^hfu^h ded^t he has ;
I haue lyfid withoutten wyn / sen he to ded cau pas,
ffor he was fare of cheke and chyn / for doy^h of ded^t alas !

hic pergit ad discipulos.

¹ MS. gon, ilkon.

(41)

Myghty god for to dyscryfe / that neuer dyed, ne shaH,
 wo and wandreth from you dryfe / that ye not therin faH.
petrus. he the saue with woundys fyfe / his son ihesu to
 caH, 182
 That rose from deth to lyfe / and shewyd hym tiH vs aH.

Thomas
 greets the
 other dis-
 ciples. Peter
 tells him of
 the Resur-
 rection.

(42)

Thomas. whannow, peter! art thou mad? / on lyfe who
 was hym lyke!
 ffor his deth I am not glad / for sorow my hart wiH breke,
 That with the Iues he was so stad / to ded they can hym
 wreke;
 Thou hym forsoke, so was thou rad / when they to the
 can speke. 187

Thomas
 thinks Peter
 mad, and
 reminds him
 how he for-
 sook Christ.

(43)

paulus. let be, leyf brothere thomas / and turne thi thocht
 belyfe,
 ffor the thryd day ihesus rase / fleshly fro ded to lyfe;
 TiH vs aH he cam a pase / and shewyd his woundys fyfe,
 And lyfyng man, and etten hase / hony takyn of a hyfe.

Paul tells of
 Christ's
 appearance
 to them.

(44)

Thomas. Let be for shame! apartly / ffantom dyssauns
 the!
 ye sagH hym not bodely / his gost it myght weH be,
 fforto glad youre hartes sory / in youre aduersyte; 194
 he luffyd vs weH and faythfully / therfor sloes sorow me.

[Fol. 114, b.]

Thomas
 thinks them
 deceived.

(45)

Tercius apostolus. Thou wote, thomas / and sothe it was,
 and oft has thou hard say,
 how a fysH swalod ionas / thre dayes therin he lay;
 yit gaf god hym myght to pas / whyk man to wyn away;
 Myght not god that sich myght has / rase his son apon
 the thryd day? 199

A third
 apostle
 recalls the
 miracle of
 Jonah.

(46)

Thomas. Man, if thou can vnderstand / cryst saide his self,
 mynnys me,
 That aH lokyn was in his hande / aH oone was god and
 he!

The fourth,
fifth, and
sixth
apostles try
to convince
Thomas of
the reality of
Christ's
appearance.

The son wax marke, aH men seand / when he died on the
tre,

Therfor am I full sore dredand / that who myght his
boote be. 203

(47)

Quartus apostolus. The holy gost. in marye light / and in
hir madynhede

Godd's son she held and dight / and cled hym in manhede ;
ffor luf he wentt as he had hight / to fight withoutten
drede ;

When He
had finished
the fight He
skipped out
of the body
which
clothed
Him,

when he had termynd that fight / he skypt outt of his
wede. 207

(48)

Thomas. If he skypt outt of his clethyng / yit thou
grauntys his cors was ded ;

It was his cors that maide shewyng / vnto you in his sted ;
fforto trow in youre carpyng / my hart is hevy as led ;
his dede me bryngys in great mowrneyng / and I with-
outten red. 211

(49)

rescued the
souls in
hell, and
rose again
in His body.

Quintus apostolus. The gost went to heH a pase / whils
the cors lay slayn,

And broght the sawles from sathanas / for which he
suffred payn ;

The thryd day right he gase / right vnto the cors agayn,
Mighty god and man he rase¹ / and therfor ar we fayn. 215

(50)

Thomas. AH sam to me ye flyte / youre resons fast ye
shawe,

Bot tell me a skyH perfyte / any of you on raw ; 217

when cryst cam you to vysyte / as ye tell me with saw,

A whyk man from a spyryte / wherby couth ye hym knaw ?

(51)

Sextus apostolus. Thomas, vnto the anone / herto answeere
I with ;

Man has both flesh and bone / hu, hyde, and hore thertih ;
sich thyng has goost none / thomas, lo, here thi skyH ;

Godd's son toke of mary flesh and bone / what nede were
els thertih ? 223

¹ MS. rose.

(52)

Thomas. Thou has answerd me ffuH Wele / and ffuH skylfully,
 Bot my hart is harde as stele / to trow in sich mastry ;
 Say, bad he any of you fele / the woundys of his body,
 fflesh or bone or ilka dele / to assay his body? 227

[Fol. 115. a.
 Sig. R. 3.]
 Thomas asks
 if Christ
 bade any of
 the apostles
 feel His
 body.

(53)

septimus apostolus. yis, thomas, he bad vs se / and handiH hym with hande,
 To loke wheder it were he / ihesu, man lyfand,
 That dyed apon a tre / flesh and bone we fand, 230
 his woundes had bene pyte / to towch that were bledand.

They tell
 him yes.

(54)

Thomas. Waloway! ye can no good / youre resons ar defaced,
 ye ar as women rad for blood / and lightly oft solaced ;
 It was a goost before you stod / lyke hym in blood
 betrayed, 234
 his cors that dyed on rood / for euer hath deth embraced.

He still
 thinks a
 ghost
 appeared to
 them.

(55)

Octauus apostolus. Certys, thomas, gretter care / mygh̄t no synfuH wight haue
 Then she had, that wepyd so sare / the mawdleyne at his
 graue ;
 ffor sorow and doyH hir awne hare / of hir hede she rent
 and rafe, 238
 ihesu shewid hym tiH hir thare / hir sorow of syn to safe.

The eighth
 apostle tells
 him of
 Christ's
 appearance
 to the Mag-
 dalene.

(56)

Thomas. lo, sich foly with you is / wysemen that shuld be,
 That thus a womans witnes trowys / better than that ye se !
 In aH youre skylles more and les / for mysfowndyng fayH
 ye ; 242
 Might I se ihesu gost and flesh / gropyng shuld not gab me.

Thomas still
 scoffs.

(57)

Nouenus apostolus. lefe thomas, flyte no more / bot trow
 and turne thi red,
 Or els say vs when and whore / crist gabbyd in any sted ;
 ffor he saide vs when thou was thore / when he hym gaf
 in bred, 246
 That he shuld salfe aH oure sore / quyk rysand fro ded.

The tenth
 apostle re-
 minds him
 how Christ
 foretold His
 own resur-
 rection.

(58)

Thomas
owns
Christ's
truthfulness,
but will not
believe He
lives.

Thomas. he was full sothfast in his sawes / that dar I
hertly say,

And rightwys in all his lawes / whils that he lyfyd ay ;
Bot sen he shuld thole hard thrawes / on tre whils that
he lay, 250

Dede has determyd his dayes / his lyfe noght trow I may.

(59)

Decimus apostolus. Thyne hard hart thi sauht with dwyrd /
Thomas, bot if thou blyn ;

he has ded conquerd / and weshen vs all fro syn.

May nawder knyfe ne swerde / hym eft to ded wyn ; 254

Goddys myght in hym apperth / that neuer more shaft blyn.

(60)

[Fol. 115, b.] *Thomas.* That god I trow full Wele / goostly to you light,

Bot bodely neuer a dele / ihesu that woundid wyght.

My hart is harde as stele / to trow in sich a myght,

Bot if I that wounde myght fele / that hym gaf longeus
the knyght. 259

(61)

Peter tells
him of
Christ's
appearance
at Emmaus,

petrus. That wounde haue we sene, thomas / and so has
mo then we ;

With lucas and with cleophas / he welke a day Iurnee ;

Thare hartes that for hym sory was / with prophecy com-
forted he, 262

To Emaus castell can thai pas / ther hostyld thai all thre.

(62)

where He
brake bread
as though
He had cut
it with a
knife.

Ihesu, goddis son of heuen / at sopere satt betweyn ;

Ther bred he brake as euen / as it cutt had beyn.

Thomas. Nothyng that ye may neuen / his rysyng gars
me weyn, 266

If ye me told sich seuen / the more ye myght me teyn.

(63)

paulus. Thomas, brothere, turne thi thoght / and trust
that I say the ;

Ihesu so dere has boght / oure synnes upon a tree,

which rysyng hath broght / adam and his menyee. 270

Thomas. lett be youre fayr ! shew it noght / that he este
quyk shuld be.

(64)

Tercius apostolus. That must' thou nedelyngys trow / if
thou thi sauht wilh saue,

Thomas still
thinks the
other
apostles
mistaken.

ffor that we sa we dar avowe / ihesū rose quyk from graue.

Thomas. I haue you saide, and yit dos now / these wordes
to wast ye haue ;

he shewid hym not to you / for mysfoundyng ye rafe. 275

(65)

Quartus apostolus. ffor we say that we haue sene / thou
holdys vs wars then woode ;

Ihesu lyfyng stod vs betwene / oure lord that with vs
yode.

Thomas. I say ye wote neuer wnat ye mene / a goost
before you stode ; 278

ye wenyd that it had bene / the cors that died on roode.

(66)

Quintus apostolus. The cors that dyed on tre / was berid
in a stone,¹

They tell
him of the
empty
grave.

The thurgh beside fande we / and in that graue cors was
none ;

his sudary ther myght we se / and he thens whik was gone.

Thomas. Noght, bot stolne is he / with Iues that hym
haue slone. 283

(67)

Sextus apostolus. Certys, thomas, thou sais not right /
thay woldt hym not stele,

The Jews
would not
have stolen
the body, for
they guarded
the tomb.

ffor thay gart kepe hym day and nyght / with knyghtys
that they held lele ; 285

he rose has we haue sene in sight / fro aht the Iues fele.

Thomas. I lefe not bot if I myght / myself with hym dele.

(68)

septimus apostolus. He told vs tythyngys, thomas / yit
mynnys me,

[Fol. 116, a.
Sig. R. 4.]

That as Ionas thre dayes was / In a fysht in the see,

so shuld he be, and bene has / in ertht by dayes thre,

pas fro ded, ryse, and rase / as he saide done has he. 291

Christ had
prophesied
His rising,
using Jonah
as a type.

¹ The rymes of this stanza should be in *ane* : stane, nane, gane, slane.

(69)

Thomas asks
who could
raise Christ
from the
dead.

Thomas. Certys, that worde I harde hym say / and so
harde ye hym aH,
Bot for nothyng trow I may / that it so shuld befaH,
That he shuld ryse the thrid day / that dranke aseH and
gaH :
sen he was god and ded lay / from ded who myght hym
caH ?

295

(70)

The Father
that sent
Him raised
Him.

Octauus apostolus. The fader that hym sent / rasid hym
that was ded,
he comfortH vs in mowrnyng lent / and counseld vs in red ;
he bad vs trow with good intent / his rysyng in euery sted ;
Thyne absens gars thi sauH be shent / and makys the heuy
as led.

299

(71)

But Thomas
still dis-
believes a
bodilly
rising.

Thomas. Thou says soth, harde and heuy / am I to traw
that ye me say ;
Mi hardnes I trow skilfully / for he told vs thus ay,
That his fader was euer hym by / for aH bot oon were thay ;
That he rose bodely / for nothyng trow I may.

303

(72)

Nouenus apostolus. May thou not trow withoutten mo /
for sothe, that it was he ?
Thomas wherto shuld we say so ? / then wenys thou fals
we be.

Thomas. I wote youre hartes was fuH wo / and fownd
with vanyte ;
If ye swere aH and ye were mo / I trow it not or that I se.

306

(73)

Nothing
will con-
vince him
but to feel
Christ's
wounds.

Decimus apostolus. Thomas, of errowre thou blyn / and
tiH vs turne thi mode ;
Trow his rysyng by dayes threyn / sen he died on the rode.
Thomas. Nought bot I myght my fynger wyn / in sted as
nayle stode,
And his syde my hande put in / ther he shed his hart
bloode.

311

(74)

Ihesus. Brethere aH, be with you peasse! / leaffe stryfe
that now is here!

Jesus ap-
pears and
bids Thomas
feel His side.

Thomas, of thyn errowre seasse / of sothe Witnes thou bere;
putt thi hande in my sydc, no fres / ther longeus put his
spere;

loke my rysyng be no les / let no wan-hope the dere. 315

(75)

Thomas. Mercy, ihesu, rew on me / my hande is bloody of
thi blode!

Thomas
cries for
mercy.

Mercy, ihesu, for I se / thi myght that I not vnderstode!

Mercy, ihesu, I pray the / that for aH synfuH died on
roode!

Mercy, ihesu, of mercy fre / for thi goodnes that is so
goode! 319

(76)

kest away my staf wiH I / and wiH no wepyn gang;

Mercy wiH I caH and cry / ihesu that on roode hang;

Rew on me, kyng of mercy / let me not cry thus lang!

Mercy, for the velany / thou tholyd on Iues wiH wrang.

[Fol. 116, b.]

He flings
away his
staff,

(77)

Mi hat wiH I kest away / my mantiH sone onone,
vnto the poore help it may / for richere knawe I none.

hat, and
mantle,

Mercy wiH I abyde, and pray / to the ihesu, alone;

My synfuH dede I rew ay / to the make I my mone. 327

(78)

Mercy, ihesu, lorde swete / for thi fyfe woundys so sare,¹

Thou suffred through handys and feete / thi semely side
a spere it share;

Mercy, ihesu, lord, yit / for thi moder that the bare! 330

Mercy, for the teres thou grett / when thou rasid lazare!

(79)

Mi gyrdiH gay and purs of sylk / and cote away thou shaH;

whils I am werere of swylke / the longere mercy may I caH.

Ihesu, that soke the madyns mylk / ware noght bot clothes
of paH,

gay girdle,
silk purse,
and coat,
that he may
sooner come
to Christ's
mercy.

Thi close so can thai fro the pyke / on roode thay left the
smaH. 335

¹ MS. sore.

(80)

Thomas
cries for
forgiveness.

Mercy, ihesu, honoure of man / mercy, ihesu, mans socoure !
 Mercy, ihesu, rew thi leman / mans sauH, thou boght fuH
 soure !

Mercy, ihesu, that may and can / forgif syn and be socoure !
 Mercy, ihesu, as thou vs wan / forgif and gif thi man
 honoure. 339

(81)

Jesus fore-
tells the
general
resurrec-
tion,

Ihesus. None myght bryng the in that wytt / for oght
 that thay myght say,
 To trow that I myght flytt / fro ded to lyfe to wyn away ;
 My sauH and my cors haue knytt / a knott that last
 shaH ay ; 342

Thus shaH I rase, weH thou wytt / ilk man on domesday.

(82)

when the
faithless
shall be
damned, and
the faithful
and alms-
givers have
heaven as
their reward.

Who so hath not trowid right / to heH I shaH theym lede,
 Ther euer more is dark as nyght / and greatt paynes to
 drede ;

Those that trow in my myght / and luf weH almus dede,
 Thai shaH shyne as son bright / and heuen haue to thare
 mede. 347

(83)

He promises
Thomas
heaven for
his tears and
repentance.

That blys, thomas, I the hete / that is in heuen cytee,
 ffor I se the sore grete / of the I haue pytee ;
 Thomas, for thi teres wete / thi syn forgiffen be,
 Thus shaH synfuH thare synnes bete / that sore haue
 grefyd me. 351

(84)

But blessed
are they who
have not
seen and yet
believe.

Thomas, for thou felys me / and my woundes bare,
 Mi risyng is trowed in the / and so was it not are ;
 AH that it trowes and not se / and dos after my lare,
 Euer blissid mot thay be / and heuen be theym yare! 355

Explicit Thomas Indie.

XXIX.

Ascencio Domini, et cetera.

[1 *thirteen-line stanza*, no. 57, ababb, cbed, eeed : 6 *twelve-line*, no. 1 abab cbeb dede, nos. 6-10 ababb, cbeb, ded ; 1 *nine-line*, no. 58, aaaab, cceb ; 16 *eight-line*, nos. 17-20, aaab cceb, 45-48 aaab aaab, no. 49, abab caca, nos. 50 and 64 abab, acac, nos. 61, 65-8 abab abab ; 1 *seven-line*, no. 16 aab cceb ; 5 *six-line*, nos. 11-13, 15, aa, bb, cc, no. 14, aaaa, bb ; 37 *four-line*, no. 32 aa bb, the rest ab ab.]

[*Dramatis Personae* :

<i>Thomas.</i>		<i>Ihesus.</i>		<i>Maria.</i>
<i>Iohannes Apostolus.</i>		<i>Andreas.</i>		<i>Mathews.</i>
<i>Symon.</i>		<i>Jacobus.</i>		<i>Angeli 1 & 2 etc.]</i>
<i>Petrus.</i>		<i>Philippus.</i>		

Thomas.

(1)

B Rethere aH, that now here bene,
 fforgett' my lorde yit may I nocht ;
 I wote not what it' may mene,
 Bot more I Weyn ther wiH be wroght. 4
Iohannes apostolus. My lord' ihesus wiH wyrk
 his wiH,

Thomas,
 John, Simon
 and Peter,
 express their
 faith and ex-
 pectation.

pleatt we neuer agans his thocht,
 ffor vs ne wyrkes, as it is skyH,
 his hand-warke that he has wroght. 8
symon. Apon his wordes wiH I ryst
 that he his self saide vs vntiH,
 As stedfastly on hym to tryst,
 Mystrust we neuer for goode ne iH. 12

(2)

petrus. In heuen and erthe his myght may be,
 his wytt and his wiH also ;
 The holy gost, brethere, ment he,
 thus wiH he neuer fro vs go. 16

(3)

ffourty dayes now drawes nere
 sen his resurreccyon complete ;
 Afore that wiH he appere,
 thus sodanly not lefe vs yett. 20

(4)

They will
abide in
Bethany to
await what
may befall.

In bethany here let vs abyde,
We knaw not yit what may befall;
peraventur' it may betyde,
he shaH full weH comfortH vs aH.

24

(5)

[Fol. 117, b.]
Jesus ap-
pears and
gives them
peace.

*I*hesus. peasse now, my dere freyndys!
peasse be with you euer and ay!
ffor it aH wrangys amendys;
peasse brethere, sam I say!

28

(6)

He bids
them be of
good cheer.
He must go
from them,
but will send
the Holy
Spirit to
comfort
them.

Brethere, in hartes be nothyng heuy
what tyme that I from you am gone,
I must go from you sone, in hy,
bot neuer the les make ye no mone;
ffor I shaH send to you anone
the holy gost, to comfortH you,
you to wysH in euery wone
I shaH you teH what-wyse and how.
It shalbe for youre prow
that I thus-gatys shaH do;
It has been saide or now
My fader must I to.

32

36

40

(7)

Let them
abide His re-
turn on this
hill.

with hym must I abide and dweH,
ffor so it is his wiH;
ffor youre comfortH thus I you teH,
be ye stedfast for good or iH.
Abide me here right on this hiH
to that I com to you agane,
this forwarde must I nedys fulfiH,
I wiH no longer fro you lane;
And therfor loke that ye be bayn,
and also trew and stedfast,
ffor who soeuer you oght frayn
when that I am past.

44

48

52

hic recedit.

(8)

petrus. ffuH heuy in hart now may we be
 that we oure master saH forgo,
 Bot neuer the les yit saide he
 he wold not dweH fuH lang vs fro.
 What wonder is if we be wo,
 thus sodanly shaH oure master mys,
 And masters on lyfe haue we no mo
 that in this world shuld vs wys.
 he wiH pas furth to blys,
 and leyfe vs here behynde,
 No merueH now it is
 if we mowrne now in oure mynde.

Peter,
 Andrew, and
 Thomas
 think on the
 words of
 Jesus, but
 cannot help
 mourning
 His de-
 parture.

56

60

64

(9)

Andreas. In oure mynde mowrne we may,
 as men that masyd ar and mad,
 And yit also, it is no nay,
 we may be blythe and glad,
 Because of tythyngys that we had,
 that his self can vs say ;
 he bad be blythe and noght adrad,
 ffor he wold not be long away.
 Bot yit' both nyght and day
 oure hartes may be fuH sore,
 As me thynk, by my fay,
 ffor wordes he saide lang ore.

68

72

76

(10)

Thomas. lang ore he saide, fuH openly,
 that he must nedys fro vs twyn,
 And to his fader go in hy,
 to Ioy of heuen that neuer shaH blyn ;
 Therfor we mowrne, both more and myn,
 And mery also yit may we be ;
 he bad vs aH, both outt and in,
 be glad and blythe in ich̄ degre,
 And saide that com shuld he
 to comforth vs kyndly ;
 Bot yit heuy ar we
 to we hym se truly.

80

84

88

(11)

[Fol. 118, a.] *Iacobus.* With ee wold we hym se / oure saveoure crist,
 James and Philip
 mourn also, though they
 remember Jesus' promises.
 goddys son,
 That dyed apou a tre / yit trewe I that we mon¹: 90
 Now god grauntt vs that boyn / that with his bloode vs
 boght,
 To se hym in his throne / as he maide aH of nocht;¹
 his wiH now has he wrought / and gone from vs away,
 As he nocht of vs roght / and therfor mowrne we may. 94

(12)

philippus. We may mowrne, no merueH why / for we
 oure master thus shaft mys,
 That shaft go fro vs sodanly / and we ne wote what
 cause is,¹ 96
 Neuer the les the sothe is this / he saide that he shuld
 com agane
 To bryng vs aH to blys / therof may we be fane.¹
 That commyng wiH vs mych gane / and oure saules aH saue,
 And put vs fro that payn / that we were lyke to haue. 100

(13)

Jesus ap-
 pears and
 comforts
 them.

Ihesus. herkyns to me now, euer ichon) / and here what I
 wiH say,
 ffor I must nedys fro you gone / for thus my fader wiH
 allway,¹ 102
 And therfor peasse be with you ay / where so ye dweH in
 wone,
 And to saue you fro aH fray / my peasse be with you blood
 and bone.¹

I lefe it you bi oon and oone / nocht as the warkt here dos,
 It shalbe true as any stone / to defende you fro youre foos.

(14)

If they love
 Him, they
 will be glad
 that He is
 going to His
 Father.

let not youre hartes be heuy / drede not for any kyns thyng,
 ye haue harde me say fuH playnly / I go, and to you am
 I commyng. 108
 If ye luf me, for-thi / ye shuld be glad of this doying,
 ffor I go fuH securly / to my fader, heuyns kyng;¹
 The which, without lesyng / is mekiH more then I,
 Therfor be ye thus trowyng / when aH is endid fully. 112

¹ The end-rhyme of this couplet is the centre-rhyme of the next couplet.

(15)

ye haue bene of mysbilefe / hard of harte and also of wiht; He reproaches them for their unbelief,
 To theym that my rysyng can prefe / no credence woldt ye
 gif theym tiht; ¹ 114

Mary mawdlayn saide you tiht / that I was rysyn, bot ye
 ne wold

hir trow for good or iht / the trouthe aht if she toldt.¹
 sich harmes in hartes ye hold / and vnstedfast ye ar,
 ye trowid no man of moldt / witnes of my rysyng that bare;

(16)

Therfor ye shaft go tech / in aht this worldt so wyde, and bids them [Fol. 118, b.]
 And to aht the people preche / Who baptym wiht abyde,

And trowe truly 121

Mi dethe and rysyng,

and also myn vpstevynyng,

And also myn agane-commying,

thay shalbe saue suerly. 125

preach throughout the world. Those that believe shall be saved,

(17)

And Who trowys not this

That now rehersyht is,

he shalbe dampned, Iwys,

ffor veniance and for wreke. 129

Tokyns, for sothe, shaft bene

Of those that trow, withoutten weyn;

Devyls shaft thay kest out cleyn,

And with new tongys speke. 133

and those that believe not, damned.

The faithful shall cast out devils, speak with new tongues,

(18)

Serpentes shaft thay put away,

And venymus drynk, bi nyght and day,

Shaht not noy theym, as I say;

And where thay lay on handys 137

Of seke men far and nere,

Thay shalbe hole, withoutten dere,

Of aht sekenes and sorowes sere,

Euer in alkyn landys. 141

be proof against serpents and poison, and heal the sick.

¹ The end-ryme of this quartlet or couplet is the centre-ryme of the next couplet.

(19)

Jesus bids
the Apostles
abide in
Jerusalem
for His
Father's
promise.

And therfor now I byd that ye
Go not from ierosolyme,
Bot abide the behest of my fader fre

145

In land ay whore,
That ye haue hard here of me ;
ffor Iohn baptist', dere in degre,
In water forsoth baptysid me

Now here before;

149

(20)

They are to
baptize men
in every
land, in the
Holy Spirit.

And ye certan in euery coste
shaH baptise in the holy goost,
Thrug vertue of hym that is the moost

153

lord god of myght,
within few dayes now folowyng ;

And herof merueH ye nothyng,
ffor this shalbe his awne wyrkyng,
shewyd in youre sight.

157

& recedit ab eis.

(21)

Peter,
Andrew, and
James renew
their mourn-
ing. They
are in fear of
the Jews.

petrus. ffarlee may we fownde and fare
for myssyng of oure master *iñesus* ;
Oure hartys may sygh and be full sare,
thise Iues *with* wreke thay waten vs.

161

(22)

Vs to tray and teyn
ar thay abowte bi nyght and day ;
ffor ihesu that is so seldom sene,
as masid men mowrne we may.

165

(23)

[Fol. 119, a.]

Andreas. Mowrnyng makys vs masid and madt,
as men that lyff in drede ;
ffuH comforthles ar we stadt
for myssyng of hym that vs shuld lede.

169

(24)

Iacobus. Thise Iues that folow thare faythles wiH,
and demed oure master to be ded,
With mayn and mode they wold hym spiH,
if thay wist how, in towne or sted.

173

(25)

Iohannes. let keep vs fro thare carpyng kene,
and com bot lytyH in thare sight ;
Oure master wiH com when we leest weyn,
he wiH vs rewle and redt fuH right. 177

John has
faith in
Jesus'
coming.

(26)

Thomas. Of this carpyng now no more,
It drawes nygh the tyme of day ;
At oure mette I wold we wore,
he sende vs socowre that best may. 181

(27)

Maria. socowre sone he wiH you sende,
If ye truly in hym wiH traw ;
youre mone mekely wiH he amende,
My brethere dere, this may ye knawe. 185

Mary speaks
of the faith-
fulness of
her Son.

(28)

The hestys hygħly that he me hight
he has fulfillid in worde and dede ;
he gabbyd neuer bi day nor nyght,
ffor-thi, dere brethere, haue no drede. 189

(29)

Matheus. Certys, lady, thou says fuH wele ;
he wiH vs amende, for so he may ;
we haue fon sothe euerilka dele
AH that euer we hard hym say. 193

(30)

Ihesus. peter, and ye my derlyngys dere,
As masid men me thynk ye ar ;
holly to yor I haue shewyd here
To bryng youre hartys from care ; 197

Jesus ap-
pears and
exhorts
them again.

(31)

In care youre hartys ar cast,
And in youre trowth not trew ;
In hardnes youre hartys ar fast,
As men that no wytt knew. 201

(32)

sende was I for youre sake / fro my fader dere,
fflesh and blode to take / of a madyn so clere ;
sythen to me ye soght / and holly felowid me,
Of wonders that I haue wrought / som haue I letten you se.

[Fol. 119, b.]

(33)

He recalls
His mighty
works,

The dombe, the blynde as any stone,
I helyd ther I cam by,
The dede I rasid anone,
Thruȝh my myght truly;

209

(34)

And othere warkys, that wonderfuȝ wore,
I wroght wisely befor you aȝ;
My payn, my passion, I told before,
holly thrug outt as it shuld faȝ;

213

(35)

contrasts
Mary's faith
with their
doubts,

Mi rysyng on the thryd day,
As ye bi tokyns many oone haue sene;
youre trouth truly had bene away
had not my blissid moder bene.

217

(36)

In hir it restyd aȝ this tyde,
youre dedys ye ow greatly to shame;
here may ye se my woundys wyde,
how that I boght you out of blame.

221

(37)

and reminds
John that
she is en-
trusted to
his care.

Bot, Ioȝn, thynk when I hang on rud
That I betoke the mary mylde;
kepe hir yit wiȝh stabuȝh mode,
she is thi moder and thou hir childe.

225

(38)

loke thou hir luf, and be hir freynde,
and abide wiȝh hir in weȝh and wo,
ffor to my fader now wiȝh I weynde,
thar none of you ask wheder I go.

229

(39)

Philip asks
to be shown
the Father.

philippus. lord, if it be thi wiȝh,
shew vs thi fader we the pray;
we have bene wiȝh the in good and iȝh,
and sagȝh hym neuer nyght ne day.

233

(40)

Jesus
answers, He
who sees Me,
sees the
Father

Ihesus. philipp̄, that man that may se me
he seys my fader fuȝh of myght;
Trowys thou not he dwellys in me
and I in hym if thou trow riȝht?

237

(41)

In his howse ar dyuerse place,
I go to ordan for you now ;
ye shaft aH be fulfillyd with grace,
the holy goost I shaft sende you.

He pro-
mises them
the Holy
Spirit,

241

(42)

he shaft you in youre hartys wyse
In worde and dede, as I you say ;
With aH my hart I you blys—
My moder, my brethere, haue aH good day !

[Fol. 120, a.]

245

Tunc vadit ad ascendendum.

(43)

ffader of heuen, with good intent,
I pray the here me specyally ;
ffrom heuen tiH ertH thou me sent
Thi name to preche and claryfy.

prays to the
Father,

249

(44)

thi wiH haue I done, aH and som,
In erthe wiH I no longere be ;
Obyn the clowdes, for now I com
In ioy and blys to dweH with the.

and bids the
clouds open
to receive
Him.

253

*& sic ascendit, cantantibus angelis " Ascendo ad patrem
meum."*

(45)

primus angelus. ye men of galylee,
wherfor merueH ye ?
hevyn behold and se
how iHesus vp can weynde
vnto his fader fre,
where he syttys in maieste,
With hym ay for to be
In blys withoutten ende.

Angels pro-
claim His
ascension,

257

261

(46)

And as ye sagH hym sty
Into heuen on hy,
In flesh and feH in his body
ffrom erthe now here,

and foretell
His return to
judge the
world.

265

Right so shaft he, securly,
 Com downe agane truly,
 with his woundys blody,
 To deme you aH in fere. 269

(47)

He is God
 Almighty,

secundus angelus, MerueH haue no wight,
 No wonder of this sight,
 ffor it is thugh his myght,
 That aH thyng may. 273

What so he wiH by day or nyght,
 In heH, medyH-ertH, and on hight,
 Or yit in derknes or in light,
 withhoutten any nay; 277

(48)

ffor he is god aH weldand,
 heuen and heH, both se and sand,
 wod and water, fowH, fysH and land,
 AH is at his wiH; 281

he haldys aH thyng in his hand
 that in this world is lyfand,
 Then nedys ye noght be meruelland.
primus angelus. And for this skyH, 285

(49)

[Fol. 120, b.] Ryght as he from you dyd weynde

and shall
 come again
 in judgment.

so com agane he shaft,
 In the same manere at last ende,
 To deme both greatt and smaH. 289

secundus angelus. Who so his byddyng wiH obey,
 And thare mys amende,
 With hym shaft haue blys on hy,
 And won ther withhoutten ende. 293

(50)

And who that wyrk amys,
 And theym amende wiH neuer,
 shaft neuer com in heuen blys,
 Bot to heH banyshed for euer. 297

- Maria.* A selcouth sight yonder now is,
Behold now, I you pray!
A clowde has borne my chylde to blys,
Mi blyssyng bere he euer and ay!
301
(51)
- Bot,* son, thynk on thi moder dere,
That thou has laft emangys thi foes!
swete son, lett me not dweH here,
let me go with the where thou goes.
305
(52)
- Bot,* Ioĥn, on the is aH my trast,
I pray the forsake me noght.
Iohannes. lefe marye, be noght abast,
ffor thi wiH shaH ay be wroght.
309
(53)
- here may we se and fuH weH know
That he is god most of myght;
In hym is good, we trawe,
holly to serue hym day and nyght.
313
(54)
- petrus.* A meruellous sight is yone,
That he thus sone is taken vs fro;
fro his fomen is he gone
with outten help of othere mo.
317
(55)
- Matheus.* Where is iĥesus, oure master dere,
that here with vs spake right now?
Iacobus. A wonderfuH sight, men may se here,
my brethere dere, how thynk you?
321
(56)
- Thomas.* we thynk it wonder aH,
that oure master shuld thus go;
After his help I red we caH,
That we may haue som tokyn hym fro.
325
(57)
- Bartholomeus.* A more merueH men neuor saw
then now is sene vs here emang;
ffrom ertĥ tiH heuen a man be draw
With myrth of angeH sang.
329

Mary calls
on her as-
cended Son.

She bids
John not to
forsake her.
He comforts
her.

The disciples
marvel at the
ascension of
Jesus.

[Fol. 121, a.
Sig. 8. 1.]

ffrom vs, me thynk, he is full lang,¹
 and yit longere I trow he wiþ;
 Alas! my hart it is so strang¹
 that I ne may now wepe my fiþ

Alone and
 suddenly
 Jesus as-
 cended from
 them.

Anone.

334

A wonder sight it was to se
 When he stevyd vp so sodanly
 To his fader in maieste,
 By his self alone.

338

(58)

Matheus. Alon, for soþne, vp he went / into heuen tiþ
 his fader,
 And noman wyst what he ment / nor how he dyd of no
 manere,
 so sodanly he was vp hent / in flesþ and feþ fro ertþ vp
 here ;
 he saide his fader for hym sent / that maide vs aþ to be
 in dwere

This nyght ;

343

Neuer the les full weþ wote we
 As that he wiþ so must it be,
 ffor aþ thyng is in his pauste,
 And that is right.

347

(59)

Mary blesses
 her Child.

Maria. Aþ myghty god, how may this be?
 a clowde has borne my childe to blys ;
 Now bot that I wote wheder is he,
 my hart wold breke, weþ wote I this.

351

(60)

his stevynyng vp to blys in hy,
 it is the *source* of aþ my Ioyes ;

May He save
 her from the
 Jews.

Mi blyssyng, barne, light on thi body !
 let neuer thi moder be spylt wiþ Iues.

355

(61)

Take me to the, my son so heynd,
 and let me neuer wiþ Iues be lorne ;
 help, for my son luf, Iohn, son kynde,
 for ferde that I with Iues be torne.

For His sake
 John must
 help her.

359

¹ MS. long, strong.

- Mi flesh it quakys as lefe on lynde,
 to shontt the showres sharper then thorne ;
 help me, Iohn, if thou be kynde,
 my son myssyng makys me to mowrne. 363
- (62)
- Iohannes.* youre seruande, lady, he me maide,
 and bad me kepe you ay to qweme ;
 Blythe were I, lady, myght I the glad,
 and with my myght I shaH the yeme. 367
- (63)
- Therfor be ferd for nokyn thyng
 for oght that Iues wold do you to ;
 I shaH be bayn at youre byddyng,
 as my lorde bad, your seruande lo ! 371
- (64)
- Maria.* Glad am I, Iohn, Whils I haue the ;
 more comforth bot my son can I none craue ;
 so covers thou my care, and carpys vnto me,
 whils I the se, euer am I safe. 375
- Was none, safe my son, more trusty to me,
 therfor his grace saH neuer fro the go ;
 he shaH the qwyte, that died on a tre,
 weH mendys thou my mode, when I am in wo. 379
- (65)
- simon.* let hy vs fro this hiH, and to the towne weynde,
 for fere of the Iues, that spitus ar & prowde ;
 With oure dere lady, I red that we weynd,
 and pray tiH hir dere son, here apon lowde. 383
- To hir buxumly I red that we bende,
 syn hir dere son fro vs is gone in a clowde,
 And hertely in hast haylse we that heynde,
 To oure master is she moder, semely in shrowde. 387
- (66)
- A, marie so mylde, the myssid we haue ;
 Was neuer madyn so menskfuH here apon molde
 As thou art, and moder cleyne, bot this wold we craue,
 If this were ihesu, thi son, that Iudas has sold, 391

She is
trembling
like a leaf.

John com-
forts her.

He will be
at her bid-
ding.

[Fol. 121, b.]

Mary feels
safe with
him.

Her Son will
requite him.

Simon pro-
poses to go
to the town
for fear of
the Jews.
They must
show rever-
ence to Mary
as their
Master's
mother.

He asks if
He who as-
cended was
her Son
Jesus, whom
Judas sold.

Shew vs the sothe, vs aH may it saue ;
we pray the, dere lady, layn that thou nolĳ,
Bot speH vs oure spyryng, or els mon we rafe,
Bot thou witterly vs wysĥ, so fayn wyt we wold. 395

(67)

Mary pro-
claims that
He who was
born of her
bosom. was
God and
Man, and
bids them
teach this.

Maria. peter, andrew, Iohn, and Iamys the gent,
Symon, Iude, and bartilmew the bold,
And aH my brethere dere, that ar on this bent,
Take tent to my tayH, tiH that I haue told 399
Of my dere son, what I haue mentt,
That hens is hevydĳ to his awne hold ;
he taght you the trouthē, or he to heuen went ;
he was borne of my bosom as his self woldĳ. 403

(68)

he is god and man that stevynd into heuen ;
preche thus to the pepyH that most ar in price.
Sekys to thare savyng, ye apostilles eleven,
To the Iues of Ierusalem as youre way lyse, 407
say to the cyte as I can here neuē,
teH the warkys of my son warly and wyse ;
Byd theym be stedfast & lysten your steuen,
or els be thay dampned as men full of vyce. 411

* * * * *

Here is a gap of 12 leaves, in the MS., from Sig. s. 1. to sig. t. 6.

XXX.

[Iudicium.]

[42 nine-line stanzas ; aaaab, cccb ; 23 eight-line, ab, ab, ab, ab ;
2 six-line, no. 63, ababab, no. 2 aab, ccb ; 9 four-line, aaaa,¹
no. 65, ab ab ; 5 couplets and 2 lines of Latin.]

[Incomplete.]

[Dramatis Personae.

Primus Malus.
Secundus Malus.
Tercius Malus.
Quartus Malus.
Primus Angelus.

Primus Demon.
Secundus Demon.
Tutiwillus.
Jesus.

Primus Bonus.
Secundus Bonus.
Tercius Bonus.
Quartus Bonus.]

[*Secundus Malus.*]

(1)

[Fol. 122, a.]

ffuH darfe has bene oure deede / for thi commen is oure
care ;

Secundus Malus la-
ments. The
horn has
sounded that
calls to
Judgment.

This day to take oure mede / for nothyng may we spare.

Alas, I harde that horne / that callys vs to the dome,

AH that euer were borne / thider behofys theym com. 4

May nathere lande ne se / vs fro this dome hide,

ffor ferde fayn wold I fle / bot I must nedys abide ;

Alas, I stande great aghe / to loke on that Iustyce,

Ther may no man of lagh / help with no quantyce.

8

vokettys ten or twelfe / may none help at this nede,

Bot ilk man for his self / shaH answeere for his dede.

10

No lawyer
nor advocate
may save
men by
quibbles.
Each must
answer for
himself.

(2)

Alas, that I was borne !

I se now me beforne,

That lord with Woundys fyfe ;

13

how may I on hym loke,

That falsly hym forsoke,

When I led synfuH lyfe ?

16

(3)

Tercius malus. Alas, carefuH catyfys may we ryse,

sore may we wryng oure handys and wepe ;

ffor cursid and sore covytyse

dampnyd be we in heH fuH depe.

20

¹ The *aaaa* lines have central rymes markt here by bars / not in the MS.

Tercius Ma-
lus bemoans
his wicked
works.

Roght we neuer of godys seruyce,
his commaundementys wold we not kepe,
Bot oft tymes maide we sacrifice
to sathanas when othere can slepe. 24

(4)

Alas! now wakyns aH oure were,
oure wykyd Warkys can we not hide,
Bot on oure bakys we must theym bere,
that wiH vs soroo on ilka syde. 28

Oure dedys this day wiH do vs dere,
Oure domysman here we must abide,
And feyndys, that wiH vs felly fere,
thare pray to haue vs for thare pride. 32

(5)

All that ear
has heard
or heart
thought,
mouth
spoken or
eye seen, is
now brought
before them.

Brynly before vs be thai broght,
oure dedys that shaH dam vs bidene;
That eyre has harde, or harte thoght,
that mowthe has spokyn, or ee sene, 36
That foote has gone, or hande wroght,
in any tyme that we may mene;
ffuH dere this day now bees it boght.
alas! vnborne then had I bene! 40

(6)

Quartus Ma-
lus has heard
the horn.
Would he
were un-
born!

Quartus malus. Alas, I am forlorne! / a spytus blast here
blawes!
I harde weH bi yonde horne / I wote wherto it drawes;
I wold I were vnborne / alas! that this day dawes!
Now mon be dampnyd this morne / my warkys, my dedys,
my sawes. 44

(7)

His wicked-
ness is
known, and
may not be
hid.

Now bees my curstnes kyd / alas! I may not layn
AH that euer I dyd / it bees put vp fuH playn.
That I wold fayn were hyd / my synfuH wordys and vayn,
ffuH new now mon be rekynynd / vp to me agayn. 48

(8)

[Fol. 122, b.]
He would
fain flec.

Alas! fayn wold I fle / for dedys that I haue done,
Bot that may now not be / I must abyde my boyn;
I trowed neuer to have sene this dredfuH day thus soyn;
Alas! what shaH I say When he sittys in his trone? 52

(9)

To se his Woundys bledande / this is a dulfuH case ;
 Alas ! how shaH I stand / or loke hym in the face ?
 So curtes I hym fand / that gaf me life so lang a space ;
 Mi care is aH command / alas ! where was my grace ? 56

How shall
 he look on
 Christ's
 face ?

(10)

Alas ! catyffys vnkynde / where on was oure thoght ?
 Alas ! where on was oure mynde / so wykyd warkys we
 Wroght ? 58

To se how he Was pynde / how dere oure luf he boght,
 Alas ! we were fuH blynde / now ar we wars then noght.

(11)

Alas ! my couetyse / myn yH wiH, and myn Ire !
 Mi neghbur to dispise / most was my desyre ; 62
 I demyd euer at my deuyse / me thoght I had no peyre,
 With my self sore may I grise / now am quytt my hyre.

Alas for his
 covetous-
 ness, and all
 his sins.

(12)

Where I was wonte to go / and haue my Wordys at wiH,
 Now am I set fuH thro / and fayn to hold me stiH ;
 I went both to and fro / me thoght I did neuer iH,
 Mi neghburs for to slo / or hurt withoutten skiH. 68

(13)

Wo worthi euer the fader / that gate me to be borne !
 That euer he lete me stir / bot that I had bene forlorne ;
 Warid be my moder / and warid be the morne
 That I was borne of hir / alas, for shame and skorne ! 72

Cursed be
 father and
 mother, and
 the day he
 was born !

(14)

primus angelus, cum gladio.

stand not togeder, parte in two !
 aH sam shaH ye not be in blys ;
 Oure lorde of heuen wiH it be so,
 for many of you has done amys ; 76
 On his right hand ye good shaH go,
 the way tiH heuen he shaH you wys ;
 ye wykid saules ye weynd hym fro,
 on his left hande as none of his. 80

The first
 angel parts
 the good
 from the
 bad.

(15)

Ihesus. The tyme is commen, I wiH make ende,
 my fader of heuen wiH it so be,
 Therfor tiH ertHe now wiH I weynde,
 my self to sytt in maieste. 84

Jesus takes
 His way to
 earth.

He comes,
in His body,
to deal judg-
ment.

To dele my dome I wiH discende,
this body wiH I bere wiH me,
how it was dight mans mys to amende
aH mans kynde ther shaft it se.

88

(16)

[Fol. 123, a.]

The first
demon has
heard the
horn :

primus demon. Oute, haro, out, out! / harkyn to this
horne,

I was neuer in dowte / or now at this morne ;
So sturdy a showte / sen that I was borne
hard I neuer here abowte / in ernyst ne in skorne,

A wonder!

93

I was bonde fuH fast

at the sound
of it his
bonds broke
asunder.

In yrens for to last,
Bot my bandys thai brast

And shoke aH in sonder.

97

(17)

The second
demon shook
for dread ;

secundus demon. I shoterd and shoke / I herd sich a rerd,

When I harde it I qwote / for aH that I lerd,

Bot to swere on a boke / I durst not aperd ;

I durst not loke / for aH meditt-erd,

ffuH payH ;

102

but all his
grinning
helped no-
thing.

Bot gyrned and gnast,

my force did I frast,

Bot I wroght aH wast,

It myght not auayH.

106

(18)

They tell
each other
of their
fright.

primus demon. It was like to a trumpe / it had sich a
sownde ;

I feH on a lumpe / for ferd that I swonde.

secundus demon. There I stode on my stumpe / I stakerd
that stownde,

There chachid I the crumpe / yit held I my grounde

halfe nome.

111

Their gear
must be got
ready, for
they are like
to have war.
Doomsday is
come, and
the souls
have fled
from hell.

primus demon. Make redy oure gere,

we ar like to haue were,

ffor now dar I swere

That domysday is comme ;

115

(19)

ffor aH oure saules ar wente / and none ar in heH.

secundus demon. Bot we go we ar shente / let vs not
dweH,

It sittys you to tente / in this mater to meH,
 As a pere in a parlamente / what case so befeH ;
 It is nedefuH 120
 That ye tente to youre awne,
 What draught so be drawne,
 If the courte be knawen
 the Iuge is right dredfuH. 124

The second demon tells the first that he must get to the Court, like a peer to Parliament.

(20)

primus demon. ffor to stand thus tome / thou gars me grete.
secundus demon. let vs go to this dome / vp watlyn strete.
primus demon. I had leuer go to rome / yei thryse, on my fete,
 Then forto grefe yonde grome / or with hym forto mete ;
 ffor wysely 129
 he spekys on trete,
 his paustee is grete,
 bot begyn he to threte
 he lokys fuH grisly. 133

Up Watling Street will be the way, but they would rather make three pilgrimages to Rome.

(21)

Bot fast take oure rentals / hy, let vs go hence !
 ffor as this fals / the great sentence.
secundus demon. Thai ar here in my dals / fast stand We [Fol. 123, b.]
 to fence,
 Agans thise dampnyd sauls / Without repentence,
 And Iust. 138
primus demon. how so the gam crokys,
 Examyn oure bokys.
secundus demon. here is a bag fuH, lokys,
 of pride and of lust, 142

They must take their books with them, to give evidence against the damned souls.

(22)

Of Wraggers and wears / a bag fuH of brefes,
 Of carpars and cryars / of mychers and thefes,
 Of lurdans and lyars / that no man lefys,
 Of flytars, of flyars / and renderars of reffys ;
 This can I, 147
 Of alkyn astates
 that go bi the gatys,
 Of poore pride, that god hatys,
 Twenty so many. 151

They have bags full of all kinds of sinners.

(23)

The first demon asks if there is anger in their bill; if so, his fellow shall have a drink.

primus demon. peasse, I pray the, be stiH / I laghe that I
kynke,

Is oghT Ire in thi biH / and then shaH thou drynke.

secundus demon. sir, so mekiH ih wiH / that thai wold
synke

There is anger and treachery too.

Thare foes in a fyere stiH / bot not aH that I thynke
dar I say,

156

Bot before hym he prase hym,

behynde he mys-sase hym,

Thus dowbiH he mase hym,

thus do thai today.

160

(24)

Is there anything recorded against the feminine gender?

primus demon. has thou oghT Writen there / of the
femynyn gendere?

secundus demon. yei, mo then I may bere / of rolles forto
render ;

More rolls full than he can carry.

Thai ar sharp as a spere / if thai seme bot slender ;

Thai ar euer in were / if thai be tender,

yH fetykT ;

165

she that is most meke,

When she semys fuH seke,

she can rase vp a reke

if she be weH nettykT.

169

(25)

The second demon is praised as a good servant, and bids his master hurry.

primus demon. Thou art the best hyne / that euer cam
beside vs.

secundus demon. yei, bot go we, master myne / yit wold I
we hyde vs ;

Thai haue blowen lang syne / thai wiH not abide vs ;

We may lightly tyne / and then wiH ye chide vs

Togeder.

174

primus demon. Make redy oure tolys.

ffor we dele with no folys.

secundus demon. sir, aH clerkys of oure scolys

ar bowne furth theder ;

178

(26)

Had Doomsday been delayed, they must have built hell bigger.

Bot, sir, I teH you before / had domysday oght taridT

We must haue biggidT heH more / the world is so warid.

primus demon. Now gett we dowbiĥ store / of bodys
 myscarid^t The first
demon
thinks of the
bodies and
souls to be
harried.
 To the soules where thai wore / both sam to be harrid.
secundus demon. Thise rolles 183
 Ar of bakbytars, [Fol. 124, a.]
 And fals quest-dytars,
 I had no help of writars
 bot thise two dalles.¹ 187

(27)

ffaithe and trowth, maffay / has no fete to stande ; Faith and
truth are
weak, and
the fear of
God per-
ished.
 The poore pepyĥ must pay / if oght be in hande,
 The drede of god is away / and lawe out of lande.
*primus demon*¹. By that wist I that domysday / was nere
 hande
 In seson. 192
*secundus demon*¹. Sir, it is saide in old sawes—
 the longere that day dawes—
 ‘ Wars pepiĥ wars lawes.’ The proverb
tells us that
people and
laws ever
grow worse.
*primus demon*¹. I lagĥ at thi reson ; 196

(28)

Alle this was token / domysday to drede ; All this was
a sign of
judgment.
 ffuĥ oft was it spokyn / fuĥ few take hede ;
 Bot now shaĥ we be wrokyn / of thare falshede,
 ffor now bese vnlokyn / many dern dede
 In Ire ; 201
 Ah thare synnes shaĥ be knawen,²
 Othere mens, then thare awne.
Secundus demon. Bot if this draught be weĥ drawn
 don is in the myre. 205
If their
draught be
not well
drawn,
“Dun is in
the mire.”

(29)

Tutivillus. Whi spir ye not, sir / no questyons ? Tutivillus
accosts
them, and
is greeted as
the first
devil's own
officer.
 I am oone of youre ordir / and oone of youre sons ;
 I stande at my tristur / when othere men shones.
*primus demon*¹. Now thou art myn awne querestur / I wote
 where thou wonnes ;

¹ The ryme needs “dolles.”

² MS. knowen.

- Tutivillus
has been
tollsmān and
registrar for
the devil,
and is now
master
lollard.
- do tell me. 210
- Tutiwillus.* I was youre chefe tollare,
And sithen courte rollar,
Now am I master lollar,
And of sich men I meH me. 214
- (30)
- He has
sometimes
brought in
more than
ten thousand
souls in an
hour.
- I haue broght to youre hande / of saules, dar I say,
Mo than ten thowsand ¹ / in an howre of a day ;
som at ayH-howse I fande / and som of ferray,
som cursid, som bande / som yei, som nay ;
so many 219
- Thus broght I on blure,
thus did I my cure.
*primus demon*¹. Thou art the best sawgeoure
that euer had I any. 223
- (31)
- He has
hunted them
till he is
tired.
- Tutiwillus.* here a roH of ragman / of the rownde tabiH,
Of breffes in my bag, man / of synnes dampnabiH ;
vnethes may I wag, man / for wery in youre stabiH
Whils I set my stag, man. /
secundus demon. abide, ye ar abiH 228
- To take wage ;
- [Fol. 124, b.] Thou can of cowrte thew,
The demons
compliment
him.
- Bot lay downe the dewe
ffor thou wiH be a shrew,
be thou com at age. 232
- (32)
- He tells of
the fools who
dress finely,
and leave
their chil-
dren bread-
less.
- Tutiwillus.* here I be gesse / of many nyce hoket,
Of care and of curstnes / hethyng and hoket,
Gay gere and witles / his hode set on koket,
As prowde as pennyles / his slefe has no poket,
ffuH redles ; 237
- With thare hemmyd shoyn,
AH this must be done,
Bot syre is out at hye noyn
And his barnes bredeles. 241
- (33)
- A horne and a duch ax / his slefe must be flekyt,
A syde hede and a fare fax / his gowne must be spekytt,
- ¹ MS. XMI.

- Thus toke I youre tax / thus ar my bookys blekyt.
primus demon. Thou art best on thi wax / that euer was
 clekyt,
 or knawen ;¹ 246
- with wordes wiH thou fiH vs,
 bot teH thi name tiH vs.
Tutiuiillus. Mi name is tutiuillus,
 my horne is blawen ; 250
- ffragmina verborum* / *tutiullus colligit horum*,
Belzabub alorum / *belial belium doliorum*.
 (34)
- secundus demon*. What, I se thou can of gramory / and
 som what of arte ;
 had I bot a penny / on the wold^d I warte.
Tutiuiillus. Of femellys a quantite / here fynde I parte.
primus demon^l. Tutiuiillus, let se / goddys forbot thousparte!
Tutiuiillus. so Ioly 255
- Ilka las in a lande
 like a lady nerehande,
 So fresh and so plesande,
 makys men to foly. 259
- (35)
- If she be neuer so fowH a dowde / with hir keHes and hir
 pynnes,
 The shrew hir self can shrowde / both hir chekys and hir
 chynnes ;
 she can make it fuH prowde / with iapes and with gynnes,
 hir hede as hy as a clowde / bot no shame of hir synnes
 Thai fele ; 264
- When she is thus paynt,
 she makys it so quaynte,
 She lookys like a saynt,
 And wars then the deyle. 268
- (36)
- she is hornyd like a kowe / fon syn,
 The cuker hyngys so side now / furrid with a cat skyn,
 AH thise ar for you / thai ar comen of youre kyn.
Secundus demon^l. Now, the best body art thou / that euer
 cam here in. [Fol. 125, a.
 Sig. V. 1.]

¹ MS. knowen.

- It is fashion-
able for
them to
break their
wedlock. *Tutiullus.* An vsage, 273
swilk dar I vndertake,
makys theym breke thare wedlake,
And lif in syn for hir sake,
And breke thare awne spowsage. 277
(37)
- More than a
thousand
false swear-
ers shall
come to hell, yit a poynt haue I fon / I teH you before,
That fals swerars shaft hider com / mo then a thowsand¹
skore ;
In sweryng thai grefe godys son / and pyne hym more
and more,
Therfor mon thai with vs won / in heH for euer more.
I say thus, 282
- raisers of
false taxes
and gather-
ers of green
wax. That rasers of the fals tax,
And gederars of greyn wax,
Diabolus est mendax
Et pater eius. 286
(38)
- He must not
forget the
new fashion
of padding
the shoul-
ders with
moss and
flock. yit a poynte of the new gett / to teH wiH I not blyn,
Of prankyd gownes & shulders vp set / mos & flokkys
sewyd wyth in ;
To vse sich gise thai wiH not let / thai say it is no syn,
Bot on sich pilus I me set / and clap thaym cheke and
chyn,
no nay. 291
- dauid in his sawtere says thus,
That to heH shaft thai trus,
Cum suis adinuencionibus,
for onys and for ay. 295
(39)
- "Kirk-
chaterers"
and lovers of
simony he
drags to hell
out of the
churches. yit of thise kyrkchaterars / here ar a menee,
Of barganars and okerars / and lufars of symonee,
Of runkers and rowners / god castys thaym out, trulee,
ffrom his temple aH sich mysdoers / I each thaym then to me
ffuH soyn ; 300
- ffor writen I wote it is
In the gospeH, withoutten mys,
Et eam fecistis
Speluncam latronum. 304

¹ MS. M¹.

(40)

yit of the synnes seven¹ / som thyng speciaH
 now nately to neven / that renys ouer aH ;
 These laddys thai leven / as lordys riaH,
 At ee to be even / picturde in paH

Something
 special must
 be said too
 of the seven
 deadly sins.

As kyngys ;

309

May he dug hym a doket,
 A kodpese like a pokett,
 hym thynke it no hoket

his tayH when he Wryngys.

313

(41)

his luddokkys thai lowke / like walk-mylne cloggys,
 his hede is like a stowke / hurlyd as hoggys,
 A woH blawen bowke / thise fryggys as froggys,
 This Ielian Iowke / dryfys he no doggys

To felter ;

318

Bot with youre yelow lokkys,
 ffor aH youre many morkkys,
 ye shaH clym on heH crokkys

With a halpeny heltere.

322

(42)

And neH With hir nyfys / of crisp and of sylke,
 Tent weH youre twyfys / youre nek abowte as mylke ;
 With youre bendys and youre bridyls / of sathan, the
 whilke

[Fol. 125, b.]

sir sathanas Idyls / you for tha ilke

This giH knaue ;

327

It is open behynde,
 before is it pynde,

Bewar of the West wynde

youre smok lest it wafe.

331

(43)

Of Ire and of enuy / fynde I herto,
 Of couetyse and glotony / and many other mo ;
 Thai caH and thai cry / go we now, go !
 I dy nere for dry / and ther syt thai so

Anger, envy,
 covetous-
 ness,
 gluttony.

¹ MS. vij.

- AH nyght ; 336
- With hawveH and IawveH,
syngyng of lawveH,
Thise ar howndys of heH,
That is thare right. 340
- (44)
- Sloth that makes the sluggard wish the clerk hanged when the bells ring to church. In slewthe then thai syn / goddys warkys thai not Wyrke ;
To belke thai begyn / and spew that is irke ;
his hede must be holdyn / ther in the myrke,
Then deffys hym with dyn / the bellys of the kyrke,
When thai clatter ; 345
- he wishys the clerke hanged¹
ffor that he rang it,
Bot thar hym not lang it,
What commys ther after. 349
- (45)
- Harlots, whores, and bawds, And ye Ianettys of the stewys / and lychoures on lofte,
youre baiH now brewys / avowtrees full ofte,
youre gam now grewys / I shaH you set softe,
youre sorow enewes / com to my crofte
AH ye ; 354
- AH harlottys and horres,
And bawdys that procures,
To bryng thaym to lures,
Welcom to my see ! 358
- (46)
- liars, scolds, extortioners, usurers, backbiters, are all welcome to hell. ye lurdans and lyars / mychers and thefes,
fflytars and flyars / that aH men reprefes,
Spolars, extorcyonars / Welcom, my lefes !
ffals Iurars and vsurars / to symony that cleveys,
To teH ; 363
- hasardars and dysars,
ffals dedys forgars,
Slanderars, bakbytars,
AH vnto heH. 367
- (47)
- [Fol. 126, a. Sig. V. 2.]
The increase of the wicked made the first demon think the end was nigh. *primus demon.* When I harde many swilke / many
spytus and feH,
And few good of ilke / I had merueH,
I trowd it drew nere the prik. /

¹ The ryme needs "hangit."

Secundus demon. sir, a worde of counseH ;
 saules cam so thyk / now late vnto heH
 As euer ; 372
 Oure porter at heH yate
 Is haldyn so strate,
 vp erly and downe late,
 he rystys neuer. 376

Of late soules
 have so
 crowded to
 hell, that the
 porter has
 been hard
 worked.

(48)

primus demon. Thou art pereles of tho / that euer yit
 knew I,
 when I WiH may I go / if thou be by ;
 Go we now, We two. /

The two
 demons
 make their
 way to the
 Judgment
 Hall, with
 their rolls

Secundus demon. syr, I am redy.

primus demon. Take oure rolles also, / ye knawe the
 cause Why ;
 do com 381

And tent weH this day.

Secundus demon. sir, as weH as I may.

Primus Demon. Qui vero mala

In ignem eternum. 385

(49)

Ihesus. Ilka creatoure take tente

What bodworde I shaH you bryng,
 This wykyd warld away is wente,
 and I am commyn as crownyd kyng ;
 Mi fader of heuen has me downe sente,
 to deme youre dedys and make endyng ;

Jesus an-
 nounces His
 advent as
 King come
 to judg-
 ment.

Commen is the day of Iugemente,

of sorrow may euery synfuH syng. 393

(50)

The day is commen of catyfnes,
 aH those to care that ar vncleyn,

The day of bateH and bitternes,
 ffuH long abiden has it beyn ;

The day is
 come, a day
 of dread and
 joy.

The day of drede to more and les,
 of Ioy, of tremlyng, and of teyn,

Ilka wight that wikyd is

may say, alas this day is seyn ! 401

Tunc expandit manus suas & ostendit eis Wlnera sua.

(51)

He shows
the wounds
by which He
bought bliss
for men.

here may ye se my Woundys wide
that I suffred for youre mysdede,
Thruȝ harte, hede, fote, hande and syde,
not for my gilte bot for youre nede. 405
Behald̄ both̄ bak, body, and syde,
how dere I boght youre broder-hede,
Thise bitter paynes I wold̄ abide,
to by you blys thus wold̄ I blede. 409

(52)

He recalls
the scourg-
ing, the
cross, the
crown of
thorns, the
spear that
pierced
Him,

Mi body was skowrgid̄ withoutten skiȝ,
also ther fuȝ throly was I thrett ;
On crosse thai hang me on a hiȝ,
blo and blody thus was I bett ; 413
With crowne of thorne thrastyn fuȝ iȝ,
A spere vnto my harte thai sett ;
Mi harte blode sparid̄ thai not to spiȝ.
man, for thi luf wold̄ I not lett. 417

(53)

the con-
tumely of
the Jews
and His own
patience.

The Iues spytt on me spitusly,
thai sparid̄ me no more then a thefe ;
When thai me smote I stud̄ stilly,
agans thaym did I nokyns grefe. 421
Beholde, mankynde, this ilk am I,
that for the suffred sich myschefe,
Thus was I dight̄ for thi foly,
man, loke thi luf was me fuȝ lefe. 425

(54)

(Fol. 126, b.)
All this He
suffered for
man ; what
has man
suffered for
Him ?

Thus was I dight̄ thi sorow to slake ;
man, thus behovid the borud̄ to be ;
In aȝ my wo toke I no wrake,
my wiȝ it was for luf of the. 429
Man, for sorow aght the to qwake,
this dredfuȝ day this sight to se ;
Aȝ this suffred I for thi sake.
say, man, What suffred̄ thou for me ? 433

Tunc vertens se ad bonos, dicit illis.

(55)

Mi blissid barnes on my right hande,
 youre dome this day thar ye not drede,
 ffor aH youre ioy is now commande,
 youre life in likyng shaH ye lede.

The good
 are sum-
 moned to
 bliss.

437

Commes to the kyngdom ay lastand,
 That you is dight for youre good dede,
 ffuH blithe may ye be there ye stand,
 ffor mekiH in heuen bees youre mede.

441

(56)

When I was hungre ye me fedd,
 To slek my thrist ye war fuH fre ;
 When I was clothles ye me cledd,
 ye Woldd no sorowe on me se ;
 In hardd prison When I was steck
 On my penance ye had pyte ;
 ffuH seke when I was broght in bed,
 kyndly ye cam to comforth me.

They have
 fed Him
 when He
 was hungry
 slaked His
 thirst,
 clothed
 Him, visited
 Him in
 prison and
 sickness,

445

449

(57)

When I was wiH and weriest
 ye harberd me fuH esely,
 ffuH glad then were ye of youre gest,
 Ye plenyd my pouerte fuH pitusly ;
 Belife ye broght me of the best,
 And maide my bed there I shuld ly,
 Therfor in heuen shaH be youre rest,
 In ioy and blys to beldd me by.

given Him
 shelter and
 sympathy ;

453

457

therefore
 they shall
 rest with
 Him in
 heaven.

(58)

primus bonus. lord, When had thou so mekiH nede ?
 hungre or thrusty, how myght it be ?

Secundus bonus. When was oure harte fre the to
 feede ?

When did
 they thus
 succour
 Him? the
 good ask.

In prison When myght We the se ?

461

Tercius bonus. When was thou seke, or wantyd wede ?
 To harbowre the when helpid we ?

Quartus bonus. When had thou nede of oure fordede ?
 when did we aH this dede to the ?

[Fol. 127, a.
 Sig. V. 3.]

465

(59)

Jesus tells
them they
succoured
Him in help-
ing the
needy.

*I*hesus. Mi blissid barnes, I shaſt you say

what tyme this dede was to me done ;

When any that nede had nyght or day,

Askyd you help and had it sone ;

469

youre fre harte saide theym neuer nay,

Erly ne late, myd-day ne noyn,

As ofte-sithes as thai wold^t pray,

Thai thurte bot aske and haue thare boyn.

473

Tunc dicet malis.

(60)

He casts
forth the
wicked to
dwell for
ever in dole.

ye cursid^t catyfs of kames kyn,

That neuer me comforthid^t in my care,

Now I and ye for euer shaſt twyn,

In doyh to dweh for euer mare ;

477

youre bitter bayles shaſt neuer blyn

That ye shaſt thole when ye com thare,

Thus haue ye seruyd for youre syn,

ffor derfe dedys ye haue doyn are.

481

(61)

They chased
Him from
their gate
when He had
need of food ;

When I had myster of mete and drynke,

Catyfs, ye chaste me from youre yate ;

when ye were set as syres on bynke

I stode ther oute wery and Wate,

485

yit none of you Wold^t on me thynke,

To haue pite on my poore astate ;

Therfor to heh I shaſt you synke,

Weh ar ye worthy to go that gate.

489

(62)

When I was seke and soryest

ye viset me noght, for I was poore ;

would not
look how He
fared in
prison ;
drove Him
with blows
from their
doors.

In prison fast when I was fest

wold^t none of you loke how I foore ;

493

When I wist neuer where to rest

With dyntyys ye drofe me from youre doore,

Bot euer to pride then were ye prest,

Mi flesh, my bloode, ye oft for-swore.

497

(63)

[Fol. 127, b.]

Clothles, When that I was cold,
 That nerehande for you yode I nakyd,
 Mi myschefe sagh ye many folde,
 Was none of you my sorowe slakyd ;
 Bot euer forsoke me, yong and olde,
 Therfor shaH ye now be forsakyd.

501

As they for-
 sook Him, so
 shall they
 now be for-
 saken.

503

(64)

primus malus. lorde, when had thou, that aH has,
 hunger or thriste, sen thou god is ¹ ?
 When was that thou in prison was ?
 When was thou nakyd or harberles ?
Secundus malus. When myght we se the seke, alas !
 and kyd the aH this vnkyndnes ?
iiijus malus. When was we let the helples pas ?
 When dyd ye the this wikydnes ?

507

When, they
 ask, have
 they shown
 Him this un-
 kindness ?

511

(65)

iiijus malus. Alas, for doyh this day !
 alas, that euer I it abode !
 Now am I dampned for ay,
 this dome may I not avoyde.

515

(One begins
 his lament,
 ere he hears
 the answer.)

(66)

Ihesus. Catyfs, alas, ofte as it betyde
 that nedefuH oght askyd in my name,
 ye harde thaym noght, youre eeres was hid,
 youre help to thaym was not at hame ;
 To me was that vnkyndnes kyd,
 therfor ye bere this bitter blame,
 To the lest of myne when ye oght dyd,
 to me ye dyd the self and same.

519

Jesus tells
 them the
 unkindness
 they showed
 to the needy
 was shown
 to Him.

523

Tunc dicet bonis.

(67)

Mi chosyn childer, commes to me !
 With me to dweH now shaH ye weynde,
 Ther ioy and blys euer shaH be,
 youre life in lykyng for to leynde.

527

He sum-
 mons the
 good to
 dwell with
 Him in bliss.

*Tunc dicet malis.*¹ Originally 'es,' no doubt.

The wicked
are doomed
to hell.

ye warid Wightys, from me ye fle,
In heH to dweH withoutten ende!
Ther shaft ye noght bot sorow se,
And sit bi sathanas the feynde.

531

(68)

The devils
begin to
drive them.

primus demon. Do now furthe go,¹ / trus, go we hyne!
vnto endles wo / ay-lastand pyne;
Nay, tary not' so / we get ado syne.
secundus demon. hyte hyder warde, ho / harry ruskyne!
War oute!

536

The meyn shaft ye nebyH,
And I shaft syng the trebiH,
A revant the devitt
TiH aH this hole rowte.

540

(69)

They may
curse the day
they were

[Fol. 128, a.
Sig. V. 4.]

born.

Tutiullus. youre lyfes ar lorne / and commen is youre
care;

ye may ban ye were borne / the bodes you bare,
And youre faders beforne / so cursid' ye ar.

primus demon'. ye may wary the morne / and day that
ye ware

Of youre moder

545

ffirst borne forto be,
ffor the wo ye mon dre.

Secundus demon'. Ilkone of you mon se
sorow of oder.

549

(70)

Where now
are their
gold, their
retinue, and
their finery?

Where is the gold' and the good / that ye gederd togedir?

The mery menee that yode / hider and thedir?

Tutiullus. Gay gyrdyls, iaggid hode / prankyng gownes,
whedir?

haue ye wit or ye wode / ye broght not hider

Bot sorowe,

554

And youre synnes in youre nekkys.

primus demon. I beshrew thaym that rekkys!

he comes to late that bekkys

youre bodyes to borow.

558

¹ MS. go furthe.

(71)

Secundus demon. Sir, I Wold^t cut thaym a skawte /
and make theym be knawne ;

Thay were sturdy and hawte / great boste haue thai
blawne ;

They were
sturdy and
proud, find-
ing faults in
others and
forgetting
their own.

youre pride and youre pransawte / What wiff it gawne ?
ye tolde ilk mans defawte / and forgate youre awne.

Tutiwillus. moreouer 563

Thare neighbors thai demyd,

Thaym self as it semyd,

Bot now ar thai flemyd

ffrom sayntys to recouer. 567

(72)

primus demon. Thar neighbors thai towchid / With
wordys fu^{ll} ih,

They up-
braided their
neighbours,
were
pouchers of
pence,
gluttonous
and greedy.

The warst ay thai sowchid / and had no ski^{ll}.

secundus demon. The pennys thai powchid / and held^t
thaym sti^{ll} ;

The negons thai mowchid / and had no wiff
ffor hart fare ;

572

Bot riche and ih-dedy,

Gederand and gredy,

sore napand and nedy

youre godys forto spare. 576

(73)

Tutiwillus. ffor a^{ll} that ye spard / and dyd extorcyon,

The wealth
they laid up
for their
children is
now in the
devil's keep-
ing.

ffor youre childer ye card / youre heyre and youre son,

Now is a^{ll} in oueward / youre yeres ar ron,

It is commen in vowgard / youre dame malison,

To bynde it ; 581

ye set bi no cursyng,

Ne no sich sma^{ll} thyng.

primus demon. No, bot prase at the partyng,

ffor now mon ye fynde it. 585

(74)

youre leyfys and youre females / ye brake youre wedlake ;

[Fol. 128, b.]

Te^{ll} me now what it vales / a^{ll} that mery lake ?

se so falsly it falys. /

They broke
their wed-
lock. What
avails their
merriment
now ?

secundus demon. syr, I dar vndertake

Thai wiff te^{ll} no tales / bot se so thai quake

Now they
are quaking
and dumb.

ffor moton ; 590
he that to that gam gose,
Now namely on oldt tose.
Tutiwillus. Thou heldt vp the lose,
That had I forgotten. 594

(75)

They shall
dwell in
pitch and
tar, with no
respite.

primus demon. sir, I trow thai be dom / somtyme were
fuH melland ;
WiH ye se how thai glom. /
secundus demon. thou art ay telland ;
Now shaH thai haue rom / in pyk aud tar euer dwelland,
Of thare sorow no some / bot ay to be yelland
In oure fostre. 599
Tutiwillus. By youre lefe may We mese you ?
primus demon. showe furth, I shrew you !
Secundus demon. yit to-nyght shaH I shew you
A mese of ih ostre. 603

(76)

The devils
carry them
off, with
threats.

Tutiwillus. Of thise cursid forsworne / and aH that
here leyndys,
Blaw, wolfys-hede and oute-horne / now namely my
freyndys.
primus demon. Illa haiH were ye borne / youre awne
shame you sheyndys,
That shaH ye fynde or to morne. /
secundus demon. com now with feyndys 608
To youre angre ;
youre dedys you dam ;
Com, go we now sam,
It is commen youre gam,
Com, tary no langer. 612

(77)

primus bonus. We loue the, lorde, in alkyn thyng,
That for thyne awne has ordand thus,
That we may haue now oure dwellyng
In heuen blis giffen vnto vs. 616

Therfor full boldly may we syng
 On oure way as we trus ;
 Make we all myrth and louyng
 With te deum laudamus.

The right-
 eous give
 thanks to
 God.

620

Explicit Iudicium.

XXXI.

Incipit Lazarus.

[47 couplets ; 4 ten-line stanzas, *aaaa*¹ *bbbc bc* ; 1 nine-line (no. 11), *aaaa bbc bc* ; 7 eight-line, four *ab ab ab ab*, two *abab bcbc*, one *ab ab ba ba* ; 3 six-line, *aaab ab* ; 1 five-line, *aab ab*.] [Fol. 129, a.]

[*Dramatis Personae.*

<i>Jesus.</i>		<i>Johannes.</i>		<i>Martha.</i>		<i>Lazarus.]</i>
<i>Petrus.</i>		<i>Thomas.</i>		<i>Maria.</i>		

(1)

Ihesus. Commes now, brethere, and go With me ;
 We Will pas furth vntiH Iude,
 To betany wiH we Weynde,²
 To vyset lazare that is oure freynde.²
 Gladly I woldt we with hym speke,
 I tetH you sothely he is seke.

Jesus pro-
 poses to go
 to Bethany
 to visit
 Lazarus, who
 is ill.

4

petrus. I redt not that ye thider go,
 The Iues halden you for thare fo ;
 I red ye com not in that stede,
 ffor if ye do then be ye dede.

Peter, John,
 and Thomas
 dissuade
 Him for fear
 of the Jews.

8

Johannes. Master, trist thou [not] on the Iue,
 ffor many day sen thou thaym knewe,
 And last tyme that we were thore
 We wenyd tiH haue bene dedt therfor.

12

Thomas. When we were last in that contre,
 This othere day, both thou and we,

16

¹ The *aaaa* lines have central rymes markt here with bars (not in the MS).

² These lines are transposed in the MS., and the letters *a* and *b* are placed opposite them in the margin to indicate their proper order.

- We wenyd that thou ther shuld haue bene slayn ;
 WiH thou now go thider agane ?
- Ihesus.* herkyn, breder, and takys kepe ;
 lazare oure freynde is fallyn on slepe ; 20
 The way tiH hym now wiH we take,
 To styr that knyght and gar hym wake.
- petrus.* Sir, me thynke it were the best
 To let hym slepe and take his rest ; 24
 And kepe that no man com hym hend,
 ffor if he slepe then mon he mend.
- Ihesus.* I say to you, With outten fayH,
 No kepyng may tiH hym avaiH, 28
 Ne slepe may stand hym in no stede,
 I say you sekerly he is dede ;
 Therfor I say you now at last
 leyfe this speche and go we fast. 32
- Thomas.* Sir, What so euer ye bid vs do
 We assent vs weH ther to ;
 I hope to god ye shaH not fynde
 None of vs shaH lefe behynde ; 36
 ffor any pareH that may befaH
 Weynde we With oure master aH.
- Martha.* help me, lorde, and gif me red !
 lazare my broder now is dede, 40
 That was to the both lefe and dere ;
 he had not dyed had thou bene here.
- Ihesus.* Martha, martha, thou may be fayn,
 Thi brothere shaH rise and lif agayn. 44
Martha. lorde, I wote that he shaH ryse
 And com before the good iustyce ;
 ffor at the dredfuH day of dome
 There mon ye kepe hym at his come, 48
 To loke What dome ye WiH hym gif ;
 Then mon he rise, then mon he lyf.
- Ihesus.* I Warne you, both man and wyfe,
 That I am rysyng, and I am life ; 52
 And Whoso truly trowys in me,
 That I was euer and ay shaH be,
 Oone thyng I shaH hym gif,
 Though he be dede yit shaH he lif. 56

Jesus tells
 them Lazarus
 is fallen
 asleep ; they
 must go to
 make that
 knight
 awake.
 If he sleep
 he will mend,
 Peter
 thinks.

[Fol. 129, b.]

Jesus tells
 them plainly
 Lazarus is
 dead.

Thomas says
 the disciples
 will share
 Jesus' peril
 and go with
 Him.

Martha tells
 Jesus Lazarus
 is dead.

He shall rise
 and live
 again, Jesus
 says.

Yes, at
 Doomsday,
 Martha
 answers.

Jesus says,
 "I am the
 Resurrection
 and the
 Life."

say thou, Woman, trowys thou this ?
Martha. yee, for sothe, my lorde of blys,
 Ellys.were I greatly to mysprase,
 ffor aH is sothe-fast that thou says. 60
Ihesus. Go teH thi sister inawdlayn
 That I com, ye may be fayn. [*Martha goes to Mary.*]
Martha. Sister, lefe this sorowful bande,
 Oure lorde commys here at hand, 64
 And his apostyls with hym also.
Maria. A, for godys luf let me go !
 Blissid^t be he that sende me grace,
 That I may se the in this place. 68
 lorde, mekiH sorow may men se
 Of my sister here and me ;
 We ar heuy as any lede,
 ffor our broder that thus is dede. 72
 had thou bene here and on hym sene,
 dede for sothe had he not bene.
Ihesus. hider to you commen we ar
 To make you comforth of youre care, 76
 Bot loke no fayntyse ne no slawth
 Bryng you oute of stedfast^t trawthe,
 Then shaH I hold^t you that I saide.
 lo, where haue ye his body laide ? 80
Maria. lorde, if it be thi WiH,
 I hope be this he sauers iH,
 ffor it is now the ferth¹ day gone
 sen he Was laide vnder yonde stone. 84
Ihesus. I tok^t the right now ther thou stode
 that thi trawth shuk^t ay be goode,
 And if thou may that fulfilH
 AH bees done right at thi wiH. 88

Martha believes,

and is bidden to fetch her sister Magdalene.

[Fol. 130, a.]

Mary tells Jesus of their sorrow.

Jesus is come to comfort them.

He asks where the body is laid.

Jesus prays to the Father for Lazarus.

Et lacrimatus est ihesus, dicens.

(2)

ffader, I pray the that thou rase
 lazare that was thi hyne,
 And bryng hym oute of his mysese
 And oute of heH pyne. 92

¹ MS. iiij.

Let his days
be in-
creased.

When I the pray thou says aH wayse
Mi wiH is sich as thyne,
Therfor WiH we now eke his dayse,
To me thou wiH inclyne.

96

(3)

He bids
Lazarus
come forth,
and be
stripped of
his grave-
clothes.

Com furth, lazare, and stand vs by,
In ertH shaft thou no langere ly ;
Take and lawse hym foote and hande,
And from his throte take the bande,
And the sudary take hym fro,
And aH that gere, and let hym go.

100

102

(4)

Lazarus
gives
thanks to
Jesus, for
raising him
from hell.

lazarus. lorde, that aH thyng maide of noght,
louyng be to thee,
That sich Wonder here has Wroght,
Gretter may none be.

106

When I was dede to heH I soght,
And thou, thrugH thi pauste,
Rasid me vp and thens me broght,
Beholdt and ye may se.

110

(5)

Not the
mightiest on
earth, king
or knight,
can escape
death.

Ther is none so styf on stede,
Ne none so prowde in prese,
Ne none so dughty in his dede,
Ne none so dere on deese,
No kyng, no knyght, no Wight in wede,
ffrom dede hauc maide hym seese,
Ne flesh he was wonte to fede,
It shaft be Wormes mese.

114

118

(6)

youre dede is Wormes coke,
youre myrroure here ye loke,
And let me be youre boke,
youre sampiH take by me ;
ffro dede you cleke in cloke,
sich shaft ye aH be.

122

124

(7)

[Fol. 130, b.]

Ilkon in sich aray / With dede thai shaft be dight,
And closid colde in clay / Wheder he be kyng or knyght

ffor aH his garmentes gay / that semely were in sight,
 his flesh shaH frete away / With many a wofull wight. 128
 Then wofully sich wightys
 ShaH gnawe thise gay knyghtys,
 Thare lunges and thare lightys,
 Thare harte shaH frete in sonder ; 132
 Thise masters most of myghtys
 Thus shaH thai be broght vnder. 134

For all their
 gay clothes,
 their flesh
 shall be
 eaten away.

(8)

Vnder the ertne ye shaH / thus carefully then cowche ;
 The royfe of youre haH / youre nakyd nose shaH towche ;
 Nawther great ne smaH / To you wiH knele ne crowche ;
 A shete shaH be youre paH / sich todys shaH be youre
 nowche ; 138
 Todys shaH you dere,
 ffeyndys wiH you fere,
 youre flesh that fare was here
 Thus rufully shaH rote ;
 In stede of fare colore
 sich bandys shaH bynde youre throte. 144

They shall
 have such a
 hall that
 their naked
 nose shall
 touch the
 roof, for
 covering a
 sneet and
 toads for
 jewels.

(9)

youre rud that was so red / youre lyre the lyly lyke,
 Then shaH be wan as led / and stynke as dog in dyke ;
 Wormes shaH in you brede / as bees dos in the byke,
 And ees out of youre hede / Thus-gate shaH paddokys
 pyke ; 148
 To pike you ar preste
 Many vncomly beest,
 Thus thai shaH make a feste
 Of youre flesh and of youre blode.
 ffor you then sorows leste
 The moste has of youre goode. 154

They shall
 stink like
 dead dogs,
 worms shall
 breed in
 them, toads
 pick out
 their eyes.

(10)

youre goodys ye shaH forsake / If ye be neuer so lothe,
 And nothing With you take / Bot sich a wyndyng clothe ;
 youre Wife sorow shaH slake / youre chylder also both,
 vnnes youre mynnyng make / If ye be neuer so wrothe ; 158
 Thai myn you with nothyng
 That may be youre helpyng,

They may
 take nothing
 with them
 but their
 winding
 sheet.

Wife and
children will
forget them
and pay for
no masses
for their
souls.

Nawther in mes syngyng,
Ne yit with almus dede ;
Therfor in youre leuyng
Be wise and take good hede. 164

(11)

[Fol. 131, a.]

Trust not
friend, wife,
or child ;
executors
are always
unfaithful

Take hede for you to dele / Whils ye ar on life,
Trust neuer freyndys frele¹ / Nawthere of childe then wife ;
ffor sectures ar not lele / Then for youre good WiH stryfe ;
To by youre saules hele / There may no man thaym
shrife. 168

To shrife no man thaym may,
After youre endyng day,
youre sauH for to glaH ;
youre sectures wiH swere nay,
And say ye aHt more then ye had. 173

(12)

Let them
amend while
they may.

Amende the, man, Whils thou may,
let neuer no myrtHe fordo thi mynde ;
Thynke thou on the dredefuH day
When god shaH deme aH mankynde. 177

Thynke thou farys as dothe the wynde ;
This warlde is wast & wiH away ;
Man, haue this in thi mynde,
And amende the Whils that thou may. 181

(13)

When they
are dead it
will be too
late ; no
wealth may
save them
then.

Amende the, man, whils thou art here,
Agane thou go an othere gate ;
When thou art dede and laide on bere,
Wyt thou weH thou bees to late ; 185

ffor if aH the goode that euer thou gate
Were delt for the after thi day,
In heuen it wolde not mende thi state,
fforthi amende the Whils thou may. 189

(14)

The rich
man's
wealth be-
longs to
God,

If thou be right ryaH in rente,
As is the stede standyng in staH,
In thi harte knowe and thynke²
That thai ar goddys goodys aH. 193

¹ These words, "Trust neuer freyndys frele," are hardly legible.

² The assonance wants "thenke."

he myght haue maide the poore and smaH
 As he that beggys fro day to day ;
 Wit thou weH acountys gif thou shaH,
 Therefore amende the whils thou may. 197

and must be
 accounted
 for.

(15)

And if I myght with you dweH
 To teH you aH my tyme,
 ffuH mekiH cowthe I teH
 That I haue harde and sene, 201

Lazarus has
 heard and
 seen many a
 marvel.

Of many a great merueH,
 sich as ye wolde not wene,
 In the paynes of heH
 There as I haue bene. 205

(16)

Bene I haue in wo,
 Therfor kepe you ther fro ;
 Whilst ye lif do so

Let them be
 warned by
 his suffer-
 ings,

If ye wiH dweH with hym
 That can gar you thus go,
 And hele you lith and lym. 211

(17)

he is a lorde of grace,
 Vmthynke you in this case,
 And pray hym, fuH of myght,
 he kepe you in this place
 And haue you in his sight. 216

and pray to
 the gracious
 Lord for
 protection.

Amen.

Explicit Lazarus.

(XXXII.)

Suspencio Iude.¹

[Incomplete ; 16 six-line stanzas, *aaab ab.*] [Fol. 131, b.]

(1)

[*Judas.*] Alas, alas, & walaway !
 varyd & cursyd I haue beyn ay ;

Judas
 laments.

¹ This poem is added in a more modern hand than the others, apparently about the commencement of the sixteenth century.

I slew my father, & syn by-lay
 My moder der ;
 And falsly, aftur, I can betray
 Myn awn mayster.

6

(2)

His father's
 name was
 Reuben, his
 mother's
 Sibaria.

My fathers name was ruben, right ;
 Sibaria my moder hight ;
 Als he her knew apon a nyght
 Aȝ fleshle,

When he
 was be-
 gotten his
 mother
 dreamed
 that there
 lay in her
 side a lump
 of sin which
 should
 destroy all
 Jewry.

In her sleyp she se a sighte,
 A great ferle.

12

(3)

her thoght ther lay her syd *with-in*
 A lothly lumpe of fleshly syn,
 Of the which distruccion schuld begyn
 Of aȝ Iury ;

That Cursyd Clott of Camys kyn,
 fforsoth, was I.

18

(4)

Dreyd of that sight mad her awake,
 & aȝ hir body did tremyȝ & qwake ;
 her thoght hir hert did all to-brake—

No wonder was—
 the first[e] word my moder spake
 was alas, alas !

24

(5)

She told his
 father her
 dream,

Alas, alas ! sche cryed faste,
with that, on weping owt sche braste :
 My father wakyȝ at the laste,
 & her afranyd ;

Sche told hym how she was agaste,
 & nothyng laynyȝ.

30

(6)

and he re-
 solved that
 if a child
 were born
 he should be
 destroyed.

my father bad, “ let be thy woo !
 my Cowncel is, if hit be soo,
 A child be gettyn betwixt hus too,
 Doghter or son,
 lett hit neuer on erth[e] go,
 Bot be fordon.

36

(7)

bettur hit is fordon to be
 then hit fordo both the & me ;
 ffor in a while then schaff we se,
 & fuH weH knaw,
 wheder *that* swevyns be vanite
 or on to traw."

They would
 soon know
 if dreams
 were vain or
 true.

42

(8)

The tyme was comyn *that* I was borne,
 os my moder sayd befor ;
 Alas, *that* I had beyn forlorn
With-In hir syd !
 for ther then spronge a schrewid thoru
That spred fuH wyd.

Judas was
 born.

48

(9)

for I was born *with* owtyn grace,
 Thay me namyd & Callyd Iudas ;
 The father of the child ay hays
 Great petye ;
 He myght not thoyle afor his face
 My deth to se.

His father
 would not
 have him
 killed in his
 sight,

54

(10)

My ded to se then myght he noght ;
 A lytyH lep he gart be wroght,
 & ther I was in bed [i-]brought
 & bondon faste ;
 To the salt se then thay soght,
 & In me Caste.

but had him
 cast into the
 sea.

60

(11)

The wawes rosse, the wynd[e] blew ;
 That I was Cursyd fuH well *thai* knew ;
 The storme vnto the yle me threw,
 That lytill botte ;
 And of that land my to-name drew,
 Iudas skariott.

The waves
 and wind
 rose, and
 the storm
 threw him
 on the isle
 whence he
 was call'd
 Iscariot.

66

(12)

Thor os wreкке in sand I lay,
 The qweyn Com passyng *ther* away,
With hir madyns to sport & play ;

The queen
found him
there as she
came to play
with her
maidens,

And prevaly
A child she fond in slyk aray,
& had ferly.

72

(13)

Neuer-the-lesse sche was weſt payd,
And on hir lap[pe] sche me layd ;
Sche me kissid & with me playd,
ffor I was fayre ;
“ A child god hays me send,” sche sayd,
“ to be myn ayre.”

78

(14)

and passed
him off on
the king as
her own son.

Sche mad me be to norice done,
And fosterd as her awn[e] sone,
And told the kyng that sche had gone
Aſt *the* yer with child ;
And with fayr wordlys, as wemen Con,
sche hym begild.

84

(15)

The king
made a
feast.

Then the kyng gart mak a fest
To aſt the land [right] of the best,
ffor that he had gettyd a gest,
A swetly thyng,
When he wer ded & broght to rest,
that myght be kyng.

90

(16)

Two years
afterwards
the queen
bore a fair
son.

Sone aftur with in yer[e]s too,
In the land hit befest soo,
The qweyn hir self with child Can goo ;
A son sche bayr ;
A fayrer child from tope to too
Man neuer se ayre.

96

* * * * *

FINIS HUIUS [*in a later hand.*]

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 Blome, 60/130, bloom, flower.
 Blowre, 74/307, blisters (?)
 Blowys, 81/94, talk, proclaim, publish.
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 Brede, 2/20, breadth.
 Brefe, 151/342, letter, official document.
 Breme, 237/290, fierce, furious.
 Bren, 14/180, burn.
 Brend, 11/73, Brent; burnt.
 Brere, 282/91; Brerys, 15/202, briars, thorns.
 Bressed, 256/371, bruised.
 Brestyn, 276/589, burst, *p.p.*
 Brith, 166/3, birth.
 Brodell, 150/315, wretch.
 Browes, 21/417, broth, stew.
 Browke, 14/186, use.
 Brude, 124/237, offspring, children (?)
 Bruet, 50/24, broth.
 Brynly, 368/33, fiercely.
 Bryssyng, 204/9, bruising, breaking: *see* Bressed, Bursyd.
 Bryst, 136/629, burst.
 Bun, 4/66, bound.
 Bursyd, 161/34, bruised.
 Busk, 167/31, prepare; 167/35, set out, depart.
 Bustus, 235/213, rough, boisterous, clumsy.
 Buxom, 96/336, obedient.
 By, 126/330, pay for: *see* Aby, Abite
 Byched, 289/325, cursed.
 Bydeyn, 22/157, at once: *see* Bedeyr.
 Byg, 22/182, build.
 Bygyng, 19/91, building.
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 Byll-hagers, 102/57, men who hack with bills.
 Bynke, 30/484, bench.
 Byr, 3/371, rush.
 Byrdyng, 96/345, playing, jesting (*see* 95/302), supposed adultery; or is it 'little bird,' child (?).

- Byrkyn, 168/63, break.
 Can, 2/338, know.
 Carls, 70/205, rustics.
 Carpe, 4/115, talk.
 Casbald, 255/351, a term of reproach.
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 Catyfnes, 266/271, wickedness.
 Cautelys, 208/144, tricks.
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 Cely, 214/323, good, innocent.
 Certis, 46/191, certainly.
 Ceyll, 133/523, bliss, happiness.
 Charge, 8/404, load, prepare.
 Charys, 126/304, pieces of work, jobs.
 Chase, 59/85, chose.
 Chefe, 123/398, succeed.
 Cheftance, 245/82, chieftains.
 Chepe, lyght, 16/236; 121/170, easy, cheap bargain.
 Chere, 40/18, countenance.
 Ches, 31/281; Chese, 27/129, rows (*see* Chess in Dict.).
 Chese, 253/315, chose.
 Chevich, 274/514, bargain, deal.
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 Claryfy, 361/249, proclaim, make famous: *see* Cleryfy.
 Cleke, 390/123, seize (?).
 Clekyt, 375/245, hatched (?).
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 Cod, 101/22, bag, pillow.
 Coke, 390/119, cook.
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 Colke, 338/43, core.
 Colknyfys, 102/57, cabbage-knives.
 Combred, 285/189, 321/508, encumbered, entangled (?).
 Conandly, 189/104, wisely, suitably.
 Condyth, 155/482, conduct.
 Copyn, Kyng, 233/166, King Empty-skein (?).
 Coth, 35/417, disease.
 Couandys (better Conandys), 222/586, covenants, agreements.
 Couth, 269/373, known, familiar.
 Couth, 66/68; Cowth, 37/473, could.
 Cowche, 115/478, lie down.
 Cowl, 241/405, swelling, weal.
 Cowrs, 286/225, course, way.
 Coyle, 21/425; Coyll, 34/389, pottage (should be cayll); 5/136 coal.
 Crate, 242/427, decrepit man (?).
 Crow, 18/311, crow.
 Croft, 239/355, field.
 Cronyng, 281/67, crooning, moaning.
 Crop, 115/470, top, head.
 Crunpe, 370/110, cramp.
 Cryb, 107/208, put in a crib (?).
 Cuker, 375/270, coker, kind of half-boot or gaiter.
 Cutt, 273/508, lot (draw lots).
 Dall, 139/733, hand; Dalles, 373/187; Dals, 371/136, hands.
 Dam, 249/186; 236/248, condemn.
 Dampnabill, 234/198, deserving of condemnation.
 Dang, 314/274, beat.
 Dangere, 71/225, control, dominion.
 Dare, 163/83, lie hid.
 Darfe, 367/1, hard, heavy.
 Dase, 32/314, am dazed, stupified, bewildered.
 Daunche, 181/509, fastidious (?).
 Daw, 30/247, (?) melancholy, sluggard.
 Dawes, 196/55; Dayes, 55/108, dawns.
 Dayde, 234/185, brought to trial (at an appointed day) (?).
 Daynteth, 294/55, dignity, importance.
 Dede, 7/203, death.
 Dedir, 32/314 (Yorkshire 'dither'), shiver, tremble.
 Deese, 390/114, daïs.
 Des, 5/121; Desse, 286/231; Deese, 390/114; Dese, 245/64; daïs, throne.
 Defend, 86/6, forbid.
 Defly, 119/109, deafly.
 Deill, 16/247, bit, morsel.
 Dele, 13/137, share, divide.
 Delf, 66/79, delve, dig.
 Delfe, 276/575, grave.
 Deme, 4/113, judge.
 Dere, 32/317, harm, injury.
 Derfe, 382/481, hard, cruel.
 Derly, 117/389, grievously.
 Dern, 373/200, secret, hidden.
 Dernly, 168/69, secretly, quietly.

- Determyd, 348/251, ended.
 Devere, 32/319, duty.
 Dewe, 374/230, list (of fools).
 Deyde, 66/80, deeds, work.
 Deyle, 15/213; Deyll, 15/205, share,
 give: *see* Delc and Deill.
 Deyle, 375/268, devil.
 Distance, 24/57, disagreement, dispute.
 Dit, 17/280; Dytt, 233/178, shut,
 stopped.
 Ditizance doutance, 171/171.
 Docket, 377/310, (?) rag, clout, or (?)
 little tail.
 Dold, 31/266, dulled, grown dull.
 Dom, 207/109, doom, sentence.
 Done, 92/228, place, put.
 Donnyng, 10/32, dun mare(?), cp. 'Dun
 is in the myre.'
 Dos, 19/360, dost, puttest.
 Dote, 31/265, foolish person, dotard.
 Dotty-pols, 173/231, crazy-heads.
 Dowde, 375/260, slut.
 Dowse, 124/246, harlot.
 Doyll, 34/390, dole, portion; 74/302,
 grief, mourning.
 Doyn, 382/481, done.
 Doyse, 4/110, dost.
 Drake, 312/221, dragon.
 Dray, 57/14, draw, withdraw.
 Dre, 118/65, endure.
 Dr. ch, 326/20, harass, afflict.
 Drely, 108/245, long, deeply.
 Dres, 30/238, direct one's course, go;
 245/65, prepare, order, direct.
 Drogh, 6/155, drew, betook himself.
 Duch ax, 374/242, Dutch axe.
 Dug, 377/310 cut(?)
 Dughtyest, 175/294, doughtiest.
 Dulfull, 7/203, dolefull.
 Dustardys, 285/10, dastards, stupid
 persons.
 Dwere, 364/342, perplexity.
 Dwill, 12/89, devil.
 Dwillis, 11/63, devil's.
 Dwyrd, 348/252, destroy(?)
 Dyght, 39/543, prepared, disposed.
 Dyke, 66/79, ditch.
 Dyll, 163/80, render dull, assuage.
 Dyllydowne, 135/609, pet, darling.
 Dyng, 77/410, beat, strike.
 Dyntand, 280/54, riding.
 Dysars, 291/373, dicers.
 Dyscry, 243/8; Dyscryfe, 345/180,
 describe.
- Dysseferance, 343/144, separation,
 dissension.
 Dytt, 233/178, stopt.
 Edder, 86/25, serpent.
 Eft, 30/241, afterwards, again.
 Eld, 62/189, age.
 Eme, 51/59, uncle.
 Emell, 65/34, among.
 Encense, *v.t.* 172/198, incense.
 Encheson, 44/133, occasion, cause.
 Endoost, 196/48, protected.
 Endorde, 107/234, glazed, gilded.
 Enfray, 308/71, affray.
 Enys, 225/661, once.
 Ernes, 150/303, earnest.
 Eschele, 55/115, troop.
 Ethe, 232/141, easily.
 Everychon, 41/43, each or every
 one.
 Examynyng, *sb.* 235/235, examination.
 Excusyng, *sb.* 94/294.
 Faed, 269/363, withered.
 Fageyng, 287/252, flattery.
 Fames, 92/213, makes known.
 Fand, 69/164, found.
 Fang, 30/245, take hold of, take.
 Fare, 10/32, on, pull.
 Farenes, 235/217, fairness, justice.
 Farly, 56/3, wonderfully.
 Farlys, 294/53, wonders.
 Farne, 149/271, fared, got on: *see*
 Fowre.
 Farne, 133/533, laboured, borne a
 child.
 Fature, 71/226, traitor, deceiver,
 impostor.
 Faund, 47/219, found.
 Fawchon, 288/274, falchion.
 Fawte, 229/55, default, want.
 Fax, 374/243, hair.
 Fayn, 45/175, joyful.
 Fayntyse, 389/77, cowardice, languor.
 Fayre, 18/308, go, fare
 Featte, 287/252, doings
 Fee, 11/76, property, 'corn or cattle';
 66/62, cattle.
 Feere, 7/209, companion.
 Feft, 136/620, endowed.
 Feld, 13/122, field.
 Fele, Felle, 65/43, many; 141/24,
 knock down; 156/515, mountain;
 170/142, cruel, fierce.
 Fell, 331/181, skin.

- Felly, 368/31, terribly.
 Felter, 377/318, join together (?)
 Fend, 10/38, forbid.
 Fenyng, 250/224, feigning.
 Fenys, 205/22, feign.
 Ferd, 13/145, afraid; 18/338, fear.
 Fere (in), 20/383, in company, together.
 Fere, 368/31, terrify.
 Ferly, 14/156, wonder, marvel.
 Ferray, 374/217, plundering.
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 Fest, 109/280, settle fix.
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 Fferlee, 358/158, wonderfully: *see* Farly.
 Ffelterd, 102/65, joined together, interwoven.
 Ffermes, 101/30, rents due to landlord.
 Fill (half my fill), 21/427.
 Flay, 34/380, put to flight, frighten.
 Flekyt, 374/242, spotted.
 Fleme, 84/188, banish, put to flight.
 Flemyd, 235/234, banisht, condemned: *see* Fleme.
 Flett, 29/223, flat, floor; 36/436, floated.
 Flone, 110/324, Jart: *see* Thoner-flone, lightning.
 Floo, 26/115, flow.
 Flume, 197/72, river.
 Flyt, 17/303; 29/223, flee, shift; 73/284, flee from, avoid.
 Flyte, 17/293, quarrel.
 Flyx, 182/30, flux, diarrhoea.
 Foche, 71/221, fetch.
 Fode, 96/365; 268/343, offspring: *see* Foode.
 Foine, 268/343, product, treasure.
 Fon, 274/526, am bewildered.
 Fon, 47/218, found; 96/353, fool.
 Fon, 239/360, seize, take.
 Fone, 26/99, few.
 Foode, 91/178, offspring, child; 196/39, young man.
 Foore, 122/196, fared.
 For, 19/354, because.
 Forbot, 102/38, forbidding.
 Force, 19/374, power, strength; 'no force,' no matter.
 Fordo, 26/114, ruin, destroy.
- For-fare, 234/317, destroy.
 Forfett, 230/62, transgressed; 242/425, offence, penalty (?)
 Forgangere, 195/28, foregoer.
 Forgeyn, 49/285, forgiven.
 For-rakyd, 124/256, overdone with walking.
 Fors, 65/32, might, power.
 Forshapyn, 136/619, transformed.
 Forspokyn, 136/613, enchanted.
 Forth, 52/24, carry out, execute.
 For-thi, 10/45, For-thy, 270/405, therefore.
 Forthynk, 94/299; 24/354, repent, be sorry.
 Forthynkyng, 343/144, repentance.
 Forwakyd, 124/253, exhausted with watching.
 Forward, 289/322, agreement, promise.
 Foryeldys, 121/171, requites.
 Fostre, 386/599, care, protection.
 Fott, 20/392, fetch.
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 Fow[n]dyng, 219/497, temptation.
 Fowre, 74/305, fared.
 Foyde, 139/720, child, offspring: *see* Foode.
 Foyll, 225/678, fool; 5/137, foal.
 Foyn, 177/381, thrust.
 Foyne, 125/281, few: *see* Fone.
 Foyte, 263/182, foot, 12 inches.
 Frast, 28/183; 41/53, inquire of, try.
 Fray, 175/317, attack, alarm, fright; 312/198, from.
 Frayes, 65/42, affrays, rows.
 Frayn, 91/185, question, ask.
 Fre, *sb.* 32/310, free, noble, liberal being, God.
 Freke, 289/322, warrior, man.
 Frele, 392/166, frail.
 Frely, 49/277; 139/720; 196/39, noble.
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 Fresh: as fresh as an eel, 127/356.
 Frog, 289/311, frock, Christ's gown.
 Froskis, 73/284, frogs.
 Fry, 25/66, children, descendants.
 Fryggys, 377/316, animals, beings (?)
 Fun, 65/43, found
 Fylyd, 90/159, defiled, copulated with.
 Fynd, 94/272, put, clothe.
 Fyrth, 156/515, forest.
 Fytt, 59/104, song, stanza.

- Gab, 347/243, deceive.
 Gad, 13/149, go quickly to and fro.
 Gadlyng, 80/84, fellow.
 Gam, 3/84, pleasure, sport.
 Ganstand, 44/128, withstand, oppose.
 Garn, 32/298, yarn.
 Garray, 76/377, armed force; 134/564, commotion, row.
 Gars, 10/44, causes.
 Gart, 43/104, made.
 Garthynere, 323/563, gardener.
 Gate, 52/29, going, path.
 Gawdis, 65/41, tricks, habits.
 Gaytt-door, 126/328, street door.
 Gedlyngis, 10/14, fellows: *see* Gadlyng.
 Geld, 89/134, barren.
 Gent, 366/396, gentle, well-born.
 Gere, 30/245, gear, tools.
 Ges, *sb.* 15/231, guess.
 Gessen, 74/315, Goshen.
 Get, 46/188, offspring, progeny.
 Gett, 376/287, mode, fashion.
 Geyn, 203/270, given.
 Glase, 241/418, gloss, polishing.
 Glase, 126/316, chance, risk.
 Glom, 386/596, frown, are gloomy.
 Glope, 174/264, surprise.
 Glose, 129/413, falsehood.
 Gnast, 170/157, gnash, be troubled.
 Goderhayll! 107/226, good luck!
 Gog, 10/44, God.
 Gome, 203/269, man.
 Goonys, 183/47, yawn.
 Grade, 257/404; Graide, 234/286, prepared.
 Grafen, 316/350, buried.
 Grales, 172/205, gradual, part of the Mass.
 Grame, 25/89, anger.
 Gramercy, 98/20, many thanks.
 Gramery, 108/242, grammar, learning.
 Grankys, 183/45, groan.
 Granser, 204/12, grandsire.
 Grath, 37/482, (?) favour, readiness.
 Grauyng, 157/557, burial.
 Grayd, 300/227, prepared: *see* Grade.
 Grayth, 55/103, prepare.
 Graythly, 207/95, readily.
 Grefyd, 217/432, grieved.
 Greme, 54/73, anger, harm: *see* Grame.
 Gresys, 8/238, herbs, plants.
 Grete, 50/38, weeping, to weep; 316/350, grit, stone.
 Grew, 274/531, Greek.
 Grewys, 378/352, turns to horror (?)
 Grith, 166/4, peace, security: *see* Gyrth.
 Grofen, 74/326, grown (?)
 Groflyngis, 46/203, groveling, face downwards.
 Grome, 371/128, groom, boy.
 Gropyng, 347/243, feeling, handling.
 Groved, 15/199, grew.
 Growne, 114/432, snout (?)
 Groyf, 196/54, grow (?)
 Gruch, 198/104, grudge, murmur.
 Grufe, 37/463, grow (?)
 Gryle, 163/99, shrilly, keenly.
 Grymly, 338/14, cruelly, terribly.
 Gryse, 48/254, feel horror, shudder.
 Gryssed, 106/189, grassed, covered with grass.
 Gryth, 226/707, peace, security: *see* Gyrth.
 Gyll, 243/11, guile.
 Gyn, 26/128, contrivance, engine.
 Gyrd, 136/622, strike, cut.
 Gyrth, 80/54, peace, security: *see* Gryth.
 Gyse, 127/341, plan (?)
 Had I wyst, 119/93, had I known, before I played the fool.
 Hafles, 180/484, unhurt (?)
 Haft, 187/52, affairs, business.
 Hafyng, 191/175, possessions, property.
 Hagh, 330/144, consideration.
 Hak, 131/476, go on, behave, make uproar (?)
 Halsid, 294/56, embraced, fondled.
 Hamyd, 117/15, crippled, lamed.
 Handband, 50/33, covenanted portion.
 Hap, 130/434, wrap up.
 Har (to-har), 297/142, harry, drag.
 Har, 234/210, hinge.
 Harbar, 124/245; Harbor, 297/139, lodging, dwelling.
 Hardely, 19/463, boldly, certainly.
 Harll, 256/358, drag.
 Harlottis, 10/22, rascals.
 Harnes, 128/392, brains.
 Harnes, 43/118, equipment.
 Haro! 17/275, help!
 Harrer, 11/55, quicker.
 Harsto, 297/136; Harstow, 20/386, hearest thou.
 Hast, 238/318, asked, ordered: *see* Ast.
 Hat, 10/15, is called.
 Hathennes, 79/26, heathendom.

- Hatters, 133/543, confound it!
 Hawvell, 378/337, noise, jabber (?).
 Apparently mere gibberish, like the
 rime-word *lawvell*.
 Haylse, 365/386, salute.
 Haytt, 123/227, hot.
 He, 37/469, high.
 Hek, 126/305, hatch, wicket-gate.
 Hekis, 10/47, hay-racks (?).
 Held, 181/6, eld, old age.
 Helme, 35/420, rudder.
 Hend, 388/25, near.
 Hend, 9/262, hand.
 Hent, 35/420, take, seize.
 Here, 12/100, here is.
 Heris, 7/198, hear thou.
 Het, 46/190, promised; Hetis, 51/52,
 promises; Hete, 352/348, promise.
 Hething, 281/86, scorn, contempt.
 Hevyd, 366/401, lifted.
 Heyle, 87/45, healing, salvation.
 Heynd, 62/174, gracious.
 Heytt, 73/298, promised: *see* Het.
 Hien, 193/216, hence.
 Hight, 3/71, (be) called; 24/46, pro-
 mised.
 Ho, 35/411, cry ho! stop.
 Hogh, 317/371, high, (?) read 'hegh.'
 Hoill, 9/7, hole.
 Hoket, 374/233, 234; 377/312, ridi-
 cule (?), or (?) difficulty, obstacle.
 Holard, 177/358, debauchee.
 Holgh, 18/310, empty, hollow.
 Homely, 294/56, familiarly.
 Hone, 13/133, delay.
 Hore, 104/132, hair (?), sheep.
 Hostyld, 348/263, lodged.
 Hote, 53/46, promise, vow.
 Houer, 75/363, tarry.
 Hoyle, 34/388, whole, contented.
 Hoyne, 32/80, delay: *see* Hone.
 Hoyse, 21/436, hose.
 Hu, 346/221, hue (?).
 Hud, 288/283, hood.
 Hufe, 37/461, delay.
 Hullahs, 291/373, lechers.
 Hurlyd, 244/30, driven forcibly; 377/
 316, covered with bristles.
 Hy, 10/43, hasten; *in hy*, in haste.
 Hyght, 81/107, promise.
 Hyghtynd, 90/68, set high, lifted up,
 exalted.
 Hyne, 53/54, servant; 184/90, hence(?).
 Hyrdis, 66/62, shepherds.
 Hyte! 11/55, gee up! go on!
- Ich, Icha, 4/106, each, every.
 Ich, I, who be, 122/207.
 Ichon, 26/112, each one.
 Ilk, 62/183, same.
 Ilka, 63/211, each, every.
 Indoost, 242/421, flogged, loaded on
 the back.
 Indytars, 205/24, inditers, writers.
 Infude, 100/89, pour into, endow.
 Ingroost, 202/250, engrossed, included,
 comprehended.
 Innocent, *sb.* 177/388.
 Incueryd, 195/21, inquired of, asked.
 Intraste (in traste), 299/182, trust in.
 Irk, 182/43, weary, disinclined for
 exertion.
 Irregulere, 237/306, out of rule,
 unjust.
 Ist, 201/212, is it.
- Janglis, 9/6; chatters; Jangyls,
 13/134, chatterest.
 Jape, 123/221, jest.
 Jawvell, 378/337, wrangling = javel,
 chavel, jaw.
 Jelian Jowke, 377/317, Gillian
 Clown (?).
 Jourmontyng, 166/11, governor (?).
 Jues, 65/35, Jews.
- Keill, 32/300; Keyle, 26/118, cool,
 allay.
 Kelles, 375/260, cauls, nets.
 Kend, 11/72, taught; 62/193, known.
 Kepe, 253/304, await, meet (?); 388/
 19, heed.
 Kest, 266/255, cast, reckon up.
 Knafe, 20/382; Knave, 134/554, boy,
 servant.
 Knakt, 137/659, hit it off, sang.
 Knap, 238/337, knock, strike.
 Knop, 241/408, stud with knobs.
 Knyt, 36/451, knit, closed.
 Koket, 374/235, cock, aside.
 Kon, 4/91, know.
 Kun thank, 65/30, give thanks.
 Kyd, 2/45; 266/272, made known,
 shown.
 Kynd, 50/42, kindred, family.
 Kynke, 372/152, double up, tie myself
 in a knot.
 Kyppys, 134/557, seizes, snatches.
 Kyth, 54/67, kith, kindred, native
 country.
 Kythe, 54/95; 266/266, show.

- Laft, 261/105, have left, relinquished.
 Laghe, 339/44, law.
 Lak, 68/118; Lake, 115/465; 385/587, play, game.
 Lakan, 124/242, plaything.
 Lake, *sb.* 206/85, lack.
 Lane, 334/48, hide; *see* Layn.
 Langett, 29/224, strap, thong.
 Langyd, 117/42, longed, wished.
 Lap, 287/265, rag.
 Lappyd, 116/4; Lapt, 128/368, wrapped up, involved.
 Lare, 70/194, lore, learning.
 Large, in, 189/90, at large, fully.
 Late, 90/137, seek, inquire.
 Lath, 298/165, hateful, hideous; *see* Layth.
 Law, 67/81, low.
 Lawd, 61/143, lay, unlearned.
 Lawdys, 121/180, praises, part of the Matins Service.
 Lawvell, 378/338, blasphemy (?)
 Lay, Layse, 65/48, law, laws.
 Layn, 45/169, hide, deny.
 Layt, 192/180, seek, look for.
 Layth, 87/63, hateful, hideous.
 Laytt, 286/238, search (?)
 Leasse, 6/158, falsehood.
 Leche, 12/83, physician.
 Lede, 287/265, man.
 Leder, 31/289; Ledyr, 121/147, evil, bad.
 Lefe, 11/65; Leif, 11/68, dear.
 Lege, 192/181, alleges, quotes.
 Leghe, 33/38, lie, falsehood.
 Leif, 15/195, remain.
 Leke, 5/129, leek.
 Lele, 36/446, loyal.
 Lely, 192/180, loyally.
 Lelyst, 288/296, most loyal, fairest.
 Lemman, 87/65, dear one (V. Mary).
 Lemyd, 110/316, shone.
 Lent, 96/352, remained.
 Lenys, 13/118, lends.
 Lep, 395/56, basket.
 Lerd, 233/169, taught.
 Lere, 45/159, teach.
 Leryd, 72/239, learnt.
 Les, 5/120; Lese, 7/194, falsehood: *see* Leasse.
 Lese, 209/163, lose.
 Lesyns, 206/67, lyings, falsehoods.
 Letherly, 121/171, badly (cheap and nasty).
 Letlit, 232/142; lithe, mitigation.
- Lett, 189/89, hinder, desist, stop; 259/33, thought, esteemed.
 Letys, 260/56, thinks.
 Leuer, 47/217, rather: *see* Leyffer.
 Leucrd, 287/265, delivered, given.
 Leueryng, 107/217, dish of liver (?): *see* Levyr.
 Levyn, 33/346, lightning.
 Levyr, 35/399, liver.
 Lewde, 139/707, unlearned, lay.
 Lewte, 41/50, loyalty.
 Leyde, 24/48, people, nation; 4/82, lead.
 Leyf, 5/126, dear: *see* Leif.
 Leyfe, 4/111, leave, abandon; 85/234, pleased, willing.
 Leyffer, were I, 42/84, I had rather.
 Leyfys, 385/586, darlings, loves.
 Leyn, 12/112, lean.
 Leyn, 12/115, lend.
 Leynd, 68/140, remain, linger.
 Leynyd, 53/37, leaned, inclined.
 Lig, 18/326, lie.
 Lightness, 195/5, light.
 Ligis, 15/220, lies: *see* Lig.
 List, 11/59, pleases.
 Lith, 2/26, light; 393/211, joint.
 Lofe, 3/75, praise.
 Lofyng, 12/103, praising, praise: *see* Lovyng.
 Loghe, 281/86, laughed.
 Lone, 203/271, loan.
 Long, 35/399, lungs.
 Longys, 3/81, belongs.
 Lonys, 107/230, loins.
 Looke, 123/219, look favourably on, save.
 Loppys, 74/306, insects, fleas.
 Lorne, 66/76, lost.
 Lose, 250/202, praise, repute.
 Losell, 72/242, scamp, worthless man.
 Lote, 129/409, noise.
 Loth, 208/126, loathsome, hateful, hideous: *see* Lath.
 Lothes, 166/9, injuries.
 Lottyn, 232/123, looking: *see* Sowrototen.
 Louf, 42/56, love: *see* Luf.
 Loutt, 280/49, bow the head: *see* Lowt.
 Lovyng, 3/62, praise.
 Lowde, and styll, 190/122, in all conditions.
 Lowfes, 211/239, valuest.

- Lowfyd, 248/169, praised.
 Lowked, 229/58, locked, closed.
 Lowt, 21/434, bow the head.
 Luddokys, 377/314, buttocks.
 Luf, 21/434, love.
 Lufe, 37/462, hand, palm.
 Luffly, 3/72, lovely.
 Lullay, syng, 130/442.
 Lurdan, 72/239, lowt, lazy person.
 Luskand, 227/750, hiding, sneaking.
 Lyere, 269/362; face, countenance:
 see Lyre.
 Lyght, 60/115, descend; 127/337,
 delivered (in childbirth); chepe, 16/
 236, 121/170, light, cheap bargain.
 Lykance, 281/56, liking, pleasure.
 Lykandly, 265/234, pleasantly.
 Lykyng, 74/316, pleasure.
 Lynage, 69/143, lineage.
 Lynde, 97/368, lime-tree.
 Lyre, 65/24, face, countenance: *see*
 Lyere.
 Lyst, 65/24, pleasure, liking.
 Lyte, 85/225; Lytt, 152/394, flaw,
 error.
 Lythe, 340/87, go, travel.
 Lytter, 158/590, bed.

 Ma-fay! 275/564, my faith!
 Make, 7/187, mate, wife; 21/442,
 match, equal.
 Malison, 19/355, malediction, curse.
 Malys, 179/453, bags, wallets.
 Mangery, 214/343, feast.
 Mangyng, 107/232, eating, meal.
 Mar, 27/129, hinder.
 Mare, 238/310, nightmare, goblin.
 Marke, 182/33, dark, dim.
 Maroo, 130/436, companion, mate.
 Mase, 68/135, makes, does.
 Masid, 358/165, 166; 359/195, mazed,
 dazed.
 Mastre, 3/81; 65/34; 223/610, lord-
 ship, superiority.
 Masyd, 220/510, dizzy, stupid.
 Mawgre, 287/270, ill-will, displeasure.
 Mawmentry, 260/78, idolatry.
 May, 80/70, maiden; 223/610, make.
 Mayll-easse, 132/485, discomfort, sick-
 ness.
 Mayn, 163/101; 265/241, power,
 strength.
 Maytt, 202/245, dejected, sorrowful.
 Measse, 34/389, mess, dish.
 Med, 341/111, mead, honey-drink.
 Mede, 17/294, reward.
 Medill-erd, 26/100, earth, world.
 Medys, 2/31, midst.
 Mekill, 16/237, much.
 Mell, 24/44, speaks (of); 260/82,
 meddle.
 Melland, 386/595, speaking, talking.
 Mene, 141/37, indicate, point out.
 Menee, Menye, 23/22, household,
 company.
 Meng, 166/1, mingle; 271/437, disturb,
 trouble.
 Menged, 41/31, disturbed, troubled;
 314/270, mixed.
 Menske, 82/140, dignify, honour.
 Menskfull, 365/389, honourable.
 Ment, 40/15, aimed at, aspired to;
 45/174, signified, intended.
 Menys, 225/688, bemoans.
 Merely, 77/419, merrily.
 Merkyd, 195/3, marked.
 Mershall, 264/198, farrier.
 Mes, 172/206, Mass.
 Mese, 209/151, soothe.
 Mesel, 16/264, leprous.
 Mett, 115/484, measured.
 Mevid, 39/542, moved.
 Meyne, 12/111, mean, middling.
 Meyne, Mene 12/113, complain, moan.
 Mo, 6/163; Moo, 8/237, more.
 Mode, 180/472, mind, mood.
 Modee, 260/86, proud, courageous.
 Mold, 243/3, earth, ground.
 Mom, 70/188, mutter.
 Mompyns, 107/210, teeth: 'mone-
 pymes,' Lydgate.
 Mon, 16/265, must.
 Mop, 115/467; 139/724, bundle, baby.
 Moren, 101/39, morning.
 Mortase, 264/213; 267/304, mortice,
 notch for the Cross to rest in.
 Mos, 376/288, moss, for padding
 folk's shoulders.
 Mot, 16/254, must.
 Mow, 261/99, grimace.
 Mowchid, 385/571, preyed, pilfered (?)
 Moyne, 195/6, moon.
 Moyte, 213/298, discuss, moot.
 Moytt, 271/430, plead.
 Moyttys, 301/270, slippest, goest
 astray.
 Muf, 70/188, speak indistinctly.
 Muster, 298/177, punish (?)
 Mychers, 258/12, pilferers.
 Mydyng, 34/376, dunghill.

- Myld, *sb.* 94/281, gentle maiden, Mary.
 Myn, 26/112, less; 39/551, remember.
 Myn, 291/361, Mynnyng, 391/158, memory, remembrance.
 Myr, 157/557, myrrh.
 Myrk, 197/88, dark.
 Mys, 39/551, suffering; 195/26, evil.
 Mysfoundyng, 347/242, mistaken endeavour, mistake.
 Mysprase, 389/59, blame.
 Myssaes, 275/569, (?) discomforts.
 Myster, 107/231, need, require.
 Mytyng, 115/477, little one.
- Napand, 385/575, napping, catching, griping.
 Nar, 43/119; 124/246, nigh, nearer.
 Nate, 260/62, use.
 Nately, 121/158, quickly.
 Nawder, 14/193, neither.
 Nawre, 323/579, nowhere.
 Nawther, 132/504, neither.
 Ne, 297/118, nigh, near.
 Neemly, 123/271, nimbly.
 Nefe, 241/407, fist.
 Negh, 7/201, go nigh, approach.
 Negons, 385/571, misers.
 Neld, 13/123, needle.
 Nere-hand, 49/286, almost.
 Nese, 132/488, nose (?)
 Nesh, 133/545, soft, tender.
 Neuen, 23/13, name, relate; 194/266, speak of.
 Newys, 14/189, renews.
 Nokyns, 246/99, no kind of.
 Nold, 360/11, would not.
 Nome, 370/111, numb, benumbed.
 None, 32/317, noon.
 Nonys, the, 133/527 = then onys, then once, the nonce.
 Nores, 132/496; Norice, 396/79; Norysh, 262/141; nurse.
 Nose, 9/11, noise.
 Note, 31/264, occupation, business; 34/368, contention.
 Novels, 38/508, news.
 Nowehe 391/138, brooch.
 Noy, 39/532, Noah.
 Noyes, 77/397, annoyances, hurts.
 Noynnyng, 281/65, noon-tide.
 Noytis, 69/154; 110/306; 194/266, notes, things: *see* Note.
 Nyfyls, 377/323, trivialities.
 Nyghtertayll, 227/734, night-time.
 Nyk, 323/571, deny.
- Nyll, 106/198, will not.
- O, 1/1, omega.
 Oker, 191/163, usury.
 Okerars, 376/297, usurers.
 Oneths, 182/42, scarcely: *see* Unethes.
 Onone, 4/99, anon, immediately.
 Ons, 238/326; Onys, 29/207, once.
 Oone-fold, 157/554, one.
 Oost, 202/256, host, company.
 Oostre, 32/329, hostelry, inn.
 Or, 196/32, before.
 Ordand, 26/119, ordain, make.
 Ore, 355/76, before, ago; *see* Are.
 Ostre, 386/603, entertainment.
 Other-gatis, 13/121, otherwise.
 Ouerlaide, 32/306, covered, flooded.
 Ouertwhart, 102/48, athwart, across.
 Out-horne, 232/139, hue and cry.
 Owe, 91/178, owns.
 Oy, Oyes, 21/416, hear, listen, oh yes! (call for silence).
- Paddokys, 391/148, toads (or frogs).
 Paide, 31/283; Payde, 80/61, satisfied.
 Pall, 223/613, royal robe.
 Paramoure, 25/80, as a lover.
 Parels, 170/136, perils (?)
 Pask, 214/314, Passover.
 Paustè, 41/32, power.
 Pay, 76/373, satisfy, please; 175/326 beat.
 Payde, 218/470, pleased.
 Paynt, 117/28, painted, ornamented.
 Peche, 202/239, impeach.
 Pelt, 237/283, knock, thrust.
 Pent, 246/100, belonged.
 Perch, 251/233, pierce.
 Perles, 243/5, peerless.
 Permafay, 80/67, by my faith.
 Pertly, 212/247, quickly, boldly.
 Peruyce, 240/387, church-porch.
 Peyre, 369/63, equal.
 Pight, 269/364, doubt (?)
 Pight, 285/188, fixed (?)
 Pik, 26/127, pitch.
 Pike-harnes, 10/37, plunderer of armour.
 Pilus, 376/290, folk with padded shoulders.
 Playn, 292/408; Plene, 189/99, full.
 Plenyd, 381/453, complained, be-moaned.
 Plete, 106/204; Pleyte, 287/248, plead.
 Plight, 327/56; Plyght, 88/91, guilt.

- Ply, 281/58, bend.
 Po, 117/37, peacock.
 Poece, 172/204, poet's (not Boece, as in margin).
 Pose, 113/423, catarrh, cold.
 Powderd, 107/216, salted.
 Poynt, 83/161, condition, danger.
 Prankyd, 376/288, embroidered, be-decked.
 Pransawte, 385/561, prancing, showing off.
 Praty, 115/477, pretty.
 Prayse, 212/257, appraise, value.
 Prease, 65/19, crowd, throng: *see* Prese.
 Pefe, 72/255, prove.
 Prese, 253/313, crowd, throng.
 Prest, 220/510, ready, prompt.
 Preualy, 253/292, privately.
 Preue, 151/338, private.
 Preuatè, 80/125, privity, secret.
 Propyce, 54/100, propitious.
 Prouand, 10/45, provender, food.
 Prow, 14/163, profit.
 Purs-cuttars, 291/375, purse-cutters.
 Purst, 107/209, put away.
 Purvaye, 39/553, provide.
 Purveance, 117/33, provision, equipment.
 Pyk, 31/282, pitch.
 Pynd, 33/332, pinned, confined.
 Pynde, 47/220, pained, pnnished.
 Pyne, 29/227, punishment.
 Pystyll, 119/100, epistle.

 Quantyse, 66/65, skill, wisdom.
 Quarrell, 19/367, square bolt of a cross-bow.
 Quarte, 19/368, safety.
 Quell, 66/65, kill.
 Queme, 2/42, agreeable, pleasant.
 Querestur, 373/209, chorister.
 Quest-dytars, 373/185, inquest- or inquiry-holders.
 Quest-mangers, 205/25, inquest- or inquiry-holders.
 Quetstone, 230/80, whetstone.
 Queyd, 82/117, bad 'un.
 Qwantt, 135/593, clever, quaint.
 Qweasse, 132/487, wheeze, breathe.
 Qwelp, 113/425, whelp.
 Qweme, 365/365, please.
 Qwenes, 255/349, women.
 Qweyn, 83/164, woman.
 Qwite, 11/52, requite.

 Rad, 121/175; 270/384, afraid.
 Radly, 77/401; 168/65, readily, speedily.
 Rafe, 21/423, raves; 270/384, rave.
 Ragman (roll of), 374/224, document with seals.
 Rake, 168/65, course, path; 198/119, wander, go.
 Rake, 260/88, rack, torture.
 Rap, 237/300, hit, knock.
 Rase, 36/429, race, rush.
 Rathly, 270/402, quickly, promptly.
 Raunson, 269/354, ransom.
 Raw, 119/109, row, line.
 Rawth, 330/168, ruth, pity.
 Rayd, 206/68, set in array, arranged.
 Recrayd, 321/507, recreant.
 Red, advice, plan.
 Rede, 4/111, advice, counsel; 7/202, command.
 Redles, 270/384, without counsel.
 Reepe, 16/235, sheaf.
 Refe, 245/65, rob, deprive of.
 Reffys, 371/146, thefts, spoil, plunder.
 Refys, 266/269, robbest of.
 Rehett, 171/161, rebuke.
 Rek, 16/247, care thou, heed thou.
 Reke, 372/168, smoke.
 Rekyls, 148/237, incense.
 Rekys, 5/129, care: *see* Rek.
 Reme, 252/258, realm, kingdom.
 Ren, 57/25, run, live.
 Renabyll, 231/110, reasonable.
 Renderars, 371/146, restorers.
 Renk, 168/70, man, warrior.
 Rentals, 371/134, rents (?)
 Rerd, 26/101, sound, noise.
 Res, 48/255; Resse, 273/481, race, rush.
 Rese, 245/62, crowd.
 Reue, 58/74, rob, plunder.
 Rew, 63/224, rue, be merciful.
 Rewyll, 222/585, order, line, row.
 Reyde, 7/114, advise, counsel: *see* Rede.
 Reyf, 83/174, deprive of, rob from: *see* Reue.
 Reyll, 125/274, set about it.
 Reynand, 26/111, running.
 Ro, 30/237; 266/269, quiet, repose.
 Roght, 78/11; 368/21, cared, recked.
 Rok, 33/338, distaff.
 Rok, 238/330, shake, agitate.
 Rose, 12/95, praise, glorify.
 Rost, cold, 21/421, cold roast meat.

- Roton, 107/221, rotten.
 Route, 32/305, roaring noise.
 Rowne, 82/118, whisper.
 Rowte, 175/309, company.
 Royse, 4/111, praise.
 Roytt, 341/102, root.
 Rud, 391/145, redness of complexion.
 Rude, 271/440, rood, cross.
 Rug, 248/148, rock, agitate, shake.
 Runk, 82/118, whisper, talk.
 Ruse, 229/33, rose, praise.
 Rused, 273/492, praised, celebrated.
 Ryfe, 13/153, tear, split.
 Ryfe, 103/96, widely.
 Ryffen, 13/141, torn,
 Ryke, 103/92, realm.
 Rynes, 230/82, runs.
 Rype, 132/515, examine.
 Ryst, 65/47, rising, insurrection.
 Rytt, 198/109, disobedience (?)
- Sady, 206/60, firmly, seriously.
 Sagh, 56/16, saying: *see* Sawe.
 Sakles, 250/215, innocent.
 Salys, 220/506, assails.
 Sam, 22/445, together.
 Samyne, 112/398, same.
 Sangre, 113/430, song.
 Santis, 40/555, saints.
 Saunce, 103/112, without.
 Sawe, 112/68; Sayes, *pl.* 55/107,
 saying, speech.
 Say, 323/563, tell.
 Sayll, 286/229, hall.
 Sayne, 43/107, bless; Saynyd, 55/106,
 blessed.
 Saynt, 123/209, show off (?)
 Seasse, 6/182, seize, give possession,
 install.
 Sectures, 392/167, executors.
 Securly, 34/372, surely.
 Sekir, 17/295; Sekyr, 8/249, sure.
 Selcowth, 67/103, strange, wonderful.
 Seme, 4/107, 112; Semys, 4/100, 104,
 suit, befit.
 Sen, 212/259, since: *see* Sithen.
 Seniors, 204/8.
 Sere, 8/255, several, separate.
 Sese, 4/114, cease.
 Sew, 77/403, pursue.
 Seyll, 32/301, happiness.
 Seymland, 29/211, semblance, appear-
 ance.
 Seyr, 8/239, various, separate: *see*
 Sere.
- Share, 351/329, cut, pierced.
 Shech, 205/52, speech, doctrine (?)
 Shene, 143/99, beautiful.
 Shent, 8/221, disgraced, destroyed.
 Sheynd, 76/376, destroy.
 Shog, 265/230, shake up and down.
 Shon, 46/200, avoid, escape.
 Shontt, 365/361, avoid, escape.
 Shope, 14/174, shaped, made.
 Shoterd, 370/98, shuddered.
 Shoyn, 13/153, shoes; 269/361, shone.
 Shrew, 19/341, curse.
 Shrogys, 120/455, shrubs, brushwood.
 Shyld, 99/71; Outt-shyld, out-
 shelled (? *L. inanes*).
 Shyre, 18/317, clear.
 Sithe, 340/85, journey.
 Sithen, 12/103, afterwards, since.
 Sitt, 5/147, pain.
 Skar, 237/301, cross, angry (?)
 Skard, 124/289, scared, timid.
 Skarthis, 105/160, fragments.
 Skathe, 53/51, injury, loss.
 Skaunce, 20/401; Skawnce, 239/353,
 joke, make-believe.
 Skawde, 135/596, scold.
 Skawte, 385/559, blow, thrust.
 Skayll, 108/249, bowl, drinking-vessel.
 Skelp, 32/323, blow.
 Skete, 63/221, quickly.
 Skill, 6/260, reason.
 Skraw, 274/516, scroll.
 Skryke, 30/232, screech.
 Skyfte, 292/392, shift, trick.
 Skyllys, 44/133, reasons: *see* Skill.
 Slake, 249/189, loose, set free, humble.
 Slape, 21/414, slippery, crafty.
 Slefe, 117/28, sleeve.
 Sleght, 169/121, scheme, trick: *see*
 Slyght.
 Slegthe, 263/157, sleight, contrivance.
 Slo, 19/371, slay.
 Sloghe (of-sloghe, ?) 128/385 (?)
 Slokyn, 138/677, quench.
 Slyght, 27/137, skill (?), 130/433, trick,
 contrivance.
 Slyk, 396/71, sleek, smooth.
 Slyke, 30/233, such.
 Slythys, 120/122, slides.
 Smeke, 17/286, smoke.
 Snek, 126/306, latch.
 Snoke-horne, 80/80, sneaking fellow.
 Soferand, 65/22, sovereign.
 Sogh, 109/274, sow.
 Sole, 34/391, hall.

- Somdele, 293/6, somewhat.
 Sond, 122/202, messenger.
 Sone, 63/221, soon.
 Soriornyd, 300/237, sojourned.
 Sory, 31/264, miserable.
 Sotell, 67/83, subtle, clever.
 Sothen, 107/224, sodden, boiled.
 Sothfast, truthful.
 Sothle, 38/496, truly.
 Sow, 238/327, sound; 300/234, follow:
 see Sowys.
 Sowde, 110/312, sounded.
 Sowll, 105/152, sauce, relish.
 Sowre-loten, 119/102; -lottyn, 232/
 123, sour-looking.
 Sowys, 73/283, follows.
 Soyne, 118/50, soon.
 Spar, 26/128, shut, keep; 27/130,
 beam, spar; 213/294, spare, scanty.
 Spart, 109/271, spare it(?)
 Sparyd, 296/104, enclosed, shut up.
 Spell, 113/412, speak.
 Spence, 251/249, expense, cash.
 Spill, 42/87, kill; 89/129, be de-
 stroyed.
 Spir, 373/206, ask: *see* Spyr.
 Spitus, 35/416, spiteful.
 Spra, 154/449; Spray, 172/219, sprout,
 spring, rise.
 Spreyte, 6/168, spirit.
 Sprote, 17/290, sprout.
 Spyll, 89/129, be destroyed.
 Spyr, 47/226, ask, enquire.
 Stad, 294/28, placed.
 Stald, 234/202, installed, set.
 Stall, 33/345, station.
 Stangyng, 228/11, stinging.
 Stanys, 10/47, stones.
 Stard, 179/427, stared(?)
 Stark, 31/268, stiff.
 Starnes, 2/50, stars.
 Sted, 7/206, stand, stop; 29/199,
 placed, situated.
 Stede, 27/38, place.
 Stegh, 53/37, ladder.
 Stenen (or steuen, steven), 221/546,
 ascend: *see* Stevyd.
 Stere, 235/350, move; 259/27, govern,
 control.
 Stere-tre, 36/433, tiller.
 Stersman, 293/259, pilot, guide.
 Steven, 14/175, voice.
- Stevyd, 364/336, ascended: *see*
 Stenen (for Steuen).
 Stevynd, 324/594, ascended.
 Stokyn, 299/205, fastened, shut up.
 Stold, 39/525, fixed.
 Stone-styll, 123/232; 125/280.
 Store, 114/456, stock.
 Stott, 133/518, bullock.
 Stoure, 297/131, tumult, battle.
 Stowke, 377/315, stook, pile of sheaves.
 Stownd, 336/337, moment, time.
 Stowndys, 313/254, fits of pain.
 Stowre, 155/497, trouble, vexation.
 Strayd, 180/481, strewed.
 Strenkyllid, 341/108, sprinkled.
 Strete, 52/7, road, way.
 Strewyd, 62/194, scattered, destroyed.
 Strut, 57/15, swelling, contention(?)
 Stry, 176/348, hag.
 Sty, 19/365, path, way; 361/262,
 ascend.
 Stynt, 6/161, cease.
 Stynyng, 156/525, rising, ascension.
 Stythe, 54/96, strong.
 Sudary, 318/390, napkin.
 Sufferan, 6/173; Suffrane, 80/81,
 sovereign.
 Swa, 155/486, so.
 Swalchon, 155/473, scamp.
 Swap, 247/136, stroke, cut.
 Swayn, 60/124, countryman, labourer.
 Swedyll, 130/432; 135/598, swaddle,
 wrap up.
 Swelt, 133/525, become faint.
 Swepys, 272/470, whips, scourges.
 Swevyn, 128/384, dream, vision.
 Swogh, 162/68, swoon; 226/718,
 soughing, sound.
 Swongen, 272/470, beaten.
 Swylke, 351/333, such.
 Swyme, 10/27, dizziness.
 Swynk, 29/195, labour, toil.
 Swythe, 77/404, quickly.
 Syb, 191/167, relative.
 Sybre, 233/149, a term of abuse.¹
 Synnell, 292/389, sort of fine bread.
 Syne, 30/228, afterwards.
 Synthen, 190/113, since.
 Sythes, 332/234, times.
- Tabard, 177/357, short sleeveless coat.
 Talent, 83/157, service, disposal.

¹ The surname Sybry, Sibree is common in Yorkshire. Perhaps some malefactor of the name may have rendered it celebrated, so that it may have been half-jocularly put in here.—H. B.

- Tarid, 229/50, delayed (?)
 Tase, 146/185, takes.
 Tayll, 58/64, number.
 Temporal (law), 237/292, secular.
 Ten, 10/21, teeth.
 Tend, 11/73, tenth, tithle.
 Tendand, 245/89, attending.
 Tent, 3/291; 371/221, attend; *take tent*, 1/211; 146/185, give attention; 3/478, tenth.
 Tenys, 139/736, tennis.
 Tethee, 28/186, tetchy, touchy, testy.
 Teyn, 29/210, be vexed, injured; 123/218, vex, injure; 39/533, vexation, injury.
 Teynd, 5/144, tenth: *see* Tend.
 Teynfully, 167/56, cruelly.
 Thame, 21/420, them.
 Thar, 17/293; 43/117, is necessary.
 Tharnes, 128/391, bowels, bellies, children.
 Tharne, 149/272; Tharnys, 22/191, lack.
 Thaym, 20/412, them: *see* Thame.
 The, 32/328, prosper.
 Thee, 54/90, thigh.
 Ther, 282/106, must: *see* Thar.
 Thew, 14/185; 374/229, morals, manners, service.
 Tho, 30/228, them.
 Thole, 126/306, bear, suffer.
 Thoner-flone, 110/324, thunder-dart, lightning.
 Thoyle, 395/53, suffer: *see* Thole.
 Thrafe, 15/197, bundle, sheaf.
 Thrall, 22/464, slave.
 Thrang, 101/47, throng, company.
 Thraw, 10/30, short space of time.
 Thrawes, 348/250, throes.
 Threpe, 121/168, contradict, argue.
 Thro, 162/69, strongly, deeply; 328/76, bold, eager.
 Throle, 291/357, boldly, severely.
 Throng, 112/416, pressed together.
 Thrug, 341/111, through.
 Thryng, 173/240, throng, press.
 Thurgh, 349/281, coffin.
 Thurt, 301/256, needed [=fallait]: *see* Thar.
 Thwang, 123/211, be flogged.
 Thyrl, 251/234, pierce; Thyryld, 271/429, pierced.
 Till, 61/151, to, unto.
 To, 266/268, according to, in, after.
 To, 60/152; 119/108; 270/385, till.
 To-draw, 321/506, pull to pieces.
 Tollare, 374/211, tax-gatherer.
 Tome, 133/547, empty; 210/201, leisure.
 Ton, 146/177, taken.
 To-name, 395/65, surname.
 To-tyre, 170/144, tear in pieces.
 Toute, 3/63, fundament; 11/63, 64, arse.
 Toyles, 257/406, tools.
 Trace, 249/200, track.
 Trade, 340/87, trod.
 Trane, 95/330; Trayn, 163/93, trick, deceit, stratagem.
 Trant, 173/235, trick.
 Trast, 41/54, trusty.
 Trattys, 178/394, trots, old women.
 Trauell, 13/152, labour.
 Trauesses, 298/153, traverses, thwarts.
 Traw, 12/115, trow, believe (*see* Trow); 58/77, true
 Tray, 39/533, affliction, grief; 358/162, betray.
 Trew as steele, 26/120.
 Tristur, 373/208, tryst, station.
 Trone, 1/9, throne.
 Trow, 18/320, believe.
 Trowage, 84/198, fealty, allegiance.
 Trewth, 14/159, faith, belief.
 Trus, 31/316, pack up; 61/152, go away, be off.
 Trussell, 14/170, bundle.
 Tup, 104/117, ram.
 Twyfyls, 377/324, twirls, curls (?)
 Twyk, 263/171, twitch.
 Twyn, 18/325, 159/625, divide, separate.
 Tyde, 22/470, time, season.
 Tydely, 31/291, quickly.
 Tyme, 10/26, befall, happen.
 Tymely, *adv.* 133/524, early.
 Tynde, 101/39, lost: *see* Tynt.
 Tyne, 115/467, tiny.
 Tyne, 36/441; 339/72, lose.
 Tynt, 5/149, lost.
 Tyre, 149/285, tear, fight: *see* To-tyre.
 Tyte, 11/53; Tytt, 313/245, quickly.
 Tythand, 55/113, 128, tidings.
 Tythingis, 61/163; 320/479, tidings.
 Tytter, 73/293, quicker, sooner: *see* Tyte.
 Umbithynke, 5/123, bethink, meditate on.
 Umshade, 89/128, shade around, overshadow.

- Umthynke, 303/318, meditate: *see* Umbithynke.
 Unbayn, 291/356, unready, disobedient.
 Unburnyd, 111/362.
 Unbychid, 291/356, disorderly (?)
 Unceyll, 100/3, unhappiness.
 Unconand, 204/1, ignorant.
 Undemyd, 235/230, unjudged.
 Under-lowte, 221/552, inferiors, subjects.
 Undughty, 291/368, unprofitable.
 Unethes, 181/7; Unothes, 273/476, scarcely, hardly.
 Unfylyd, 111/366, undefiled.
 Ungayn (at), 20/379, inconveniently.
 Ungrathly, 96/341, unsuitably.
 Unheynde, 224/642, discourteous, rude man (Jesus).
 Unnes, 391/158, scarcely: *see* Unethes.
 Unquart, 99/72, render unsafe, harass.
 Unrad, 285/214, imprudent.
 Unrid, 24/40; Unryde, 100/11, cruel, enormous.
 Unsoght, 26/97, unatoned for, irreconciled.
 Untill, 21/426, unto.
 Untrist, 332/210, untrusty.
 Unweld, 182/5; Unwelde, 91/171, impotent.
 Unwynly, 210/189, unpleasantly.
 Unyth, 164/135, scarcely: *see* Unethes.
 Upstevynyng, 357/123, ascension.
 Utward, 244/31, outwardly.
- Vales, 285/587, avails, is worth.
 Vantage, 243/17, advantage.
 Vanys, 4/111, vain, empty.
 Vayll, 243/19, avail, gain.
 Veray, 144/119, truly.
 Veryose, 107/236, verjuice.
 Vokettys, 367/9, advocates.
 Vowgard, 385/580, (?) place of security.
- Wafe, 21/430, wander (?)
 Waght, 286/218; 290/329, a bad way.
 Walk-mylne, 377/314, fulling mill.
 Walteryng, 124/236, rolling about.
 Wan, 13/139, won, acquired; 21/444, faint.
 Wandreth, 24/40, misfortune.
 Wane, 102/62, waggon.
 Wanhope, 220/507, despair.
 Wap, 223/593, wrap; 289/314, blow; 'at a wap,' in a moment.
- War, 43/113, aware; 10/25, 29, an exclamation, a hunter's cry.
 Wardan, 341/113, keeper, guardian.
 Wared, 50/14; Waris, 50/14, cursed, curses: *see* Warrie.
 Warkand, 52/8, aching.
 Warldis, 13/150, world's, wordly.
 Warloo, 137/640; Warlow, 71/232, sorcerer, traitor, devil.
 Warly, 366/409, warily (or wary) (?)
 Warpyd, 271/413, cast.
 Warrie, 6/156, curse.
 Wars, 16/250, worse.
 Warte, 375/252, spend it.
 Wary, 29/208, curse: *see* Warrie.
 Waryson, 79/44, treasure, reward.
 Wast, 95/332, waste, void.
 Wat, 10/14, man.
 Wate, 382/485, wet.
 Wate, 36/444, know; Wayte, 118/75, knows: *see* Wote.
 Wate, 213/283, tricked.
 Waten, 358/161, watch.
 Wathe, 37/486, hunting, prey.
 Waue, 231/103, move to and fro.
 Wawghes, 36/426, waves.
 Wayrd, 300/238, ward, guardianship.
 Wel 11/53; 3/147, an exclamation.
 Wed, 339/56, pledge.
 Wede, 139/731, garments; 162/47, be mad, rage.
 Weders, 36/451, storms.
 Wedyng, 119/92, wedding, marrying (the evils of).
 Weft, 21/435, weft, woven stuff: "Ill-spun weft ay comes foul out."
 Weld, 44/126, wield, rule; Weldand, 38/494, wielding, ruling.
 Welke, 348/261, walked.
 Welland, 75/344, boiling, bubbling.
 Welner, 128/387, well-near, almost.
 Welthly, 6/185, happy, delightful.
 Wem, 87/37, spot, stain.
 Wemay! 13/148, an exclamation, Oh! by God! *see* We!
 Wemles 221/541, spotless.
 Wemol 15/198; Wemmow! 334/291, Oh! by God! *see* We! Wemey!
 Wend, 8/250, thought, supposed.
 Wene, 83/165, believe, suppose: *see* Weyn.
 Wenyand, 15/226, waning of the moon, unlucky time.
 Wenys, 13/149, thinkest.

- Were, 41/22, doubt; 69/151, defend, save.
 Weyn, *vb.* 20/387, believe, suppose; *sb.* 67/108; 221/553, doubt.
 Weynd, 13/132, go.
 Wha? 319/439, who?
 Whake, 62/182, quake, tremble.
 Whannow, 345/184, what now.
 Whartfull, 52/29, safe and sound.
 Whaynt, 208/144, quaint, clever.
 Wheme, 58/62, please.
 Whik, 134/548; Whyk, 236/265, living.
 Whyr, 104/117, be quiet.
 Whystyll, wett hyr, 119/103, drunk beer, &c.
 Whyte, 125/294, requite, suffer for it.
 Wight, 252/264, nimbly; *see* Wyghtly.
 Wilson, 324/604, bewildered.
 Wish, 142/72, guide, direct.
 Wist, 43/89, knew.
 Wit, 43/96, know.
 Wite, *vb.* 18/322, blame.
 Wittely, 338/41, wisely.
 Wode, 19/350, mad: *see* Wood.
 Wogh, 39/533, evil, harm.
 Wold, 57/32, wielding, dominion, power.
 Wols-hede, 232/139, wolf's-head, outlawry.
 Wone, 4/93, dwell; 46/196, wont, accustomed to do.
 Won, 240/391, wound.
 Wonden, 278/656, wrapped.
 Wone, 13/116, custom, habit; 'in wone,' habitually; 6/184, habitation.
 Womyng, *a.* 6/180, dwelling.
 Wood, 14/173; Woode, 14/159, mad.
 Worth, 292/404, become, be to; 'well worth,' farewell!
 Worthely, 6/184, worthy, stately.
 Wote, 19/375, know.
 Woth, 35/416, peril.
 Wragers, 102/58; Wragger, 371/143, wranglers.
 Wrake, 27/138, injury, vengeance.
 Wrast, 69/150, wrest, twist.
 Wrears, 371/143, wrigglers, twisters: *see* Wryers.
 Wrich, 270/397, wretched.
 Wright, 301/246, carpenter.
 Wrihtry, 30/250, carpentry, workmanship.
 Wrokyn, 40/276, avenged.
 Wrongwosly, 58/58, wrongfully.
 Wryers, 102/58; 371/143, wrigglers, twisters.
 Wryng, *sb.* 235/237, twist.
 Wrytt, 59/106, writing, scripture.
 Wyghtly, 178/396; Wightly, 223/593; nimbly, quickly.
 Wyk, 236/262, wicked.
 Wyle, 71/233, wile, delude with sorcery.
 Wyll of reede, 80/75, wild in counsel, bewildered.
 Wyn, 6/185, joy; 23/24, get, move.
 Wyn, 283/153, labour, contention (? pleasure).
 Wynk, 15/227, sleep.
 Wys, 58/49; Wyse, 82/122, teach, show, point out, guide.
 Wysh, 85/240, guide, direct: *see* Wys and Wish.
 Wyte, 95/332, impute; 252/278, be blamed.
 Wytterly, 58/59, surely, certainly.
 Yai, 11/51, yea.
 Yare, 44/121, ready; 156/514, quickly.
 Yate, 53/40, gate.
 Yede, 75/342, went: *see* Yode.
 Yeld, 56/135, recompense.
 Yelp, 32/321, boasting.
 Yeme, 237/292, take care of, carry out; 341/112, observe, regard.
 Yerde, 230/69, garden.
 Yerdys, 93/248, rods, wands.
 Yere-tyme, 15/200, (?) ear-time, plowing-time; or the proper season, time of year.
 Yerne, 191/174, yearn for, covet.
 Yheme, 58/61, observe, keep holy.
 Ylahayll! 72/258, bad luck to you!
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 Yowthede, 90/165, youth.
 Yoyll, 239/344, Yule, Christmas.
 Yrk, 197/84, unwilling, weary.

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ADDITIONS AND CORRECTIONS TO THE GLOSSARY
AND INDEX

- abowne: 167/48 (?)
- agane: *adv.* 80/84, 150/318 (go) back to where he came from
- all-to-har: 297/142 tear to pieces
- and: *sb.* breath 182/34
- bab: 177/388 babe, child
- balok stones: 283/147 testicles
- bat: 180/490 blow
- befon: 38/503 (?) be found
- bekkys: 384/557 (?) makes a signal
- berd: 171/189 beard; 'played them a trick'
- bere: 36/434 bear; 'the depth of water we draw'
- bete: 180/486 remedy
- beyd: 77/409 offer
- blowre, blure: 74/307, 374/220 blister, swelling
- bore: 313/253 hole bored (in the Cross)
- boyte: *add* boytt 341/103
- caton: 112/392, the Disticha Catonis, a manual of instruction
- catyf: 339/69 wretched
- chace: 174/270 privilege of hunting
- com with grete: 50/38 turn to mourning
- crate: 242/427 *read* trate '(old) woman'
- crisp: 377/323 fine linen
- croyne: 131/476, sing, 'croon' (*in the text read* oure syre lyst croyne); 137/661.
- cuker: 395/270, (?) *read* culer 'collar'
- doyll 'portion' and doyll 'grief' are distinct words
- duch ax: 374/242 (?)
- euer amang: 20/391 continually
- fed: 53/63 bred
- fele: 79/42 (?) *read* sele for cele 'conceal'
- ffor: 204/9, to guard against; 95/309 'as far as I am concerned'
- ffy: 173/230, 231 fie! *and correct marginal note ad loc.*
- fo: 26/112; 'each one hostile to the other', 'all at variance'
- forbot: *read* 10/38, 14/184 (over) godis —, God's prohibition (used as an oath)
- fott: *add* 133/517
- foyn(e): few, *add* 261/286, 271/433
- freyndys: 194/258 relatives
- garray: *read* 76/377
- gawne: 385/561 help (ON. *gagna*)
- greyn-horne: 10/15, applied to a mare
- growne, groyn: 114/430, 177/382 'snout', face
- hafles: 180/484 destitute
- hak: 131/476, 137/657, 'break' a note in singing.
- happ: 166/5 what happens
- hart: 100/4 (?) *read* hurt
- hatyng: 139/717 promise
- hede: 374/243 (?) headdress
- heyll: 100/4 good fortune
- hose: 129/416 hoarse
- idyls: 377/326 renders vain
- lak: 68/118 fault, blame
- land: 17/303 in —, on earth 27/145; on —, into the country, away
- large: 189/90 in —, freely
- Latyn wright: 274/535, expert in Latin
- lede: 295/62 people
- lendyng: 102/80 dwelling
- leyf: *delete* see Leif
- leyfys: 385/586 dear ones, wives
- loke: 339/72 provide
- lone: *read* 203/271
- long of: 94/300 owing to
- lote: 129/409 look
- louyng: *add* 189/88
- marke: *add* 346/202
- marters: 272/452 torments
- mayntene: 309/96, 98 uphold
- mefe: 180/472, 209/150, 386/600 move, disturb
- menske: *read* dignity
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- merys: 139/914 is merry
- mese: 386/603 dwelling
- mete: 313/252 of fit measure
- mordere: 177/387: *for* mordrere ('assassin')
- muster: 298/177, show, exhibit
- myssaes: *read* 568
- nother: 9/11, neither
- nyk with nay: 323/371 denv

- oueward: in —, (?) past 385/579
 pall: *read* 223/613
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ragman)
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 reynand: 26/111 *substitute* prevailing
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 skard: *read* 125/289
 slant: 173/237 shall on —, shall have
 a fall
 sleght: 173/235 mean, low
 sloes: 345/195 kills
 somkyns: 139/708 of some kind
 sowchid: 385/569 suspected
 sowys sore: 73/283 afflicts
 stafford blew: 29/200 clad in —, given
 a beating
- stere: *substitute* 255/350, 259/27
 govern, control
 steven: 342/125 (?) meeting, i.e. inter-
 course
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 proudly aloof
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 toyn(e): 131/477, 161/13 tune
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 waman: 135/608 woman
 we: *read* 13/147 for 3/147; *add* 15/218,
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 wenyand: 15/226, 227/748, 290/339,
 310/144 in the —, curse you!, and
 be damned to you!
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 wheder: 93/265 neuer the —, never-
 theless
 wone: 13/116 in —, in abundance
 wyll of reede: 80/75 at a loss

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